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[*Continued at the end.*

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THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER,

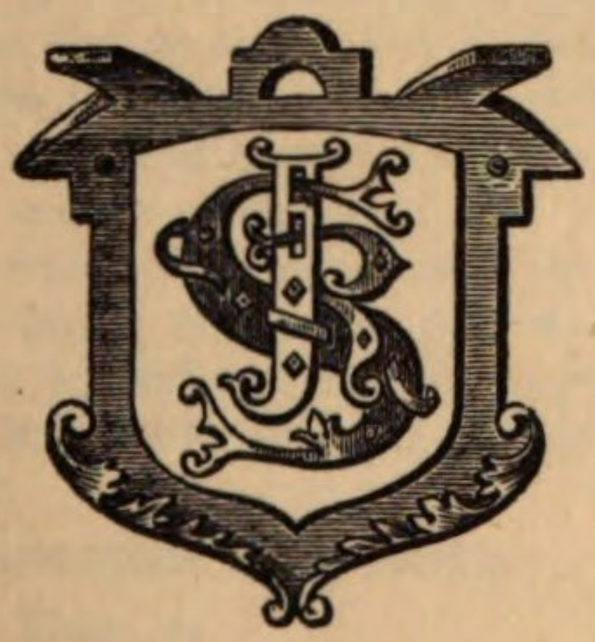
TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO THE GREEK,

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY RICHARD HOOPER, M.A., F.S.A.

VOLUME II.



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THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses (shipp'd, but in the even,
With all the presents he was given,
And sleeping then) is set next morn
In full scope of his wish'd return,
And treads unknown his country shore,
Whose search so many winters wore.
The ship (returning, and arrived
Against the city) is deprived
Of form, and, all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune to a stone.
  Ulysses (let to know the strand
Where the Phæacians made him land)
Consults with Pallas, for the life
Of every wooer of his wife.
His gifts she hides within a cave,
And him into a man more grave,
All hid in wrinkles, crooked, gray,
Transform'd; who so goes on his way.

Another Argument.

Nῦ. Phæacia
    Ulysses leaves;
  Whom Ithaca,
    Unwares, receives.

HE said; and silence all their tongues contain'd,
In admiration, when with pleasure chain'd
Their ears had long been to him. At last brake

Alcinous silence, and in this sort spake
To th' Ithacensian, Laertes' son:
" O Ithacus! However over-run
With former sufferings in your way for home,
Since 'twas, at last, your happy fate to come
To my high-roof'd and brass-foundation'd house,
I hope, such speed and pass auspicious
Our loves shall yield you, that you shall no more
Wander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.
You then, whoever that are ever graced
With all choice of authoriz'd power to taste
Such wine with me as warms the sacred rage,
And is an honorary given to age,
With which ye likewise hear divinely sing,
In honour's praise, the poet of the king,
I move, by way of my command, to this:
That where in an elaborate chest there lies
A present for our guest, attires of price,
And gold engraven with infinite device,
I wish that each of us should add beside
A tripod, and a caldron, amplified
With size, and metal of most rate, and great;
For we, in council of taxation met,
Will from our subjects gain their worth again;
Since 'tis unequal one man should sustain
A charge so weighty, being the grace of all,
Which borne by many is a weight but small."
Thus spake Alcinous, and pleased the rest;
When each man closed with home and sleep his feast.

16 Γερούσιος οἶνος, *quod pro honorario senibus datur.* And because the word so Englished hath no other to express it, sounding well, and helping our language, it is here used.
CHAPMAN.

But when the colour-giving light arose,
All to the ship did all their speeds dispose,
And wealth, that honest men makes, brought with them.
All which even he that wore the diadem
Stow'd in the ship himself, beneath the seats
The rowers sat in, stooping, lest their lets
In any of their labours he might prove.
Then home he turn'd, and after him did move
The whole assembly to expected feast.
Among whom he a sacrifice address'd,
And slew an ox, to weather-wielding Jove,
Beneath whose empire all things are, and move.
The thighs then roasting, they made glorious cheer,
Delighted highly; and amongst them there
The honour'd-of-the-people used his voice,
Divine Demodocus. Yet, through this choice
Of cheer and music, had Ulysses still
An eye directed to the eastern hill,
To see Him rising that illustrates all;
For now into his mind a fire did fall
Of thirst for home. And as in hungry vow
To needful food a man at fixed plow
(To whom the black ox all day long hath turn'd
The stubborn fallows up, his stomach burn'd
With empty heat and appetite to food,
His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)
At length the long-expected sun-set sees,
That he may sit to food, and rest his knees;
So to Ulysses set the friendly light

[34] Intending in chief the senators, with every man's addition of gift.—CHAPMAN.
[35] Εὐήνορα χαλκὸν, *bene honestos faciens æs.*—CHAPMAN.
[51] i. e. The Sun.

The sun afforded, with as wish'd a sight.
Who straight bespake that oar-affecting State,
But did in chief his speech appropriate
To him by name, that with their rule was crown'd.
" Alcinous, of all men most renown'd,
Dismiss me with as safe pass as you vow
(Your off'ring past) and may the Gods to you
In all contentment use as full a hand;
For now my landing here and stay shall stand
In all perfection with my heart's desire,
Both my so safe deduction to aspire,
And loving gifts; which may the Gods to me
As blest in use make as your acts are free,
Even to the finding firm in love, and life,
With all desired event, my friends, and wife.
When, as myself shall live delighted there,
May you with your wives rest as happy here,
Your sons and daughters, in particular state,
With every virtue render'd consummate;
And, in your general empire, may ill never
Approach your land, but good your good quit ever."
This all applauded, and all jointly cried:
" Dismiss the stranger! He hath dignified
With fit speech his dismission." Then the king
Thus charged the herald: " Fill for offering
A bowl of wine; which through the whole large house
Dispose to all men, that, propitious
Our father Jove made with our prayers, we may
Give home our guest in full and wished way."
This said, Pontonous commix'd a bowl

63 *Oar-affecting state*—the oar-loving Phæacians.
84 *Dignified*—rendered worthy.

Of such sweet wine as did delight the soul.
Which making sacred to the blessed Gods,
That hold in broad heaven their supreme abodes,
God-like Ulysess from his chair arose,
And in the hands of th' empress did impose
The all-round cup; to whom, fair spoke, he said:
"Rejoice, O queen, and be your joys repaid
By heaven, for me, till age and death succeed;
Both which inflict their most unwelcome need
On men and dames alike. And, first, for me,
I must from hence, to both: Live you here free,
And ever may all living blessings spring,
Your joy in children, subjects, and your king."
This said, divine Ulysses took his way;
Before whom the unalterable sway
Of king Alcinous' virtue did command
A herald's fit attendance to the strand,
And ship appointed. With him likewise went
Handmaids, by Arete's injunction sent.
One bore an out and in-weed, fair and sweet,
The other an embroider'd cabinet,
The third had bread to bear, and ruddy wine;
All which, at sea and ship arrived, resign
Their freight conferr'd. With fair attendants then,
The sheets and bedding of the man of men,
Within a cabin of the hollow keel,
Spread, and made soft, that sleep might sweetly seel
His restful eyes, he enter'd, and his bed
In silence took. The rowers ordered
Themselves in several seats, and then set gone
The ship, the gable from the hollow stone
Dissolved and weigh'd up, all, together, close

Then beat the sea. His lids in sweet repose
Sleep bound so fast, it scarce gave way to breath
Inexcitable, most dear, next of all to death.
And as amids a fair field four brave horse
Before a chariot stung into their course
With fervent lashes of the smarting scourge,
That all their fire blows high, and makes them urge
To utmost speed the measure of their ground;
So bore the ship aloft her fiery bound;
About whom rush'd the billows black and vast,
In which the sea-roars burst. As firm as fast
She ply'd her course yet; nor her winged speed
The falcon-gentle could for pace exceed;
So cut she through the waves, and bore a man
Even with the Gods in counsels, that began
And spent his former life in all misease,
Battles of men, and rude waves of the seas,
Yet now securely slept, forgetting all.
And when heaven's brightest star, that first doth call
The early morning out, advanced her head,
Then near to Ithaca the billow-bred
Phæacian ship approach'd. There is a port,
That th' aged sea-God Phorcys makes his fort,
Whose earth the Ithacensian people own,
In which two rocks inaccessible are grown
Far forth into the sea, whose each strength binds
The boist'rous waves in from the high-flown winds
On both the out-parts so, that all within
The well-built ships, that once their harbour win
In his calm bosom, without anchor rest,
Safe, and unstirr'd. From forth the haven's high crest
Branch the well-brawn'd arms of an olive-tree;

Beneath which runs a cave from all sun free,
Cool, and delightsome, sacred to th' access
Of Nymphs whose surnames are the Naiades;
In which flew humming bees, in which lay thrown
Stone cups, stone vessels, shittles all of stone,
With which the Nymphs their purple mantles wove,
In whose contexture art and wonder strove;
In which pure springs perpetually ran;
To which two entries were; the one for man,
On which the north breath'd; th' other for the Gods,
On which the south; and that bore no abodes
For earthy men, but only deathless feet
Had there free way. This port these men thought meet
To land Ulysses, being the first they knew,
Drew then their ship in, but no further drew
Than half her bulk reach'd, by such cunning hand
Her course was managed. Then her men took land,
And first brought forth Ulysses, bed, and all
That richly furnish'd it, he still in thrall
Of all-subduing sleep. Upon the sand
They set him softly down; and then the strand
They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd
By the renown'd Phæacians, since he show'd
So much Minerva. At the olive root
They drew them then in heap, most far from foot
Of any traveller, lest, ere his eyes
Resumed their charge, they might be others' prise.
These then turn'd home; nor was the sea's Supreme
Forgetful of his threats, for Polypheme
Bent at divine Ulysses, yet would prove
(Ere their performance) the decree of Jove.
" Father! No more the Gods shall honour me,

Since men despise me, and those men that see
The light in lineage of mine own loved race.
I vow'd Ulysses should, before the grace
Of his return, encounter woes enow
To make that purchase dear; yet did not vow
Simply against it, since thy brow had bent
To his reduction, in the fore-consent
Thou hadst vouchsafed it; yet, before my mind
Hath full power on him, the Phæacians find
Their own minds' satisfaction with his pass,
So far from suff'ring what my pleasure was,
That ease and softness now is habited
In his secure breast, and his careless head
Return'd in peace of sleep to Ithaca,
The brass and gold of rich Phæacia
Rocking his temples, garments richly woven,
And worlds of prise, more than was ever stroven
From all the conflicts he sustain'd at Troy,
If safe he should his full share there enjoy."
The Shower-dissolver answer'd: "What a speech
Hath pass'd thy palate, O thou great in reach
Of wrackful empire! Far the Gods remain
From scorn of thee, for 'twere a work of pain
To prosecute with ignominies one
That sways our ablest and most ancient throne.
For men, if any so beneath in power
Neglect thy high will, now, or any hour
That moves hereafter, take revenge to thee,
Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleasure free."
"Why then," said he, "thou blacker of the fumes

189 The Phæacians were descended originally from Neptune. CHAPMAN.

That dim the sun, my licens'd power resumes
Act from thy speech; but I observe so much
And fear thy pleasure, that, I dare not touch
At any inclination of mine own,
Till thy consenting influence be known.
But now this curious-built Phæacian ship,
Returning from her convoy, I will strip
Of all her fleeting matter, and to stone
Transform and fix it, just when she hath gone
Her full time home, and jets before their prease
In all her trim, amids the sable seas,
That they may cease to convoy strangers still,
When they shall see so like a mighty hill
Their glory stick before their city's grace,
And my hands cast a mask before her face."
" O friend," said Jove, " it shows to me the best
Of all earth's objects, that their whole prease, drest
In all their wonder, near their town shall stand,
And stare upon a stone, so near the land,
So like a ship, and dam up all their lights,
As if a mountain interposed their sights."
When Neptune heard this, he for Scheria went,
Whence the Phæacians took their first descent.
Which when he reach'd, and, in her swiftest pride,
The water-treader by the city's side
Came cutting close, close he came swiftly on,
Took her in violent hand, and to a stone

227 *Jets*—struts. Shakespeare.

" O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he *jets* under his advanced plumes!"

Twelfth Night, II. 5.

232 Ἀμφικαλύπτω, *superinjicio aliquid tanquam tegmen seu operimentum.*—CHAPMAN.

Turn'd all her sylvan substance; all below
Firm'd her with roots, and left her. This strange show
When the Phæacians saw, they stupid stood,
And ask'd each other, who amids the flood
Could fix their ship so in her full speed home,
And quite transparent make her bulk become?

Thus talk'd they; but were far from knowing how
These things had issue. Which their king did show,
And said: "O friends, the ancient prophecies
My father told to me, to all our eyes
Are now in proof. He said, the time would come,
When Neptune, for our safe conducting home
All sorts of strangers, out of envy fired,
Would meet our fairest ship as she retired,
And all the goodly shape and speed we boast
Should like a mountain stand before us lost,
Amids the moving waters; which we see
Perform'd in full end to our prophecy.
Hear then my counsel, and obey me then:
Renounce henceforth our convoy home of men,
Whoever shall hereafter greet our town;
And to th' offended Deity's renown
Twelve chosen oxen let us sacred make,
That he may pity us, and from us take
This shady mountain. They, in fear, obey'd,
Slew all the beeves, and to the Godhead pray'd,
The dukes and princes all ensphering round
The sacred altar; while whose tops were crown'd,
Divine Ulysses, on his country's breast
Laid bound in sleep, now rose out of his rest,
Nor (being so long removed) the region knew.
Besides which absence yet, Minerva threw

A cloud about him, to make strange the more
His safe arrival, lest upon his shore
He should make known his face, and utter all
That might prevent th' event that was to fall.
Which she prepared so well, that not his wife,
Presented to him, should perceive his life,
No citizen, no friend, till righteous fate
Upon the Wooers' wrongs were consummate.
Through which cloud all things show'd now to the king
Of foreign fashion; the enflower'd spring
Amongst the trees there, the perpetual waves,
The rocks, that did more high their foreheads raise
To his rapt eye than naturally they did,
And all the haven, in which a man seem'd hid
From wind, and weather, when storms loudest chid.
He therefore, being risen, stood and view'd
His country earth; which, not perceived, he rued,
And, striking with his hurl'd-down hands his thighs,
He mourn'd, and said: "O me! Again where lies
My desert way? To wrongful men and rude,
And with no laws of human right endued?
Or are they human, and of holy minds?
What fits my deed with these so many kinds
Of goods late given? What with myself will floods
And errors do? I would to God, these goods
Had rested with their owners, and that I
Had fallen on kings of more regality,
To grace out my return, that loved indeed,
And would have given me consorts of fit speed
To my distresses ending! But, as now,
All knowledge flies me, where I may bestow

293 *Rued*—lamented. 301 *Errors*—wanderings.

My labour'd purchase. Here they shall not stay,
Lest what I cared for others make their prey.
O Gods! I see the great Phæacians then
Were not all just and understanding men,
That land me elsewhere than their vaunts pretended,
Assuring me my country should see ended
My miseries told them, yet now eat their vaunts.
O Jove! Great Guardian of poor suppliants,
That others sees, and notes too, shutting in
All in thy plagues, that most presume on sin,
Revenge me on them. Let me number now
The goods they gave, to give my mind to know
If they have stolen none, in their close retreat."
The goodly caldrons then, and tripods, set
In several ranks from out the heap, he told,
His rich wrought garments too, and all his gold,
And nothing lack'd; and yet this man did mourn
The but supposed miss of his home-return,
And, creeping to the shore, with much complaint;
Minerva (like a shepherd, young, and quaint,
As king sons are, a double mantle cast
Athwart his shoulders, his fair goers graced
With fitted shoes, and in his hand a dart)
Appear'd to him, whose sight rejoiced his heart,
To whom he came, and said: " O friend! Since first
I meet your sight here, be all good the worst
That can join our encounter. Fare you fair,

327 Minerva like a shepherd (such as kings' sons used at those times to be) appears to Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

327 *Quaint.*—Though now used only in the sense of *awkward, strange*, it was formerly applied to *elegant, neat*. Shakespeare says, " *My quaint Ariel.*" " But, for a fine, *quaint*, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten of it."—*Much Ado about Nothing* III. 4.

Nor with adverse mind welcome my repair,
But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.
As to a God I offer prayers to thee,
And low access make to thy loved knee.
Say truth, that I may know, what country then,
What common people live here, and what men?
Some famous isle is this? Or gives it vent,
Being near the sea, to some rich continent?"
She answer'd: "Stranger, whatsoe'er you are,
Y' are either foolish, or come passing far,
That know not this isle, and make that doubt trouble,
For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,
But passing many know it; and so many,
That of all nations there abides not any,
From where the morning rises and the sun,
To where the even and night their courses run,
But know this country. Rocky 'tis, and rough,
And so for use of horse unapt enough,
Yet with sad barrenness not much infested,
Since clouds are here in frequent rains digested,
And flowery dews. The compass is not great,
The little yet well-fill'd with wine and wheat.
It feeds a goat and ox well, being still
Water'd with floods, that ever over-fill
With heaven's continual showers; and wooded so,
It makes a spring of all the kinds that grow.
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name
Of this dominion makes access by fame
From this extreme part of Achaia
As far as Ilion, and 'tis Ithaca."
This joy'd him much, that so unknown a land

353 Λυπρὸς, *velut tristis, jejunaque naturâ.*—CHAPMAN.

Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand
He carried, even of this joy, flown so high,
That other end he put to his reply
Than straight to show that joy, and lay abroad
His life to strangers. Therefore he bestow'd
A veil on truth; for evermore did wind
About his bosom a most crafty mind,
Which thus his words show'd: "I have far at sea,
In spacious Crete, heard speak of Ithaca,
Of which myself, it seems, now reach the shore,
With these my fortunes; whose whole value more
I left in Crete amongst my children there,
From whence I fly for being the slaughterer
Of royal Idomen's most loved son,
Swift-foot Orsilochus, that could out-run
Profess'd men for the race. Yet him I slew,
Because he would deprive me of my due
In Trojan prise; for which I suffer'd so
(The rude waves piercing) the redoubled wo
Of mind and body in the wars of men.
Nor did I gratify his father then
With any service, but, as well as he
Sway'd in command of other soldiery,
So, with a friend withdrawn, we waylaid him,
When gloomy night the cope of heaven did dim,
And no man knew; but, we lodged close, he came,
And I put out to him his vital flame.
Whose slaughter having author'd with my sword,
I instant flight made, and straight fell aboard
A ship of the renown'd Phœnician state;
When prayer, and pay at a sufficient rate,
Obtain'd my pass of men in her command;

Whom I enjoin'd to set me on the land
Of Pylos, or of Elis the divine,
Where the Epeïans in great empire shine.
But force of weather check'd that course to them,
Though (loath to fail me) to their most extreme
They spent their willing powers. But, forced from thence,
We err'd, and put in here, with much expence
Of care and labour; and in dead of night,
When no man there served any appetite
So much as with the memory of food,
Though our estates exceeding needy stood.
But, going ashore, we lay; when gentle sleep
My weary powers invaded, and from ship
They fetching these my riches, with just hand
About me laid them, while upon the sand
Sleep bound my senses; and for Sidon they
(Put off from hence) made sail, while here I lay,
Left sad alone." The Goddess laugh'd, and took
His hand in hers, and with another look
(Assuming then the likeness of a dame,
Lovely and goodly, expert in the frame
Of virtuous housewiferies) she answer'd thus:
" He should be passing sly, and covetous
Of stealth, in men's deceits, that coted thee
In any craft, though any God should be
Ambitious to exceed in subtilty.
Thou still-wit-varying wretch! Insatiate

421 Ἐπίκλοπος, *furandi avidus.*—CHAPMAN.
421 *Coted*—outstripped. A term in coursing where the greyhound passes by its fellow and turns the hare into his mouth. See Iliad, XXIII. 324.
424 Σχέτλιε ποικιλομῆτα, *varia et multiplicia habens consilia.* CHAPMAN.

In over-reaches! Not secure thy state
Without these wiles, though on thy native shore
Thou sett'st safe footing, but upon thy store
Of false words still spend, that even from thy birth
Have been thy best friends? Come, our either worth
Is known to either. Thou of men art far,
For words and counsels, the most singular,
But I above the Gods in both may boast
My still-tried faculties. Yet thou hast lost
The knowledge even of me, the seed of Jove,
Pallas Athenia, that have still out-strove
In all thy labours their extremes, and stood
Thy sure guard ever, making all thy good
Known to the good Phæacians, and received.
And now again I greet thee, to see weaved
Fresh counsels for thee, and will take on me
The close reserving of these goods for thee,
Which the renown'd Phæacian states bestow'd
At thy deduction homewards, only moved
With my both spirit and counsel. All which grace
I now will amplify, and tell what case
Thy household stands in, uttering all those pains
That of mere need yet still must wrack thy veins.
Do thou then freely bear, nor one word give
To man nor dame to show thou yet dost live,
But silent suffer over all again
Thy sorrows past, and bear the wrongs of men."
" Goddess," said he, " unjust men, and unwise,
That author injuries and vanities,
By vanities and wrongs should rather be
Bound to this ill-abearing destiny,
Than just and wise men. What delight hath heaven,

That lives unhurt itself, to suffer given
Up to all domage those poor few that strive
To imitate it, and like the Deities live?
But where you wonder that I know you not
Through all your changes, that skill is not got
By sleight or art, since thy most hard-hit face
Is still distinguish'd by thy free-given grace;
And therefore, truly to acknowledge thee
In thy encounters, is a mastery
In men most knowing; for to all men thou
Tak'st several likeness. All men think they know
Thee in their wits; but, since thy seeming view
Appears to all, and yet thy truth to few,
Through all thy changes to discern thee right
Asks chief love to thee, and inspired light.
But this I surely know, that, some years past,
I have been often with thy presence grac'd,
All time the sons of Greece waged war at Troy;
But when Fate's full hour let our swords enjoy
Our vows in sack of Priam's lofty town,
Our ships all boarded, and when God had blown
Our fleet in sunder, I could never see
The Seed of Jove, nor once distinguish'd thee
Boarding my ship, to take one woe from me.
But only in my proper spirit involved,
Err'd here and there, quite slain, till heaven dissolved
Me, and my ill; which chanc'd not, till thy grace
By open speech confirm'd me, in a place
Fruitful of people, where, in person, thou
Didst give me guide, and all their city show;
And that was the renown'd Phæacian earth.

458 *Domage*—damage.

Now then, even by the Author of thy birth,
Vouchsafe my doubt the truth (for far it flies
My thoughts that thus should fall into mine eyes
Conspicuous Ithaca, but fear I touch
At some far shore, and that thy wit is such
Thou dost delude me) is it sure the same
Most honour'd earth that bears my country's name?"
" I see," said she, " thou wilt be ever thus
In every worldly good incredulous,
And therefore have no more the power to see
Frail life more plagued with infelicity
In one so eloquent, ingenious, wise.
Another man, that so long miseries
Had kept from his loved home, and thus returned
To see his house, wife, children, would have burned
In headlong lust to visit. Yet t' inquire
What states they hold, affects not thy desire,
Till thou hast tried if in thy wife there be
A sorrow wasting days and nights for thee
In loving tears, that then the sight may prove
A full reward for either's mutual love.
But I would never credit in you both
Least cause of sorrow, but well knew the troth
Of this thine own return, though all thy friends,
I knew as well, should make returnless ends;
Yet would not cross mine uncle Neptune so
To stand their safeguard, since so high did go
His wrath for thy extinction of the eye
Of his loved son. Come then, I'll show thee why
I call this isle thy Ithaca, to ground
Thy credit on my words: This haven is own'd
By th' aged sea-god Phorcys, in whose brow

This is the olive with the ample bough
And here, close by, the pleasant-shaded cave
That to the Fount-Nymphs th' Ithacensians gave,
As sacred to their pleasures. Here doth run
The large and covered den, where thou hast done
Hundreds of offerings to the Naiades.
Here mount Neritus shakes his curled tress
Of shady woods." This said, she clear'd the cloud
That first deceived his eyes; and all things show'd
His country to him. Glad he stood with sight
Of his loved soil, and kiss'd it with delight.
And instantly to all the Nymphs he paid
(With hands held up to heaven) these vows, and said:
" Ye Nymphs the Naiades, great Seed of Jove,
I had conceit that never more should move
Your sight in these spheres of my erring eyes,
And therefore, in the fuller sacrifice
Of my heart's gratitude, rejoice, till more
I pay your names in offerings as before,
Which here I vow, if Jove's benign descent,
The mighty Pillager, with life convent
My person home, and to my saved decease
Of my loved son's sight add the sweet increase."
" Be confident," said Pallas, " nor oppress
Thy spirits with care of these performances,
But these thy fortunes let us straight repose
In this divine cave's bosom, that may close
Reserve their value; and we then may see
How best to order other acts to thee."
Thus enter'd she the light-excluding cave,
And through it sought some inmost nook to save,

545 *Repose*—lay up. (Lat.)

The gold, the great brass, and robes richly wrought,
Given to Ulysses. All which in he brought,
Laid down in heap; and she imposed a stone
Close to the cavern's mouth. Then sat they on
The sacred olive's root, consulting how
To act th' insulting Wooers' overthrow,
When Pallas said: "Examine now the means
That best may lay hands on the impudence
Of those proud Wooers, that have now three years
Thy roof's rule sway'd, and been bold offerers
Of suit and gifts to thy renowned wife,
Who for thy absence all her desolate life
Dissolves in tears till thy desired return;
Yet all her Wooers, while she thus doth mourn,
She holds in hope, and every one affords
(In fore-sent message) promise; but her words
Bear other utterance than her heart approves."
"O Gods," said Ithacus, "it now behoves
My fate to end me in the ill decease
That Agamemnon underwent, unless
You tell me, and in time, their close intents.
Advise then means to the revenged events
We both resolve on. Be thyself so kind
To stand close to me, and but such a mind
Breathe in my bosom, as when th' Ilion towers
We tore in cinders. O if equal powers
Thou wouldst enflame amids my nerves as then,
I could encounter with three hundred men,
Thy only self, great Goddess, had to friend,
In those brave ardours thou wert wont t' extend!"
"I will be strongly with thee," answer'd she,
"Nor must thou fail, but do thy part with me.

When both whose powers combine, I hope the bloods
And brains of some of these that waste thy goods
Shall strew thy goodly pavements. Join we then:
I first will render thee unknown to men,
And on thy solid lineaments make dry
Thy now smooth skin; thy bright-brown curls imply
In hoary mattings; thy broad shoulders clothe
In such a cloak as every eye shall loath;
Thy bright eyes blear and wrinkle; and so change
Thy form at all parts, that thou shalt be strange
To all the Wooers, thy young son, and wife.
But to thy herdsman first present thy life,
That guards thy swine, and wisheth well to thee,
That loves thy son and wife Penelope.
Thy search shall find him set aside his herd,
That are with taste-delighting acorns rear'd,
And drink the dark-deep water of the spring,
Bright Arethusa, the most nourishing
Raiser of herds. There stay, and, taking seat
Aside thy herdsman, of the whole state treat
Of home occurrents; while I make access
To fair-dame-breeding Sparta for regress
Of loved Telemachus, who went in quest
Of thy loved fame, and lived the welcome guest
Of Menelaus." The much-knower said:
"Why wouldst not thou, in whose grave breast is bred
The art to order all acts, tell in this
His error to him? Let those years of his
Amids the rude seas wander, and sustain
The woes there raging, while unworthy men
Devour his fortunes?" "Let not care extend
Thy heart for him," said she, "myself did send

His person in thy search, to set his worth,
By good fame blown, to such a distance forth.
Nor suffers he in any least degree
The grief you fear, but all variety
That Plenty can yield in her quiet'st fare,
In Menelaus' court, doth sit and share.
In whose return from home, the Wooers yet
Lay bloody ambush, and a ship have set
To sea, to intercept his life, before
He touch again his birth's attempted shore.
All which, my thoughts say, they shall never do,
But rather, that the earth shall overgo
Some one at least of these love-making men,
By which thy goods so much impair sustain."
Thus using certain secret words to him,
She touched him with her rod; and every limb
Was hid all over with a wither'd skin;
His bright eyes blear'd; his brow curls white and thin;
And all things did an aged man present.
Then, for his own weeds, shirt and coat, all rent,
Tann'd, and all sootiéd with noisome smoke,
She put him on; and, over all, a cloke
Made of a stag's huge hide, of which was worn
The hair quite off; a scrip, all patch'd and torn,
Hung by a cord, oft broke and knit again;
And with a staff did his old limbs sustain.
Thus having both consulted of th' event,
They parted both; and forth to Sparta went
The gray-eyed Goddess, to see all things done
That appertain'd to wise Ulysses' son.

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses meets amids the field
His swain Eumæus; who doth yield
Kind guest-rites to him, and relate
Occurrents of his wrong'd estate.

Another Argument.

Ξι. Ulysses fains
For his true good.
His pious swain's
Faith understood.

BUT he the rough way took from forth the port,
Through woods and hill tops, seeking the resort
Where Pallas said divine Eumæus lived;
Who of the fortunes, that were first achieved
By God-like Ithacus in household rights,
Had more true care than all his prosylites.
He found him sitting in his cottage door,
Where he had raised to every airy blore

[6] Πρόσυλος, *materiæ adhærens: item, qui rebus mundanis deditus est.*—Chapman. I print *prosylite* in the text, and Chapman's note, but I am not aware of any authority for the Greek or English word.

A front of great height, and in such a place
That round ye might behold, of circular grace
A walk so wound about it; which the swain
(In absence of his far-gone sovereign)
Had built himself, without his queen's supply,
Or old Laertes, to see safely lie
His housed herd. The inner part he wrought
Of stones, that thither his own labours brought,
Which with an hedge of thorn he fenced about,
And compass'd all the hedge with pales cleft out
Of sable oak, that here and there he fix'd
Frequent and thick. Within his yard he mix'd
Twelve styes to lodge his herd; and every stye
Had room and use for fifty swine to lie;
But those were females all. The male swine slept
Without doors ever; nor was their herd kept
Fair like the females, since they suffer'd still
Great diminution, he being forced to kill
And send the fattest to the dainty feasts
Affected by th' ungodly wooing guests.
Their number therefore but three hundred were
And sixty. By them mastiffs, as austere
As savage beasts, lay ever, their fierce strain
Bred by the herdsman, a mere prince of men,
Their number four. Himself was then applied
In cutting forth a fair-hued ox's hide,
To fit his feet with shoes. His servants held
Guard of his swine; three, here and there, at field,
The fourth he sent to city with a sow,
Which must of force be offer'd to the vow
The Wooers made to all satiety,

[31] *Strain.*—See Bk. I. 344, and infrà, 286.
[32] *Mere.*—See Bk. VIII. 115.

To serve which still they did those offerings ply.
The fate-born-dogs-to-bark took sudden view
Of Odyssëus, and upon him flew
With open mouth. He, cunning to appall
A fierce dog's fury, from his hand let fall
His staff to earth, and sat him careless down.
And yet to him had one foul wrong been shown
Where most his right lay, had not instantly
The herdsman let his hide fall, and his cry
(With frequent stones flung at the dogs) repell'd,
This way and that, their eager course they held;
When through the entry past, he thus did mourn:
" O father! How soon had you near been torn
By these rude dogs, whose hurt had branded me
With much neglect of you! But Deity
Hath given so many other sighs and cares
To my attendant state, that well unwares
You might be hurt for me, for here I lie
Grieving and mourning for the Majesty
That, God-like, wonted to be ruling here,
Since now I fat his swine for others' cheer,
Where he, perhaps, errs hungry up and down,
In countries, nations, cities, all unknown;
If any where he lives yet, and doth see
The sun's sweet beams. But, father, follow me,
That, cheer'd with wine and food, you may disclose
From whence you truly are, and all the woes
Your age is subject to." This said, he led
Into his cottage, and of osiers spread
A thicken'd hurdle, on whose top he strow'd

41 Ὑλακόμωρος, *ad latrandum fato quodam natus.*—CHAPMAN.
58 *Majesty*—Ulysses.

A wild goat's shaggy skin, and then bestow'd
His own couch on it, that was soft and great.
Ulysses joy'd to see him so entreat
His uncouth presence, saying: "Jove requite,
And all th' immortal Gods, with that delight
Thou most desirest, thy kind receipt of me,
O friend to human hospitality!"
Eumæus answer'd: "Guest! If one much worse
Arrived here than thyself, it were a curse
To my poor means, to let a stranger taste
Contempt for fit food. Poor men, and unplaced
In free seats of their own, are all from Jove
Commended to our entertaining love.
But poor is th' entertainment I can give,
Yet free and loving. Of such men as live
The lives of servants, and are still in fear
Where young lords govern, this is all the cheer
They can afford a stranger. There was one
That used to manage this now desert throne,
To whom the Gods deny return, that show'd
His curious favour to me, and bestow'd
Possessions on me, a most wished wife,
A house, and portion, and a servant's life,
Fit for the gift a gracious king should give;
Who still took pains himself, and God made thrive
His personal endeavour, and to me
His work the more increased, in which you see
I now am conversant. And therefore much
His hand had helped me, had Heaven's will been such,
He might have here grown old. But he is gone,
And would to God the whole succession
Of Helen might go with him, since for her

So many men died, whose fate did confer
My liege to Troy, in Agamemnon's grace,
To spoil her people, and her turrets race!"
This said, his coat to him he straight did gird,
And to his styes went, that contain'd his herd;
From whence he took out two, slew both, and cut
Both fairly up; a fire enflamed, and put
To spit the joints; which roasted well, he set
With spit and all to him, that he might eat
From thence his food in all the singeing heat,
Yet dredg'd it first with flour; then fill'd his cup
With good sweet wine; sat then, and cheer'd him up:
" Eat now, my guest, such lean swine as are meat
For us poor swains; the fat the Wooers eat,
In whose minds no shame, no remorse, doth move,
Though well they know the bless'd Gods do not love
Ungodly actions, but respect the right,
And in the works of pious men delight.
But these are worse than impious, for those
That vow t' injustice, and profess them foes
To other nations, enter on their land,
And Jupiter (to show his punishing hand
Upon th' invaded, for their penance then)
Gives favour to their foes, though wicked men,
To make their prey on them; who, having freight
Their ships with spoil enough, weigh anchor straight,
And each man to his house; (and yet even these,
Doth powerful fear of God's just vengeance seize
Even for that prize in which they so rejoice)
But these men, knowing (having heard the voice
Of God by some means) that sad death hath reft
The ruler here, will never suffer left

Their unjust wooing of his wife, nor take
Her often answer, and their own roofs make
Their fit retreats, but (since uncheck'd they may)
They therefore will make still his goods their prey,
Without all spare or end. There is no day,
Nor night, sent out from God, that ever they
Profane with one beast's blood, or only two,
But more make spoil of; and the wrongs they do
In meat's excess to wine as well extend,
Which as excessively their riots spend,
Yet still leave store, for sure his means were great,
And no heroë, that hath choicest seat
Upon the fruitful neighbour continent,
Or in this isle itself, so opulent
Was as Ulysses, no, nor twenty such,
Put altogether, did possess so much.
Whose herds and flocks I'll tell to every head:
Upon the continent he daily fed
Twelve herds of oxen, no less flocks of sheep,
As many herds of swine, stalls large and steep,
And equal sorts of goats, which tenants there,
And his own shepherds, kept. Then fed he here
Eleven fair stalls of goats, whose food hath yield
In the extreme part of a neighbour field.
Each stall his herdsman hath, an honest swain,
Yet every one must every day sustain
The load of one beast (the most fat, and best
Of all the stall-fed) to the Wooers' feast.
And I, for my part, of the swine I keep
(With four more herdsmen) every day help steep
The Wooers' appetites in blood of one,
The most select our choice can fall upon."

To this Ulysses gave good ear, and fed,
And drunk his wine, and vex'd, and ravished
His food for mere vexation. Seeds of ill
His stomach sow'd, to hear his goods go still
To glut of Wooers. But his dinner done,
And stomach fed to satisfaction,
He drunk a full bowl, all of only wine,
And gave it to the guardian of his swine,
Who took it, and rejoiced; to whom he said:
" O friend, who is it that, so rich, hath paid
Price for thy service, whose commended power,
Thou sayst, to grace the Grecian conqueror,
At Ilion perish'd? Tell me. It may fall
I knew some such. The great God knows, and all
The other deathless Godheads, if I can,
Far having travell'd, tell of such a man."
Eumæus answer'd: " Father, never one,
Of all the strangers that have touch'd upon
This coast, with his life's news could ever yet
Of queen, or lov'd son, any credit get.
These travellers, for clothes, or for a meal,
At all adventures, any lie will tell.
Nor do they trade for truth. Not any man,
That saw the people Ithacensian,
Of all their sort, and had the queen's supplies,
Did ever tell her any news, but lies.
She graciously receives them yet, inquires
Of all she can, and all in tears expires.
It is th' accustom'd law, that women keep,
Their husbands elsewhere dead, at home to weep.
But do thou quickly, father, forge a tale,
Some coat, or cloak, to keep thee warm withal,

Perhaps some one may yield thee; but for him,
Vultures and dogs have torn from every limb
His porous skin, and forth his soul is fled,
His corse at sea to fishes forfeited,
Or on the shore lies hid in heaps of sand,
And there hath he his ebb, his native strand
With friends' tears flowing. But to me past all
Were tears created, for I never shall
Find so humane a royal master more,
Whatever sea I seek, whatever shore.
Nay, to my father, or my mother's love
Should I return, by whom I breathe and move,
Could I so much joy offer; nor these eyes
(Though my desires sustain extremities
For their sad absence) would so fain be blest
With sight of their lives, in my native nest,
As with Ulysses dead; in whose last rest,
O friend, my soul shall love him. He's not here,
Nor do I name him like a flatterer,
But as one thankful for his love and care
To me a poor man; in the rich so rare.
And be he past all shores where sun can shine,
I will invoke him as a soul divine."
" O friend," said he, " to say, and to believe,
He cannot live, doth too much license give
To incredulity; for, not to speak
At needy randon, but my breath to break
In sacred oath, Ulysses shall return.
And when his sight recomforts those that mourn
In his own roofs, then give me cloak, and coat,
And garments worthy of a man of note.
Before which, though need urged me never so,

I'll not receive a thread, but naked go.
No less I hate him than the gates of hell,
That poorness can force an untruth to tell.
Let Jove then (Heaven's chief God) just witness bear,
And this thy hospitable table here,
Together with unblam'd Ulysses' house,
In which I find receipt so gracious,
What I affirm'd of him shall all be true.
This instant year thine eyes even here shall view
Thy lord Ulysses. Nay, ere this month's end,
Return'd full home, he shall revenge extend
To every one, whose ever deed hath done
Wrong to his wife and his illustrious son."
" O father," he replied, " I'll neither give
Thy news reward, nor doth Ulysses live.
But come, enough of this, let's drink and eat,
And never more his memory repeat.
It grieves my heart to be remember'd thus
By any one of one so glorious.
But stand your oath in your assertion strong,
And let Ulysses come, for whom I long,
For whom his wife, for whom his aged sire,
For whom his son consumes his god-like fire,
Whose chance I now must mourn, and ever shall.
Whom when the Gods had brought to be as tall
As any upright plant, and I had said,
He would amongst a court of men have sway'd
In counsels, and for form have been admired
Even with his father, some God misinspired,
Or man took from him his own equal mind,
And pass'd him for the Pylian shore to find

247 *Remember'd*—reminded.

His long-lost father. In return from whence,
The Wooers' pride way-lays his innocence,
That of divine Arcesius all the race
May fade to Ithaca, and not the grace
Of any name left to it. But leave we
His state, however, if surprised he be,
Or if he scape. And may Saturnius' hand
Protect him safely to his native land.
Do thou then, father, show your griefs, and cause
Of your arrival here; nor break the laws
That truth prescribes you, but relate your name,
And of what race you are, your father's fame,
And native city's; ship and men unfold,
That to this isle convey'd you, since I hold
Your here arrival was not all by shore,
Nor that your feet your aged person bore."
He answer'd him: "I'll tell all strictly true,
If time, and food, and wine enough, accrue
Within your roof to us, that freely we
May sit and banquet. Let your business be
Discharged by others; for, when all is done,
I cannot easily, while the year doth run
His circle round, run over all the woes,
Beneath which, by the course the Gods dispose,
My sad age labours. First, I'll tell you then,
From ample Crete I fetch my native strain;
My father wealthy, whose house many a life
Brought forth and bred besides by his true wife,
But me a bond-maid bore, his concubine.
Yet tender'd was I as his lawful line
By him of whose race I my life profess,
Castor his name, surnamed Hylacides.

A man, in fore-times, by the Cretan state,
For goods, good children, and his fortunate
Success in all acts, of no mean esteem.
But death-conferring Fates have banish'd him
To Pluto's kingdom. After whom, his sons
By lots divided his possessions,
And gave me passing little; yet bestow'd
A house on me, to which my virtues woo'd
A wife from rich men's roofs; nor was borne low,
Nor last in fight, though all nerves fail me now.
But I suppose, that you, by thus much seen,
Know by the stubble what the corn hath been.
For, past all doubt, affliction past all mean
Hath brought my age on; but, in seasons past,
Both Mars and Pallas have with boldness graced,
And fortitude, my fortunes, when I chused
Choice men for ambush, prest to have produced
Ill to mine enemies; my too vent'rous spirit
Set never death before mine eyes, for merit,
But, far the first advanc'd still, still I strook
Dead with my lance whoever overtook
My speed of foot. Such was I then for war.
But rustic actions ever fled me far,
And household thrift, which breeds a famous race.
In oar-driven ships did I my pleasures place,
In battles, light darts, arrows. Sad things all,
And into others' thoughts with horror fall.
But what God put into my mind, to me
I still esteem'd as my felicity.
As men of several metals are address'd,
So several forms are in their souls impress'd.

309 *Prest*—ready.

Before the sons of Greece set foot in Troy,
Nine times, in chief, I did command enjoy
Of men and ships against our foreign foe,
And all I fitly wish'd succeeded so.
Yet, after this, I much exploit achieved,
When straight my house in all possessions thrived.
Yet, after that, I great and reverend grew
Amongst the Cretans, till the Thunderer drew
Our forces out in his foe-Troy decrees;
A hateful service that dissolved the knees
Of many a soldier. And to this was I,
And famous Idomen, enjoin'd t' apply
Our ships and powers. Nor was there to be heard
One reason for denial, so preferr'd
Was the unreasonable people's rumour.
Nine years we therefore fed the martial humour,
And in the tenth, de-peopling Priam's town,
We sail'd for home. But God had quickly blown
Our fleet in pieces; and to wretched me
The counsellor Jove did much mishap decree,
For, only one month, I had leave t' enjoy
My wife and children, and my goods t' employ.
But, after this, my mind for Egypt stood,
When nine fair ships I rigg'd forth for the flood,
Mann'd them with noble soldiers, all things fit
For such a voyage soon were won to it.
Yet six days after stay'd my friends in feast,
While I in banquets to the Gods address'd
Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.
The seventh, we boarded; and the northern skies
Lent us a frank and passing prosperous gale,
'Fore which we bore as free and easy sail

As we had back'd a full and frolic tide;
Nor felt one ship misfortune for her pride,
But safe we sat, our sailors and the wind
Consenting in our convoy. When heaven shined
In sacred radiance of the fifth fair day,
To sweetly-water'd Egypt reach'd our way,
And there we anchor'd; where I charged my men
To stay aboard, and watch. Dismissing then
Some scouts to get the hill-tops, and discover,
They (to their own intemperance given over)
Straight fell to forage the rich fields, and thence
Enforce both wives and infants, with th' expence
Of both their bloods. When straight the rumour flew
Up to the city. Which heard, up they drew
By day's first break, and all the field was fill'd
With foot and horse, whose arms did all things gild.
And then the lightning-loving Deity cast
A foul flight on my soldiers; nor stood fast
One man of all. About whom mischief stood,
And with his stern steel drew in streams the blood
The greater part fed in their dissolute veins;
The rest were saved, and made enthralled swains
To all the basest usages there bred.
And then, even Jove himself supplied my head
With saving counsel; though I wished to die,
And there in Egypt with their slaughters lie,
So much grief seiz'd me, but Jove made me yield,
Dishelm my head, take from my neck my shield,
Hurl from my hand my lance, and to the troop
Of horse the king led instantly made up,
Embrace, and kiss his knees; whom pity won
To give me safety, and (to make me shun

The people's outrage, that made in amain,
All jointly fired with thirst to see me slain)
He took me to his chariot, weeping, home,
Himself with fear of Jove's wrath overcome,
Who yielding souls receives, and takes most ill
All such as well may save yet love to kill.
Seven years I sojourn'd here, and treasure gat
In good abundance of th' Egyptian state,
For all would give; but when th' eighth year began,
A knowing fellow (that would gnaw a man
Like to a vermin, with his hellish brain,
And many an honest soul even quick had slain,
Whose name was Phœnix) close accosted me,
And with insinuations, such as he
Practised on others, my consent he gain'd
To go into Phœnicia, where remain'd
His house, and living. And with him I lived
A complete year; but when were all arrived
The months and days, and that the year again
Was turning round, and every season's reign
Renew'd upon us, we for Lybia went,
When, still inventing crafts to circumvent,
He made pretext, that I should only go
And help convey his freight; but thought not so,
For his intent was to have sold me there,
And made good gain for finding me a year.
Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this,
For, being aboard his ship, I must be his
Of strong necessity. She ran the flood
(Driven with a northern gale, right free, and good)
Amids the full stream, full on Crete. But then

397 *Ἀνὴρ ἀπατήλια εἰδὼς, τρώκτης.*—CHAPMAN.

Jove plotted death to him and all his men,
For (put off quite from Crete, and so far gone
That shore was lost, and we set eye on none,
But all show'd heaven and sea) above our keel
Jove pointed right a cloud as black as hell,
Beneath which all the sea hid, and from whence
Jove thunder'd as his hand would never thence,
And thick into our ship he threw his flash,
That 'gainst a rock, or flat, her keel did dash
With headlong rapture. Of the sulphur all
Her bulk did savour; and her men let fall
Amids the surges, on which all lay tost
Like sea-gulls, round about her sides, and lost.
And so God took all home-return from them.
But Jove himself, though plung'd in that extreme,
Recover'd me by thrusting on my hand
The ship's long mast. And, that my life might stand
A little more up, I embraced it round;
And on the rude winds, that did ruins sound,
Nine days we hover'd. In the tenth black night
A huge sea cast me on Thesprotia's height,
Where the heroë Phidon, that was chief
Of all the Thesprots, gave my wrack relief,
Without the price of that redemption
That Phœnix fish'd for. Where the king's loved son
Came to me, took me by the hand, and led
Into his court my poor life, surfeited
With cold and labour; and because my wrack
Chanc'd on his father's shore, he let not lack
My plight or coat, or cloak, or anything

426 Ἐλελίχθη *qui terram rapido motu concutit.*—CHAPMAN.
442 Ἀπριάτην *sine emptionis seu redemptionis pretio.*—CHAPMAN.

Might cherish heat in me. And here the king
Said, he received Ulysses as his guest,
Observed him friend-like, and his course address'd
Home to his country, showing there to me
Ulysses' goods, a very treasury
Of brass, and gold, and steel of curious frame.
And to the tenth succession of his name
He laid up wealth enough, to serve beside
In that king's house, so hugely amplified
His treasure was. But from his court the king
Affirm'd him shipp'd for the Dodonean spring,
To hear, from out the high-hair'd oak of Jove,
Counsel from him for means to his remove
To his loved country, whence so many a year
He had been absent; if he should appear
Disguised, or manifest; and further swore
In his mid court, at sacrifice, before
These very eyes, that he had ready there
Both ship and soldiers, to attend and bear
Him to his country. But, before, it chanc'd
That a Thesprotian ship was to be lanch'd
For the much-corn-renown'd Dulichian land,
In which the king gave to his men command
To take, and bring me under tender hand
To king Acastus. But, in ill design
Of my poor life, did their desires combine,
So far forth, as might ever keep me under
In fortune's hands, and tear my state in sunder.
And when the water-treader far away
Had left the land, then plotted they the day
Of my long servitude, and took from me
Both coat and cloak, and all things that might be

Grace in my habit, and in place put on
These tatter'd rags, which now you see upon
My wretched bosom. When heaven's light took sea,
They fetch'd the field-works of fair Ithaca,
And in the arm'd ship, with a well-wreath'd cord,
They straitly bound me, and did all disboard
To shore to supper, in contentious rout.
Yet straight the Gods themselves took from about
My pressed limbs the bands, with equal ease,
And I, my head in rags wrapp'd, took the seas,
Descending by the smooth stern, using then
My hands for oars, and made from these bad men
Long way in little time. At last, I fetch'd
A goodly grove of oaks, whose shore I reach'd,
And cast me prostrate on it. When they knew
My thus-made 'scape, about the shores they flew,
But, soon not finding, held it not their best
To seek me further, but return'd to rest
Aboard their vessel. Me the Gods lodg'd close,
Conducting me into the safe repose
A good man's stable yielded. And thus Fate
This poor hour added to my living date."

"O wretch of guests," said he, "thy tale hath stirr'd
My mind to much ruth, both how thou hast err'd,
And suffer'd, hearing in such good parts shown.
But, what thy chang'd relation would make known
About Ulysses, I hold neither true,
Nor will believe. And what need'st thou pursue
A lie so rashly, since he sure is so
As I conceive, for which my skill shall go?
The safe return my king lacks cannot be,

[483] At sunset.—CHAPMAN.

He is so envied of each Deity,
So clear, so cruelly. For not in Troy
They gave him end, nor let his corpse enjoy
The hands of friends (which well they might have done,
He managed arms to such perfection,
And should have had his sepulchre, and all,
And all the Greeks to grace his funeral,
And this had given a glory to his son
Through all times future) but his head is run
Unseen, unhonour'd, into Harpies' maws.
For my part, I'll not meddle with the cause,
I live a separate life amongst my swine,
Come at no town for any need of mine,
Unless the circularly-witted queen
(When any far-come guest is to be seen
That brings her news) commands me bring a brawn,
About which (all things being in question drawn,
That touch the king) they sit, and some are sad
For his long absence, some again are glad
To waste his goods unwreak'd, all talking still.
But, as for me, I nourish'd little will
T' inquire or question of him, since the man
That feign'd himself the fled Ætolian,
For slaughtering one, through many regions stray'd,
In my stall, as his diversory, stay'd.
Where well entreating him, he told me then,
Amongst the Cretans, with king Idomen,
He saw Ulysses at his ship's repair,
That had been brush'd with the enraged air;
And that in summer, or in autumn, sure,
With all his brave friends and rich furniture,

525 Περίφρων.—CHAPMAN.
536 *Diversory*—way-side inn (Lat.)

He would be here; and nothing so, nor so.
But thou, an old man, taught with so much woe
As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true,
And brought by his fate, do not here pursue
His gratulations with thy cunning lies,
Thou canst not soak so through my faculties,
For I did never either honour thee
Or give thee love, to bring these tales to me,
But in my fear of hospitable Jove
Thou didst to this pass my affections move."
" You stand exceeding much incredulous,"
Replied Ulysses, " to have witness'd thus
My word and oath, yet yield no trust at all.
But make we now a covenant here, and call
The dreadful Gods to witness, that take seat
In large Olympus: If your king's retreat
Prove made, even hither, you shall furnish me
With cloak, and coat, and make my passage free
For loved Dulichius; if, as fits my vow,
Your king return not, let your servants throw
My old limbs headlong from some rock most high,
That other poor men may take fear to lie."
The herdsman, that had gifts in him divine,
Replied: " O guest, how shall this fame of mine
And honest virtue, amongst men, remain
Now, and hereafter, without worthy stain,
If I, that led thee to my hovel here,
And made thee fitting hospitable cheer,
Should after kill thee, and thy loved mind
Force from thy bones? Or how should stand inclined
With any faith my will t' importune Jove,
In any prayer hereafter for his love?

Come, now 'tis supper's hour, and instant haste
My men will make home, when our sweet repast
We'll taste together." This discourse they held
In mutual kind, when from a neighbour field
His swine and swine-herds came, who in their cotes
Inclosed their herds for sleep, which mighty throats
Laid out in ent'ring. Then the God-like swain
His men enjoin'd thus: " Bring me to be slain
A chief swine female, for my stranger guest,
When altogether we will take our feast,
Refreshing now our spirits, that all day take
Pains in our swine's good, who may therefore make
For our pains with them all amends with one,
Since others eat our labours, and take none."
This said, his sharp steel hew'd down wood, and they
A passing fat swine haled out of the sty,
Of five years old, which to the fire they put.
When first Eumæus from the front did cut
The sacred hair, and cast it in the fire,
Then pray'd to heaven; for still before desire
Was served with food, in their so rude abodes,
Not the poor swine-herd would forget the Gods,
Good souls they bore, how bad soever were
The habits that their bodies' parts did bear.
When all the deathless Deities besought,
That wise Ulysses might be safely brought
Home to his house; then with a log of oak
Left lying by, high lifting it, a stroke
He gave so deadly it made life expire.
Then cut the rest her throat, and all in fire
They hid and sing'd her, cut her up; and then,
The master took the office from the men,

Who on the altar did the parts impose
That served for sacrifice; beginning close
About the belly, thorough which he went,
And (all the chief fat gathering) gave it vent
(Part dredg'd with flour) into the sacred flame;
Then cut they up the joints, and roasted them,
Drew all from spit, and served in dishes all.
Then rose Eumæus (who was general
In skill to guide each act his fit event)
And, all in seven parts cut, the first part went
To service of the Nymphs and Mercury,
To whose names he did rites of piety
In vows particular; and all the rest
He shared to every one, but his loved guest
He graced with all the chine, and of that king,
To have his heart cheer'd, set up every string.
Which he observing said: "I would to Jove,
Eumæus, thou liv'dst in his worthy love
As great as mine, that giv'st to such a guest
As my poor self of all thy goods the best."
Eumæus answer'd: "Eat, unhappy wretch,
And to what here is at thy pleasure reach.
This I have, this thou want'st; thus God will give,
Thus take away, in us, and all that live.
To his will's equal centre all things fall,
His mind he must have, for he can do all."
Thus having eat, and to his wine descended,
Before he served his own thirst, he commended
The first use of it in fit sacrifice
(As of his meat) to all the Deities,
And to the city-racer's hand applied
The second cup, whose place was next his side.

Mesaulius did distribute the meat,
(To which charge was Eumæus solely set,
In absence of Ulysses, by the queen
And old Laertes) and this man had been
Bought by Eumæus, with his faculties,
Employ'd then in the Taphian merchandise.
But now, to food apposed, and order'd thus,
All fell. Desire sufficed, Mesaulius
Did take away. For bed then next they were,
All throughly satisfied with complete cheer.
The night then came, ill, and no taper shin'd;
Jove rain'd her whole date; th' ever-wat'ry wind
Zephyr blew loud; and Laertiades
(Approving kind Eumæus' carefulness
For his whole good) made far about assay,
To get some cast-off cassock (lest he lay
That rough night cold) of him, or any one
Of those his servants; when he thus begun:
" Hear me, Eumæus, and my other friends,
I'll use a speech that to my glory tends,
Since I have drunk wine past my usual guise.
Strong wine commands the fool and moves the wise,
Moves and impels him too to sing and dance,
And break in pleasant laughters, and, perchance,
Prefer a speech too that were better in.
But when my spirits once to speak begin,
I shall not then dissemble. Would to heaven,
I were as young, and had my forces driven
As close together, as when once our powers
We led to ambush under th' Ilion towers!
Where Ithacus and Menelaus were
The two commanders, when it pleased them there

To take myself for third, when to the town
And lofty walls we led, we couch'd close down,
All arm'd, amids the osiers and the reeds,
Which oftentimes th' o'er-flowing river feeds.
The cold night came, and th' icy northern gale
Blew bleak upon us, after which did fall
A snow so cold, it cut as in it beat
A frozen water, which was all concrete
About our shields like crystal. All made feign
Above our arms to clothe, and clothe again.
And so we made good shift, our shields beside
Clapp'd close upon our clothes, to rest and hide
From all discovery. But I, poor fool,
Left my weeds with my men, because so cool
I thought it could not prove; which thought my pride
A little strengthen'd, being loath to hide
A goodly glittering garment I had on;
And so I follow'd with my shield alone,
And that brave weed. But when the night near ended
Her course on earth, and that the stars descended,
I jogg'd Ulysses, who lay passing near,
And spake to him, that had a nimble ear,
Assuring him, that long I could not lie
Amongst the living, for the fervency
Of that sharp night would kill me, since as then
My evil angel made me with my men
Leave all weeds but a fine one. But I know
'Tis vain to talk; here wants all remedy now.
This said, he bore that understanding part
In his prompt spirit that still show'd his art
In fight and counsel, saying (in a word,
And that low whisper'd) peace, lest you afford
Some Greek note of your softness. No word more,

But made as if his stern austerity bore
My plight no pity; yet, as still he lay
His head reposing on his hand, gave way
To this invention: 'Hear me friends, a dream
(That was of some celestial light a beam)
Stood in my sleep before me, prompting me
With this fit notice: 'We are far,' said he,
'From out our fleet. Let one go then, and try
If Agamemnon will afford supply
To what we now are strong.' This stirr'd a speed
In Thoas to th' affair; whose purple weed
He left for haste; which then I took, and lay
In quiet after, till the dawn of day.
This shift Ulysses made for one in need,
And would to heaven, that youth such spirit did feed
Now in my nerves, and that my joints were knit
With such a strength as made me then held fit
To lead men with Ulysses! I should then
Seem worth a weed that fits a herdsman's men,
For two respects, to gain a thankful friend,
And to a good man's need a good extend."
" O father," said Eumæus," thou hast shown
Good cause for us to give thee good renown,
Not using any word that was not freed
From all least ill. Thou, therefore, shalt not need
Or coat, or other thing, that aptly may
Beseem a wretched suppliant for defray
Of this night's need. But, when her golden throne
The morn ascends, you must resume your own,
For here you must not dream of many weeds,
Or any change at all. We serve our needs
As you do yours: one back, one coat. But when
Ulysses' loved son returns, he then

Shall give you coat and cassock, and bestow
Your person where your heart and soul is now."
  This said, he rose, made near the fire his bed,
Which all with goats' and sheep skins he bespread.
All which Ulysses with himself did line.
With whom, besides, he changed a gaberdine,
Thick lined, and soft, which still he made his shift
When he would dress him 'gainst the horrid drift
Of tempest, when deep winter's season blows.
Nor pleased it him to lie there with his sows,
But while Ulysses slept there, and close by
The other younkers, he abroad would lie,
And therefore arm'd him. Which set cheerful fare
Before Ulysses' heart, to see such care
Of his goods taken, how far off soever
His fate his person and his wealth should sever.
First then, a sharp-edged sword he girt about
His well-spread shoulders, and (to shelter out
The sharp west wind that blew) he put him on
A thick-lined jacket, and yet cast upon
All that the large hide of a goat, well fed.
A lance then took he, with a keen steel head,
To be his keep-off both 'gainst men and dogs.
And thus went he to rest with his male hogs,
That still abroad lay underneath a rock,
Shield to the north-wind's ever-eager shock.

742 *Gaberdine*—a coarse cloak. The word is used in Shakespeare, and Nares has illustrated it. Halliwell says it is still used in Kent.

762 *Eager*.—Shakespeare,
" It is a nipping and an eager air."—*Hamlet*, I. 4.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Minerva to his native seat
Exhorts Ulysses' son's retreat,
In bed, and waking. He receives
Gifts of Atrides, and so leaves
The Spartan court. And, going aboard,
Doth favourable way afford
To Theoclymenus, that was
The Argive augur, and sought pass,
Fled for a slaughter he had done.
Eumæus tells Laertes' son,
How he became his father's man,
Being sold by the Phœnician
For some agreed-on faculties,
From forth the Syrian Isle, made prise.
Telemachus, arrived at home,
Doth to Eumæus' cottage come.

Another Argument.

O. From Sparta's strand
Makes safe access
To his own land
Ulyssides.

IN Lacedæmon, large, and apt for dances,
Athenian Pallas her access advances
Up to the great-in-soul Ulysses' seed,
Suggesting his return now fit for deed.

[1] Ἐυρύχορον Λακεδαίμονα *in qua ampli ut pulchri chori duci possunt, vel ducuntur:* which the vulgar translation turn therefore, *latam, seu amplam.*—Chapman.

She found both him and Nestor's noble son
In bed, in front of that fair mansion,
Nestorides surprised with pleasing sleep,
But on the watch Ulysses' son did keep,
Sleep could not enter, cares did so excite
His soul, through all the solitary night,
For his loved father. To him, near, she said:
" Telemachus! 'Tis time that now were stay'd
Thy foreign travels, since thy goods are free
For those proud men that all will eat from thee,
Divide thy whole possessions, and leave
Thy too-late presence nothing to receive.
Incite the shrill-voiced Menelaus then,
To send thee to thy native seat again,
While thou mayst yet find in her honour strong
Thy blameless mother, 'gainst thy father's wrong.
For both the father, and the brothers too,
Of thy loved mother, will not suffer so
Extended any more her widow's bed,
But make her now her richest wooer wed,
Eurymachus, who chiefly may augment
Her gifts, and make her jointure eminent.
And therefore haste thee, lest, in thy despite,
Thy house stand empty of thy native right.
For well thou know'st what mind a woman bears;
The house of him, whoever she endears
Herself in nuptials to, she sees increased,
The issue of her first loved lord deceased
Forgotten quite, and never thought on more.
In thy return then, the re-counted store
Thou find'st reserved, to thy most trusted maid
Commit in guard, till Heaven's Powers have purvey'd

A wife, in virtue and in beauty's grace,
Of fit sort for thee, to supply her place.
And this note more I'll give thee, which repose
In sure remembrance: The best sort of those
That woo thy mother watchful scouts address,
Both in the straits of th' Ithacensian seas,
And dusty Samos, with intent t' invade
And take thy life, ere thy return be made.
Which yet I think will fail, and some of them
That waste thy fortunes taste of that extreme
They plot for thee. But keep off far from shore,
And day and night sail, for, a fore-right blore,
Whoever of th' Immortals that vow guard
And 'scape to thy return, will see prepared.
As soon as thou arriv'st, dismiss to town
Thy ship and men, and first of all make down
To him that keeps thy swine, and doth conceive
A tender care to see thee well survive.
There sleep; and send him to the town, to tell
The chaste Penelope, that safe and well
Thou liv'st in his charge, and that Pylos' sands
The place contain'd from whence thy person lands."
Thus she to large Olympus made ascent.
When with his heel a little touch he lent
To Nestor's son, whose sleep's sweet chains he loosed,
Bad rise, and see in chariot inclosed
Their one-hoof'd horse, that they might straight be gone.
"No such haste," he replied, "Night holds her throne,
And dims all way to course of chariot.
The morn will soon get up. Nor see forgot
The gifts with haste, that will, I know, be rich,
And put into our coach with gracious speech

By lance-famed Menelaus. Not a guest
Shall touch at his house, but shall store his breast
With fit mind of an hospitable man,
To last as long as any daylight can
His eyes recomfort, in such gifts as he
Will proofs make of his hearty royalty."
  He had no sooner said, but up arose
Aurora, that the golden hills repose.
And Menelaus, good-at-martial-cries,
From Helen's bed raised, to his guest applies
His first appearance. Whose repair made known
T' Ulysses' lov'd son, on his robe was thrown
About his gracious body, his cloak cast
Athwart his ample shoulders, and in haste
Abroad he went, and did the king accost:
  " Atrides, guarded with heaven's deified host,
Grant now remission to my native right,
My mind now urging mine own house's sight."
" Nor will I stay," said he, " thy person long,
Since thy desires to go are grown so strong.
I should myself be angry to sustain
The like detention urged by other men.
Who loves a guest past mean, past mean will hate,
The mean in all acts bears the best estate.
A like ill 'tis, to thrust out such a guest
As would not go, as to detain the rest.
We should a guest love, while he loves to stay,
And, when he likes not, give him loving way.
Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose
In coach to thee; which ere our hands inclose,
Thine eyes shall see, lest else our loves may glose.

[99] *Glose*—speak fair, flatter. See Bk. III. 139, and infrà, 344.

Besides, I'll cause our women to prepare
What our house yields, and merely so much fare
As may suffice for health. Both well will do,
Both for our honour and our profit too.
And, serving strength with food, you after may
As much earth measure as will match the day.
If you will turn your course from sea, and go
Through Greece and Argos (that myself may so
Keep kind way with thee) I'll join horse, and guide
T' our human cities. Nor ungratified
Will any one remit us; some one thing
Will each present us, that along may bring
Our pass with love, and prove our virtues blazed:
A caldron, or a tripod, richly brazed,
Two mules, a bowl of gold, that hath his price
Heighten'd with emblems of some rare device."
The wise prince answer'd: "I would gladly go
Home to mine own, and see that govern'd so
That I may keep what I for certain hold,
Not hazard that for only hoped-for gold.
I left behind me none so all ways fit
To give it guard, as mine own trust with it.
Besides, in this broad course which you propose,
My father seeking I myself may lose."
When this the shrill-voiced Menelaus heard,
He charged his queen and maids to see prepared
Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best.
To him rose Eteoneus from his rest,
Whose dwelling was not far off from the court,
And his attendance his command did sort
With kindling fires, and furth'ring all the roast,
In act of whose charge heard no time he lost.

Himself then to an odorous room descended,
Whom Megapenthe and his queen attended.
Come to his treasury, a two-ear'd cup
He choosed of all, and made his son bear up
A silver bowl. The queen then taking stand
Aside her chest, where by her own fair hand
Lay vests of all hues wrought, she took out one
Most large, most artful, chiefly fair, and shone
Like to a star, and lay of all the last.
Then through the house with either's gift they past;
When to Ulysses' son Atrides said:
"Telemachus, since so entirely sway'd
Thy thoughts are with thy vow'd return now tender'd,
May Juno's thundering husband see it render'd
Perfect at all parts, action answering thought.
Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought,
I give thee here the most in grace and best.
A bowl but silver, yet the brim's compress'd
With gold, whose fabric his desert doth bring
From Vulcan's hand, presented by the king
And great heroë of Sidonia's state,
When at our parting he did consummate
His whole house keeping. This do thou command."
This said, he put the round bowl in his hand,
And then his strong son Megapenthe placed
The silver cup before him, amply graced
With work and lustre. Helen (standing by,
And in her hand the robe, her housewifery)
His name rememb'ring, said: "And I present,
Loved son, this gift to thee, the monument
Of the so-many-loved Helen's hands,
Which, at the knitting of thy nuptial bands,

Present thy wife. In mean space, may it lie
By thy loved mother; but to me apply
Thy pleasure in it, and thus take thy way
To thy fair house, and country's wished stay."
Thus gave she to his hands the veil, and he
The acceptation author'd joyfully.
Which in the chariot's chest Pisistratus
Plac'd with the rest, and held miraculous.
The yellow-headed king then led them all
To seats and thrones, placed in his spacious hall.
The hand-maid water brought, and gave it stream
From out a fair and golden ewer to them,
From whose hands to a silver caldron fled
The troubled wave. A bright board then she spread,
On which another reverend dame set bread.
To which more servants store of victuals served.
Eteonæus was the man that kerved,
And Megapenthe fill'd them all their wine.
All fed and drank, till all felt care decline
For those refreshings. Both the guests did go
To horse, and coach, and forth the portico
A little issued, when the yellow king
Brought wine himself, that, with an offering
To all the Gods, they might their journey take.
He stood before the Gods, and thus he spake:
"Farewell young Princes! To grave Nestor's ear
This salutation from my gratitude bear:
That I profess, in all our Ilion wars,
He stood a careful father to my cares."
To whom the wise Ulyssides replied:
"With all our utmost shall be signified,
Jove-kept Atrides, your right royal will;

And would to God, I could as well fulfill
Mine own mind's gratitude, for your free grace,
In telling to Ulysses, in the place
Of my return, in what accomplish'd kind
I have obtain'd the office of a friend
At your deservings; whose fair end you crown
With gifts so many, and of such renown!"
  His wish, that he might find in his retreat
His father safe return'd (to so repeat
The king's love to him) was saluted thus:
An eagle rose, and in her seres did truss
A goose, all white, and huge, a household one,
Which men and women, crying out upon,
Pursued, but she, being near the guests, her flight
Made on their right hand, and kept still fore-right
Before their horses; which observed by them,
The spirits in all their minds took joys extreme,
Which Nestor's son thus question'd: "Jove-kept
king,
Yield your grave thoughts, if this ostentful thing
(This eagle, and this goose) touch us, or you?"
  He put to study, and not knowing how
To give fit answer, Helen took on her
Th' ostent's solution, and did this prefer:
  "Hear me, and I will play the prophet's part,
As the Immortals cast it in my heart,
And as, I think, will make the true sense known:
As this Jove's bird, from out the mountains flown
(Where was her eyrie, and whence rose her race)
Truss'd up this goose, that from the house did graze,

213 Nestor's son to Menelaus, his ironical question continuing still Homer's character of Menelaus.—CHAPMAN.

So shall Ulysses, coming from the wild
Of seas and sufferings, reach, unreconciled,
His native home, where even this hour he is,
And on those house-fed Wooers those wrongs of his
Will shortly wreak, with all their miseries."
" O," said Telemachus, " if Saturnian Jove
To my desires thy dear presage approve,
When I arrive, I will perform to thee
My daily vows, as to a Deity."
This said, he used his scourge upon the horse,
That through the city freely made their course
To field, and all day made that first speed good.
But when the sun set, and obscureness stood
In each man's way, they ended their access
At Pheras, in the house of Diocles,
Son to Orsilochus, Alpheus' seed,
Who gave them guest-rites ; and sleep's natural need
They that night served there. When Aurora rose,
They join'd their horse, took coach, and did dispose
Their course for Pylos ; whose high city soon
They reach'd. Nor would Telemachus be won
To Nestor's house, and therefore order'd thus
His speech to Nestor's son, Pisistratus :
" How shall I win thy promise to a grace
That I must ask of thee? We both embrace
The names of bed-fellows, and in that name
Will glory as an adjunct of our fame,
Our fathers' friendship, our own equal age,
And our joint travel, may the more engage
Our mutual concord. Do not then assay,
My God-loved friend, to lead me from my way
To my near ship, but take a course direct

And leave me there, least thy old sire's respect,
In his desire to love me, hinder so
My way for home, that have such need to go."
  This said, Nestorides held all discourse
In his kind soul, how best he might enforce
Both promise and performance; which, at last,
He vow'd to venture, and directly cast
His horse about to fetch the ship and shore.
Where come, his friends most lovely gifts he bore
Aboard the ship, and in her hind-deck placed
The veil that Helen's curious hand had graced,
And Menelaus' gold, and said: "Away,
Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay,
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell
The old duke, you are past; for passing well
I know his mind to so exceed all force
Of any prayer, that he will stay your course,
Himself make hither, all your course call back,
And, when he hath you, have no thought to rack
Him from his bounty, and to let you part
Without a present, but be vex'd at heart
With both our pleadings, if we once but move
The least repression of his fiery love."
  Thus took he coach, his fair-maned steeds scourged on
Along the Pylian city, and anon
His father's court reach'd; while Ulysses' son
Bade board, and arm; which with a thought was done.
  His rowers set, and he rich odours firing
In his hind-deck, for his secure retiring,
To great Athenia, to his ship came flying
A stranger, and a prophet, as relying
On wished passage, having newly slain

A man at Argos, yet his race's vein
Flow'd from Melampus, who in former date
In Pylos lived, and had a huge estate,
But fled his country, and the punishing hand
Of great-soul'd Neleus, in a foreign land,
From that most famous mortal, having held
A world of riches, nor could be compell'd
To render restitution in a year.
In mean space, living as close prisoner
In court of Phylacus, and for the sake
Of Neleus' daughter mighty cares did take,
Together with a grievous langour sent
From grave Erinnys, that did much torment
His vexed conscience ; yet his life's expence
He scap'd, and drave the loud-voiced oxen thence,
To breed-sheep Pylos, bringing vengeance thus
Her foul demerit to great Neleus,
And to his brother's house reduced his wife.
Who yet from Pylos did remove his life
For feed-horse Argos, where his Fate set down
A dwelling for him, and in much renown
Made govern many Argives, where a spouse
He took to him, and built a famous house.
There had he born to him Antiphates,
And forceful Mantius. To the first of these
Was great Oïcleus born : Oïcleus gat
Amphiaraus, that the popular state
Had all their health in, whom even from his heart
Jove loved, and Phœbus in the whole desert
Of friendship held him ; yet not bless'd so much
That age's threshold he did ever touch,

306 *Reduced*—led back. (Lat.)

But lost his life by female bribery.
Yet two sons author'd his posterity,
Alcmæon, and renown'd Amphilochus.
Mantius had issue Polyphidius,
And Clytus, but Aurora ravish'd him,
For excellence of his admired limb,
And interested him amongst the Gods.
His brother knew men's good and bad abodes
The best of all men, after the decease
Of him that perish'd in unnatural peace
At spacious Thebes. Apollo did inspire
His knowing soul with a prophetic fire.
Who, angry with his father, took his way
To Hyperesia; where, making stay,
He prophesied to all men, and had there
A son call'd Theoclymenus, who here
Came to Telemachus, and found aboard
Himself at sacrifice, whom in a word
He thus saluted: "O friend, since I find,
Even here at ship, a sacrificing mind
Inform your actions, by your sacrifice,
And by that worthy choice of Deities
To whom you offer, by yourself, and all
These men that serve your course maritimal,
Tell one that asks the truth, nor give it glose,
Both who, and whence, you are? From what seed rose
Your royal person? And what city's towers
Hold habitation to your parents' powers?"

320 His wife betrayed him for money.—CHAPMAN.
326 *Interested*—placed him among the Gods.
327 *Abodes*.—See Bk. IV. 664.

He answer'd: "Stranger! The sure truth is this:
I am of Ithaca; my father is
(Or was) Ulysses, but austere death now
Takes his state from him; whose event to know,
Himself being long away, I set forth thus
With ship and soldiers." Theoclymenus
As freely said: "And I to thee am fled
From forth my country, for a man struck dead
By my unhappy hand, who was with me
Of one self-tribe, and of his pedigree
Are many friends and brothers, and the sway
Of Achive kindred reacheth far away.
From whom, because I fear their spleens suborn
Blood, and black fate against me (being born
To be a wand'rer among foreign men)
Make thy fair ship my rescue, and sustain
My life from slaughter. Thy deservings may
Perform that mercy, and to them I pray."
"Nor will I bar," said he, "thy will to make
My means and equal ship thy aid, but take
(With what we have here, in all friendly use)
Thy life from any violence that pursues."
Thus took he in his lance, and it extended
Aloft the hatches, which himself ascended.
The prince took seat at stern, on his right hand
Set Theoclymenus, and gave command
To all his men to arm, and see made fast
Amidst the hollow keel the beechen mast
With able halsers, hoise sail, launch; which soon
He saw obey'd. And then his ship did run
A merry course; blue-eyed Minerva sent
A fore-right gale, tumultuous, vehement,

Along the air, that her way's utmost yield
The ship might make, and plough the brackish field.
Then set the sun, and night black'd all the ways.
The ship, with Jove's wind wing'd, where th' Epian sways,
Fetch'd Pheras first, then Elis the divine,
And then for those isles made, that sea-ward shine
For form and sharpness like a lance's head,
About which lay the Wooers ambushed;
On which he rush'd, to try if he could 'scape
His plotted death, or serve her treach'rous rape.
And now return we to Eumæus' shed,
Where, at their food with others marshalled,
Ulysses and his noble herdsman sate.
To try if whose love's curious estate
Stood firm to his abode, or felt it fade,
And so would take each best cause to persuade
His guest to town, Ulysses thus contends:
"Hear me, Eumæus, and ye other friends.
Next morn to town I covet to be gone,
To beg some others' alms, not still charge one.
Advise me well then, and as well provide
I may be fitted with an honest guide,
For through the streets, since need will have it so,
I'll tread, to try if any will bestow
A dish of drink on me, or bit of bread,
Till to Ulysses' house I may be led;
And there I'll tell all-wise Penelope news,
Mix with the Wooers' pride, and, since they use
To fare above the full, their hands excite
To some small feast from out their infinite:
For which, I'll wait, and play the servingman,

Fairly enough, command the most they can.
For I will tell thee, note me well, and hear,
That, if the will be of Heaven's Messenger,
(Who to the works of men, of any sort,
Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short
Am I of him, that doth to most aspire
In any service, as to build a fire,
To cleave sere wood, to roast or boil their meat,
To wait at board, mix wine, or know the neat,
Or any work, in which the poor-call'd worst
To serve the rich-call'd best in Fate are forc'd."
He, angry with him, said: " Alas, poor guest,
Why did this counsel ever touch thy breast?
Thou seek'st thy utter spoil beyond all doubt,
If thou giv'st venture on the Wooers' rout,
Whose wrong and force affects the iron heaven,
Their light delights are far from being given
To such grave servitors. Youths richly trick'd
In coats or cassocks, locks divinely slick'd,
And looks most rapting, ever have the gift
To taste their crown'd cups, and full trenchers shift.
Their tables ever like their glasses shine,
Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.
And thou go thither? Stay, for here do none
Grudge at thy presence, nor myself, nor one
Of all I feed. But when Ulysses' son
Again shall greet us, he shall put thee on
Both coat and cassock, and thy quick retreat
Set where thy heart and soul desire thy seat."
Industrious Ulysses gave reply:
" I still much wish, that Heaven's chief Deity
Loved thee, as I do, that hast eased my mind

Of woes and wand'rings never yet confined.
Nought is more wretched in a human race,
Than country's want, and shift from place to place.
But for the baneful belly men take care
Beyond good counsel, whosoever are
In compass of the wants it undergoes
By wand'rings, losses, or dependant woes.
Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home;
Which since thou wilt make here, as overcome
With thy command for stay, I'll take on me
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
Does then Ulysses' sire, and mother, breathe,
Both whom he left in th' age next door to death?
Or are they breathless, and descended where
The dark house is, that never day doth clear?"
" Laertes lives," said he, " but every hour
Beseecheth Jove to take from him the power
That joins his life and limbs; for with a moan
That breeds a marvel he laments his son
Deprived by death, and adds to that another
Of no less depth for that dead son's dead mother,
Whom he a virgin wedded, which the more
Makes him lament her loss, and doth deplore
Yet more her miss, because her womb the truer
Was to his brave son, and his slaughter slew her.
Which last love to her doth his life engage,
And makes him live an undigested age.
O! such a death she died as never may
Seize any one that here beholds the day,
That either is to any man a friend,
Or can a woman kill in such a kind.

443 *Confined.*—See Bk. v. 365.

As long as she had being, I would be
A still inquirer (since 'twas dear to me,
Though death to her, to hear his name) when she
Heard of Ulysses, for I might be bold,
She brought me up, and in her love did hold
My life, compared with long-veil'd Ctimene,
Her youngest issue (in some small degree
Her daughter yet preferr'd) a brave young dame.
And when of youth the dearly-loved flame
Was lighted in us, marriage did prefer
The maid to Samos; whence was sent for her
Infinite riches, when the queen bestow'd
A fair new suit, new shoes, and all, and vow'd
Me to the field, but passing loath to part,
As loving me more than she loved her heart.
And these I want now; but their business grows
Upon me daily, which the Gods impose,
To whom I hold all, give account to them,
For I see none left to the diadem
That may dispose all better. So, I drink
And eat of what is here; and whom I think
Worthy or reverend, I have given to, still,
These kinds of guest-rites; for the household ill
(Which, where the queen is, riots) takes her still
From thought of these things. Nor is it delight
To hear, from her plight, of or work or word;
The Wooers spoil all. But yet my men will board
Her sorrows often, with discourse of all,
Eating and drinking of the festival
That there is kept, and after bring to field
Such things as servants make their pleasures yield.

500 *Board*—address, accost.

" O me, Eumæus," said Laertes' son,
" Hast thou then err'd so of a little one,
Like me, from friends and country? Pray thee say,
And say a truth, doth vast Destruction lay
Her hand upon the wide-way'd seat of men,
Where dwelt thy sire and reverend mother then,
That thou art spared there? Or else, set alone
In guard of beeves, or sheep, set th' enemy on,
Surprised, and shipp'd, transferr'd, and sold thee here?
He that bought thee paid well, yet bought not dear."
" Since thou enquir'st of that, my guest," said he,
" Hear and be silent, and, mean space, sit free
In use of these cups to thy most delights;
Unspeakable in length now are the nights.
Those that affect sleep yet, to sleep have leave,
Those that affect to hear, their hearers give.
But sleep not ere your hour; *much sleep doth grieve.*
Whoever lists to sleep, away to bed,
Together with the morning raise his head,
Together with his fellows break his fast,
And then his lord's herd drive to their repast.
We two, still in our tabernacle here
Drinking and eating, will our bosoms cheer
With memories and tales of our annoys.
Betwixt his sorrows every human joys,
He most, who most hath felt and furthest err'd.
And now thy will to act shall be preferr'd.
There is an isle above Ortygia,
If thou hast heard, they call it Syria,

506 i. e. Hast thou wandered even from your childhood, when you were a little one?

509 Supposing him to dwell in a city.—CHAPMAN.

Where, once a day, the sun moves backward still.
'Tis not so great as good, for it doth fill
The fields with oxen, fills them still with sheep,
Fills roofs with wine, and makes all corn there cheap.
No dearth comes ever there, nor no disease
That doth with hate us wretched mortals seize,
But when men's varied nations, dwelling there
In any city, enter th' aged year,
The silver-bow-bearer, the Sun, and She
That bears as much renown for archery,
Stoop with their painless shafts, and strike them dead,
As one would sleep, and never keep the bed.
In this isle stand two cities, betwixt whom
All things that of the soil's fertility come
In two parts are divided. And both these
My father ruled, Ctesius Ormenides,
A man like the Immortals. With these states
The cross-biting Phœnicians traffick'd rates
Of infinite merchandise in ships brought there,
In which they then were held exempt from peer.
There dwelt within my father's house a dame,
Born a Phœnician, skilful in the frame
Of noble housewiferies, right tall, and fair.
Her the Phœnician great-wench-net-layer
With sweet words circumvented, as she was
Washing her linen. To his amorous pass
He brought her first, shored from his ship to her,
To whom he did his whole life's love prefer,
Which of these breast-exposing dames the hearts

557 Πολυπαίπαλος, *admodum vafer, Der. ex* παλεύω, *pertraho in retia, et* παῖς, *puella.*—CHAPMAN. This is certainly the quaintest and most original of Chapman's translations and derivations.

Deceives, though fashion'd of right honest parts.
He ask'd her after, what she was, and whence ?
She, passing presently, the excellence
Told of her father's turrets, and that she
Might boast herself sprung from the progeny
Of the rich Sidons, and the daughter was
Of the much-year-revenued Arybas ;
But that the Taphian pirates made their prise,
As she return'd from her field-housewiferies,
Transferr'd her hither, and, at that man's house
Where now she lived, for value precious
Sold her to th' owner. He that stole her love
Bade her again to her birth's seat remove,
To see the fair roofs of her friends again,
Who still held state, and did the port maintain
Herself reported. She said : ' Be it so,
So you, and all that in your ship shall row,
Swear to return me in all safety hence.'
All swore. Th' oath past, with every consequence,
She bade : ' Be silent now, and not a word
Do you, or any of your friends, afford,
Meeting me afterward in any way,
Or at the washing-fount ; lest some display
Be made, and told the old man, and he then
Keep me strait bound, to you and to your men
The utter ruin plotting of your lives.
Keep in firm thought then every word that strives
For dangerous utterance. Haste your ship's full freight
Of what you traffic for, and let me straight
Know by some sent friend she hath all in hold,
And with myself I'll bring thence all the gold
I can by all means finger ; and, beside,

I'll do my best to see your freight supplied
With some well-weighing burthen of mine own.
For I bring up in house a great man's son,
As crafty as myself, who will with me
Run every way along, and I will be
His leader, till your ship hath made him sure.
He will an infinite great price procure,
Transfer him to what languaged men ye may.'
  This said, she gat her home, and there made stay
A whole year with us, goods of great avail
Their ship enriching. Which now fit for sail,
They sent a messenger t' inform the dame;
And to my father's house a fellow came,
Full of Phœnician craft, that to be sold
A tablet brought, the body all of gold,
The verge all amber. This had ocular view
Both by my honour'd mother and the crew
Of her house-handmaids, handled, and the price
Beat, asked, and promised. And while this device
Lay thus upon the forge, this jeweller
Made privy signs, by winks and wiles, to her
That was his object; which she took, and he,
His sign seeing noted, hied to ship. When she,
(My hand still taking, as she used to do
To walk abroad with her) convey'd me so
Abroad with her, and in the portico
Found cups, with tasted viands, which the guests
That used to flock about my father's feasts
Had left. They gone (some to the council court,
Some to hear news amongst the talking sort)
Her theft three bowls into her lap convey'd,

602 *Brought.*—The folio has *bought*, but evidently a misprint.

And forth she went. Nor was my wit so stay'd
To stay her, or myself. The sun went down,
And shadows round about the world were flown,
When we came to the haven, in which did ride
The swift Phœnician ship; whose fair broad side
They boarded straight, took us up; and all went
Along the moist waves. Wind Saturnius sent.
Six days we day and night sail'd; but when Jove
Put up the seventh day, She that shafts doth love
Shot dead the woman, who into the pump
Like to a dop-chick dived, and gave a thump
In her sad settling. Forth they cast her then
To serve the fish and sea-calves, no more men;
But I was left there with a heavy heart;
When wind and water drave them quite apart
Their own course, and on Ithaca they fell,
And there poor me did to Laertes sell.
And thus these eyes the sight of this isle proved."
" Eumæus," he replied, " thou much hast moved
The mind in me with all things thou hast said,
And all the suff'rance on thy bosom laid,
But, truly, to thy ill hath Jove join'd good,
That one whose veins are served with human blood
Hath bought thy service, that gives competence
Of food, wine, cloth to thee; and sure th' expence
Of thy life's date here is of good desert,
Whose labours not to thee alone impart
Sufficient food and housing, but to me;
Where I through many a heap'd humanity
Have hither err'd, where, though, like thee, not sold,
Nor stay'd like thee yet, nor nought needful hold."

634 Diana.

This mutual speech they used, nor had they slept
Much time before the much-near morning leapt
To her fair throne. And now struck sail the men
That serv'd Telemachus, arrived just then
Near his loved shore; where now they stoop'd the mast,
Made to the port with oars, and anchor cast,
Made fast the ship, and then ashore they went,
Dress'd supper, fill'd wine; when (their appetites spent)
Telemachus commanded they should yield
The ship to th' owner, while himself at field
Would see his shepherds; when light drew to end
He would his gifts see, and to town descend,
And in the morning at a feast bestow
Rewards for all their pains. "And whither, now,"
Said Theoclymenus, "my loved son,
Shall I address myself? Whose mansion,
Of all men, in this rough-hewn isle, shall I
Direct my way to? Or go readily
To thy house and thy mother?" He replied:
"Another time I'll see you satisfied
With my house entertainment, but as now
You should encounter none that could bestow
Your fit entreaty, and (which less grace were)
You could not see my mother, I not there;
For she's no frequent object, but apart
Keeps from her Wooers, woo'd with her desert,
Up in her chamber, at her housewifery.
But I'll name one to whom you shall apply
Direct repair, and that's Eurymachus,
Renown'd descent to wise Polybius,
A man whom th' Ithacensians look on now
As on a God, since he of all that woo

Is far superior man, and likest far
To wed my mother, and as circular
Be in that honour as Ulysses was.
But heaven-housed Jove knows the yet hidden pass
Of her disposure, and on them he may
A blacker sight bring than her nuptial day."
As this he utter'd, on his right hand flew
A saker, sacred to the God of view,
That in his talons truss'd and plumed a dove;
The feathers round about the ship did rove,
And on Telemachus fell; whom th' augur then
Took fast by the hand, withdrew him from his men,
And said: "Telemachus! This hawk is sent
From God; I knew it for a sure ostent
When first I saw it. Be you well assured,
There will no Wooer be by heaven endured
To rule in Ithaca above your race,
But your powers ever fill the regal place."
"I wish to heaven," said he, "thy word might stand,
Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from my hand
Such gifts and friendship, as would make thee, guest,
Met and saluted as no less than blest."
This said, he call'd Piræus, Clytus' son,
His true associate, saying: "Thou hast done
(Of all my followers to the Pylian shore)
My will in chief in other things, once more
Be chiefly good to me; take to thy house
This loved stranger, and be studious
T' embrace and greet him with thy greatest fare,
Till I myself come and take off thy care."
The famous-for-his-lance said: "If your stay

696 *Saker*—falcon.

Take time for life here, this man's care I'll lay
On my performance, nor what fits a guest
Shall any penury withhold his feast."
  Thus took he ship, bade them board, and away.
They boarded, sat, but did their labour stay
Till he had deck'd his feet, and reach'd his lance.
They to the city; he did straight advance
Up to his styes, where swine lay for him store,
By whose side did his honest swine-herd snore,
Till his short cares his longest nights had ended,
And nothing worse to both his lords intended.

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

The Prince at field, he sends to town
Eumæus, to make truly known
His safe return. By Pallas' will,
Telemachus is given the skill
To know his father. Those that lay
In ambush, to prevent the way
Of young Ulyssides for home,
Retire, with anger overcome.

Another Argument.

Πῖ. To his most dear
Ulysses shows.
The wise son here
His father knows.

ULYSSES and divine Eumæus rose
Soon as the morning could her eyes unclose,
Made fire, brake fast, and to their pasture send
The gather'd herds, on whom their swains attend.
The self-tire barking dogs all fawn'd upon,
Nor bark'd, at first sight of Ulysses' son.

The whinings of their fawnings yet did greet
Ulysses' ears, and sounds of certain feet,
Who thus bespake Eumæus: "Sure some friend,
Or one well-known, comes, that the mastiffs spend
Their mouths no louder. Only some one near
They whine, and leap about, whose feet I hear."
Each word of this speech was not spent, before
His son stood in the entry of the door.
Out rush'd amazed Eumæus, and let go
The cup to earth, that he had labour'd so,
Cleansed for the neat wine, did the prince surprise,
Kiss'd his fair forehead, both his lovely eyes,
Both his white hands, and tender tears distill'd.
There breath'd no kind-soul'd father that was fill'd
Less with his son's embraces, that had lived
Ten years in far-off earth, now new retrieved,
His only child too, gotten in his age,
And for whose absence he had felt the rage
Of griefs upon him, than for this divined
So-much-for-form was this divine-for-mind;
Who kiss'd him through, who grew about him kissing,
As fresh from death 'scaped. Whom so long time missing,
He wept for joy, and said: "Thou yet art come,
Sweet light, sweet sun-rise, to thy cloudy home.
O, never I look'd, when once shipp'd away
For Pylos' shores, to see thy turning day.
Come, enter, lov'd son, let me feast my heart
With thy sweet sight, new come, so far apart.
Nor, when you lived at home, would you walk down
Often enough here, but stay'd still at town;
It pleased you then to cast such forehand view

About your house on that most damned crew."
" It shall be so then, friend," said he, " but now
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know
If still my mother in her house remain,
Or if some Wooer hath aspired to gain
Of her in nuptials; for Ulysses' bed,
By this, lies all with spiders' cobwebs spread,
In penury of him that should supply it."
" She still," said he, " holds her most constant quiet,
Aloft thine own house, for the bed's respect,
But, for her lord's sad loss, sad nights and days
Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their rays."
This said, Eumæus took his brazen spear,
And in he went; when, being enter'd near
Within the stony threshold, from his seat
His father rose to him, who would not let
Th' old man remove, but drew him back and prest
With earnest terms his sitting, saying: " Guest,
Take here your seat again, we soon shall get
Within our own house here some other seat.
Here's one will fetch it." This said, down again
His father sat, and to his son his swain
Strew'd fair green osiers, and imposed thereon
A good soft sheepskin, which made him a throne.
Then he apposed to them his last-left roast,
And in a wicker basket bread engrost,
Fill'd luscious wine, and then took opposite seat
To the divine Ulysses. When, the meat

[38] Ἀΐδηλον ὄμιλον, ἀΐδηλος of ἀΐδης, *orcus*, and signifies properly *tenebricosus*, or *infernalis*, so that *perniciosus* (which is the Latin translation) is not so fit as *damned* for that crew of dissolute Wooers. The phrase being now used to all so licentious.—CHAPMAN.

Set there before them, all fell to, and eat.
When they had fed, the prince said: "Pray thee say,
Whence comes this guest? What seaman gave him way
To this our isle? I hope these feet of his
Could walk no water. Who boasts he he is?"
"I'll tell all truly son: From ample Crete
He boasts himself, and says, his erring feet
Have many cities trod, and God was he
Whose finger wrought in his infirmity.
But, to my cottage, the last 'scape of his
Was from a Thesprot's ship. Whate'er he is,
I'll give him you, do what you please; his vaunt
Is, that he is, at most, a suppliant."
"Eumæus," said the prince, "to tell me this,
You have afflicted my weak faculties,
For how shall I receive him to my house
With any safety, that suspicious
Of my young forces (should I be assay'd
With any sudden violence) may want aid
To shield myself? Besides, if I go home,
My mother is with two doubts overcome,
If she shall stay with me, and take fit care
For all such guests as there seek guestive fare,
Her husband's bed respecting, and her fame
Amongst the people; or her blood may frame
A liking to some Wooer, such as best
May bed her in his house, not giving least.
And thus am I unsure of all means free
To use a guest there, fit for his degree.
But, being thy guest, I'll be his supply
For all weeds, such as mere necessity
Shall more than furnish. Fit him with a sword,

And set him where his heart would have been shored;
Or, if so pleased, receive him in thy shed,
I'll send thee clothes, I vow, and all the bread
His wish would eat, that to thy men and thee
He be no burthen. But that I should be
His mean to my house, where a company
Of wrong-professing Wooers wildly live,
I will in no sort author, lest they give
Foul use to him, and me as gravely grieve.
For what great act can any one achieve
Against a multitude, although his mind
Retain a courage of the greatest kind?
For all minds have not force in one degree."
Ulysses answer'd: "O friend, since 'tis free
For any man to change fit words with thee,
I'll freely speak: Methinks, a wolfish power
My heart puts on to tear and to devour,
To hear your affirmation, that, in spite
Of what may fall on you, made opposite,
Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,
These Wooers should in such injustice rage.
What should the cause be? Do you wilfully
Endure their spoil? Or hath your empery
Been such amongst your people, that all gather
In troop, and one voice (which even God doth father)
And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?
Or blame your kinsfolk's faiths, before th' extreme
Of your first stroke hath tried them, whom a man,
When strifes to blows rise, trusts, though battle ran
In huge and high waves? Would to heaven my spirit
Such youth breathed, as the man that must inherit
Yet-never-touch'd Ulysses, or that he,

But wandering this way, would but come, and see
What my age could achieve (and there is Fate
For Hope yet left, that he may recreate
His eyes with such an object) this my head
Should any stranger strike off, if stark dead
I struck not all, the house in open force
Ent'ring with challenge! If their great concourse
Did over-lay me, being a man alone,
(Which you urge for yourself) be you that one,
I rather in mine own house wish to die
One death for all, than so indecently
See evermore deeds worse than death applied,
Guests wrong'd with vile words and blow-giving pride,
The women-servants dragg'd in filthy kind
About the fair house, and in corners blind
Made serve the rapes of ruffians, food devour'd
Idly and rudely, wine exhaust, and pour'd
Through throats profane; and all about a deed
That's ever wooing, and will never speed."
" I'll tell you, guest, most truly," said his son,
" I do not think that all my people run
One hateful course against me; nor accuse
Kinsfolks that I in strifes of weight might use;
But Jove will have it so, our race alone
(As if made singular) to one and one
His hand confining. Only to the king,
Jove-bred Arcesius, did Laertes spring;
Only to old Laertes did descend
Ulysses; only to Ulysses' end
Am I the adjunct, whom he left so young,
That from me to him never comfort sprung.
And to all these now, for their race, arise

Up in their house a brood of enemies.
As many as in these isles bow men's knees,
Samos, Dulichius, and the rich-in-trees
Zacynthus, or in this rough isle's command,
So many suitors for the nuptials stand,
That ask my mother, and, mean space, prefer
Their lusts to all spoil, that dishonour her.
Nor doth she, though she loaths, deny their suits,
Nor they denials take, though taste their fruits.
But all this time the state of all things there
Their throats devour, and I must shortly bear
A part in all. And yet the periods
Of these designs lie in the knees of Gods.
Of all loves then, Eumæus, make quick way
To wise Penelope, and to her say
My safe return from Pylos, and alone
Return thou hither, having made it known.
Nor let, besides my mother, any ear
Partake thy message, since a number bear
My safe return displeasure." He replied:
" I know, and comprehend you. You divide
Your mind with one that understands you well.
But, all in one yet, may I not reveal
To th' old hard-fated Arcesiades
Your safe return? Who, through his whole distress
Felt for Ulysses, did not yet so grieve,
But with his household he had will to live,
And served his appetite with wine and food,
Survey'd his husbandry, and did his blood
Some comforts fitting life; but since you took
Your ship for Pylos, he would never brook

Or wine or food, they say, nor cast an eye
On any labour, but sits weeping by,
And sighing out his sorrows, ceaseless moans
Wasting his body, turn'd all skin and bones."
" More sad news still," said he, " yet, mourn he still;
For if the rule of all men's works be will,
And his will his way goes, mine stands inclined
T' attend the home-turn of my nearer kind.
Do then what I enjoin; which given effect,
Err not to field to him, but turn direct,
Entreating first my mother, with most speed,
And all the secrecy that now serves need,
To send this way their store-house guardian,
And she shall tell all to the aged man."
He took his shoes up, put them on, and went.
Nor was his absence hid from Jove's descent,
Divine Minerva, who took straight to view
A goodly woman's shape, that all works knew,
And, standing in the entry, did prefer
Her sight t' Ulysses; but, though meeting her,
His son Telemachus nor saw nor knew.
The Gods' clear presences are known to few.
Yet, with Ulysses, even the dogs did see,
And would not bark, but, whining lovingly,
Fled to the stall's far side. When she her eyne
Moved to Ulysses; he knew her design,
And left the house, pass'd the great sheep-cote's wall,
And stood before her. She bade utter all

200 Intending his father, whose return though he were far from knowing, or fully expecting, yet he desired to order all things as he were present.—CHAPMAN.

206 Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæus would have told. CHAPMAN.

217 *When.*—The folio has *where*.

Now to his son, nor keep the least unlosed,
That, all the Wooers' deaths being now disposed,
They might approach the town; affirming, she
Not long would fail t' assist to victory.
This said, she laid her golden rod on him,
And with his late-worn weeds graced every limb,
His body straighten'd, and his youth instill'd,
His fresh blood call'd up, every wrinkle fill'd
About his broken eyes, and on his chin
The brown hair spread. When his whole trim wrought in,
She issued, and he enter'd to his son,
Who stood amazed, and thought some God had done
His house that honour, turn'd away his eyes,
And said: "Now guest, you grace another guise
Than suits your late show. Other weeds you wear,
And other person. Of the starry sphere
You certainly present some deathless God.
Be pleased, that to your here vouchsafed abode
We may give sacred rites, and offer gold,
To do us favour." He replied: "I hold
No deified state. Why put you thus on me
A God's resemblance? I am only he
That bears thy father's name; for whose loved sake
Thy youth so grieves, whose absence makes thee take
Such wrongs of men." Thus kiss'd he him, nor could
Forbear those tears that in such mighty hold
He held before, still held, still issuing ever;
And now, the shores once broke, the springtide never
Forbore earth from the cheeks he kiss'd. His son,
By all these violent arguments not won
To credit him his father, did deny
His kind assumpt, and said, some Deity

Feign'd that joy's cause, to make him grieve the more;
Affirming, that no man, whoever wore
The garment of mortality, could take,
By any utmost power his soul could make,
Such change into it, since, at so much will,
Not Jove himself could both remove and fill
Old age with youth, and youth with age so spoil,
In such an instant. "You wore all the soil
Of age but now, and were old; and but now
You bear that young grace that the Gods indow
Their heaven-born forms withal." His father said:
"Telemachus! Admire, nor stand dismay'd,
But know thy solid father; since within
He answers all parts that adorn his skin.
There shall no more Ulyssesses come here.
I am the man, that now this twentieth year
(Still under suff'rance of a world of ill)
My country earth recover. 'Tis the will
The prey-professor Pallas puts in act,
Who put me thus together, thus distract
In aged pieces as even now you saw,
This youth now rend'ring. 'Tis within the law
Of her free power. Sometimes to show me poor,
Sometimes again thus amply to restore
My youth and ornaments, she still would please.
The Gods can raise, and throw men down, with ease."
This said, he sat; when his Telemachus pour'd
Himself about him; tears on tears he shower'd,
And to desire of moan increas'd the cloud.
Both wept and howl'd, and laid out shrieks more loud
Than or the bird-bone-breaking eagle rears,
Or brood-kind vulture with the crooked seres,

283 Ossifrage.—See Bk. III. 506.

When rustic hands their tender eyries draw,
Before they give their wings their full-plumed law.
But miserably pour'd they from beneath
Their lids their tears, while both their breasts did breathe
As frequent cries; and, to their fervent moan,
The light had left the skies, if first the son
Their dumb moans had not vented, with demand
What ship it was that gave the natural land
To his bless'd feet? He then did likewise lay
Hand on his passion, and gave these words way:
" I'll tell thee truth, my son: The men that bear
Much fame for shipping, my reducers were
To long-wish'd Ithaca, who each man else
That greets their shore give pass to where he dwells.
The Phæacensian peers, in one night's date,
While I fast slept, fetch'd th' Ithacensian state,
Graced me with wealthy gifts, brass, store of gold,
And robes fair wrought; all which have secret hold
In caves that by the God's advice I chused.
And now Minerva's admonitions used
For this retreat, that we might here dispose
In close discourse the slaughters of our foes.
Recount the number of the Wooers then,
And let me know what name they hold with men,
That my mind may cast over their estates
A curious measure, and confer the rates
Of our two powers and theirs, to try, if we
Alone may propagate to victory
Our bold encounters of them all, or prove
The kind assistance of some others' love."
" O father," he replied, " I oft have heard
Your counsels and your force of hand preferr'd

296 *Reducers.*—See Bk. xv. 306.

To mighty glory, but your speeches now
Your vent'rous mind exceeding mighty show.
Even to amaze they move me; for, in right
Of no fit counsel, should be brought to fight
Two men 'gainst th' able faction of a throng.
No one two, no one ten, no twice ten, strong
These Wooers are, but more by much. For know,
That from Dulichius there are fifty two,
All choice young men; and every one of these
Six men attend. From Samos cross'd the seas
Twice twelve young gallants. From Zacynthus came
Twice ten. Of Ithaca, the best of name,
Twice six. Of all which all the state they take
A sacred poet and a herald make.
Their delicacies two, of special sort
In skill of banquets, serve. And all this port
If we shall dare t' encounter, all thrust up
In one strong roof, have great care lest the cup
Your great mind thirsts exceeding bitter taste,
And your retreat commend not to your haste
Your great attempt, but make you say, you buy
Their pride's revenges at a price too high.
And therefore, if you could, 'twere well you thought
Of some assistant. Be your spirit wrought
In such a man's election, as may lend
His succours freely, and express a friend."
His father answer'd: "Let me ask of thee;
Hear me, consider, and then answer me.
Think'st thou, if Pallas and the King of skies
We had to friend, would their sufficiencies
Make strong our part? Or that some other yet
My thoughts must work for?" "These," said he, "are set

Aloft the clouds, and are found aids indeed,
As powers not only that these men exceed,
But bear of all men else the high command,
And hold of Gods an overruling hand."
" Well then," said he, " not these shall sever long
Their force and ours in fights assured and strong.
And then 'twixt us and them shall Mars prefer
His strength, to stand our great distinguisher,
When in mine own roofs I am forced to blows.
But when the day shall first her fires disclose,
Go thou for home, and troop up with the Wooers,
Thy will with theirs join'd, power with their rude powers;
And after shall the herdsman guide to town
My steps, my person wholly overgrown
With all apparance of a poor old swain,
Heavy, and wretched. If their high disdain
Of my vile presence make them my desert
Affect with contumelies, let thy loved heart
Beat in fix'd confines of thy bosom still,
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.
Ay, though they drag me by the heels about
Mine own free earth, and after hurl me out,
Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their darts
They beat and bruise me, bear. But these foul parts
Persuade them to forbear, and by their names
Call all with kind words, bidding, for their shames,
Their pleasures cease. If yet they yield not way,
There breaks the first light of their fatal day.
In mean space, mark this: When the chiefly wise
Minerva prompts me, I'll inform thine eyes
With some given sign, and then all th' arms that are
Aloft thy roof in some near room prepare

For speediest use. If those brave men inquire
Thy end in all, still rake up all thy fire
In fair cool words, and say: 'I bring them down
To scour the smoke off, being so overgrown
That one would think, all fumes, that ever were
Breath'd since Ulysses' loss, reflected here.
These are not like the arms he left behind,
In way for Troy. Besides, Jove prompts my mind
In their remove apart thus with this thought,
That, if in height of wine there should be wrought
Some harsh contention 'twixt you, this apt mean
To mutual bloodshed may be taken clean
From out your reach, and all the spoil prevented
Of present feast, perhaps even then presented
My mother's nuptials to your long kind vows.
Steel itself, ready, draws a man to blows.'
Thus make their thoughts secure; to us alone
Two swords, two darts, two shields left; which see done
Within our readiest reach, that at our will
We may resume, and charge, and all their skill
Pallas and Jove, that all just counsels breathe,
May darken with secureness to their death.
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,
And as thy veins mine own true blood combine:
Let, after this, none know Ulysses near,
Not any one of all the household there,
Not here the herdsman, not Laertes be
Made privy, nor herself Penelope,
But only let thyself and me work out
The women's thoughts of all things borne about
The Wooers' hearts; and then thy men approve,
To know who honours, who with reverence love,

Our well-weigh'd memories, and who is won
To fail thy fit right, though my only son."
" You teach," said he, " so punctually now,
As I knew nothing, nor were sprung from you.
I hope, hereafter, you shall better know
What soul I bear, and that it doth not let
The least loose motion pass his natural seat.
But this course you propose will prove, I fear,
Small profit to us; and could wish your care
Would weigh it better as too far about.
For time will ask much, to the sifting out
Of each man's disposition by his deeds;
And, in the mean time, every Wooer feeds
Beyond satiety, nor knows how to spare.
The women yet, since they more easy are
For our inquiry, I would wish you try,
Who right your state, who do it injury.
The men I would omit, and these things make
Your labour after. But, to undertake
The Wooers war, I wish your utmost speed,
Especially if you could cheer the deed
With some ostent from Jove." Thus, as the sire
Consented to the son, did here expire
Their mutual speech. And now the ship was come,
That brought the young prince and his soldiers home.
The deep haven reach'd, they drew the ship ashore,
Took all their arms out, and the rich gifts bore
To Clitius' house. But to Ulysses' court
They sent a herald first, to make report
To wise Penelope, that safe at field
Her son was left; yet, since the ship would yield
Most haste to her, he sent that first, and them

To comfort with his utmost the extreme
He knew she suffer'd. At the court now met
The herald and the herdsman, to repeat
One message to the queen. Both whom arrived
Within the gates, both to be foremost strived
In that good news. The herald, he for haste
Amongst the maids bestow'd it, thinking placed
The queen amongst them. "Now," said he, "O queen,
Your loved son is arrived." And then was seen
The queen herself, to whom the herdsman told
All that Telemachus enjoin'd he should;
All which discharged, his steps he back bestows,
And left both court and city for his sows.
The Wooers then grew sad, soul-vex'd, and all
Made forth the court; when, by the mighty wall
They took their several seat, before the gates.
To whom Eurymachus initiates
Their utter'd grievance. "O," said he, "my friends,
A work right great begun, as proudly ends.
We said, Telemachus should never make
His voyage good, nor this shore ever take
For his return's receipt; and yet we fail,
And he performs it. Come, let's man a sail,
The best in our election, and bestow
Such soldiers in her as can swiftest row,
To tell our friends that way-lay his retreat
'Tis safe perform'd, and make them quickly get
Their ship for Ithaca." This was not said
Before Amphinomus in port display'd
The ship arrived, her sails then under-stroke,
And oars resumed; when, laughing, thus he spoke:
"Move for no messenger. These men are come.

473 *Display'd.*—See Bk. v. 350.

Some God hath either told his turning home,
Or they themselves have seen his ship gone by,
Had her in chase, and lost her." Instantly
They rose, and went to port; found drawn to land
The ship, the soldiers taking arms in hand.
The Wooers themselves to council went in throng,
And not a man besides, or old, or young,
Let sit amongst them. Then Eupitheus' son,
Antinous, said: " See what the Gods have done!
They only have deliver'd from our ill
The men we way-laid. Every windy hill
Hath been their watch-tower, where by turns they stood
Continual sentinel. And we made good
Our work as well, for, sun once set, we never
Slept wink ashore all night, but made sail ever,
This way, and that, even till the morning kept
Her sacred station, so to intercept
And take his life, for whom our ambush lay;
And yet hath God to his return given way.
But let us prosecute with counsels here
His necessary death, nor any where
Let rest his safety; for if he survive,
Our sails will never in wish'd havens arrive.
Since he is wise, hath soul, and counsel too,
To work the people, who will never do
Our faction favour. What we then intend
Against his person, give we present end,
Before he call a council, which, believe,
His spirit will haste, and point where it doth grieve,
Stand up amongst them all, and urge his death
Decreed amongst us. Which complaint will breathe
A fire about their spleens, and blow no praise

On our ill labours. Lest they therefore raise
Power to exile us from our native earth,
And force our lives' societies to the birth
Of foreign countries, let our speeds prevent
His coming home to this austere complaint,
At field and far from town, or in some way
Of narrow passage, with his latest day
Shown to his forward youth, his goods and lands
Left to the free division of our hands,
The moveables made all his mother's dower,
And his, whoever Fate affords the power
To celebrate with her sweet Hymen's rites.
Or if this please not, but your appetites
Stand to his safety, and to give him seat
In his whole birth-right, let us look to eat
At his cost never more, but every man
Haste to his home, and wed with whom he can
At home, and there lay first about for dower,
And then the woman give his second power
Of nuptial liking, and, for last, apply
His purpose with most gifts and destiny."
This silence caused; whose breach, at last, begun
Amphinomus, the much renowned son
Of Nisus surnamed Aretiades,
Who from Dulichius full of flowery leas
Led all the Wooers, and in chief did please
The queen with his discourse, because it grew
From roots of those good minds that did endue
His goodly person; who, exceeding wise,
Used this speech: "Friends, I never will advise

536 Φρεσὶ ἀγαθῇσιν, *bonis mentibus*, the plural number used ever by Homer.—CHAPMAN.

The prince's death; for 'tis a damned thing
To put to death the issue of a king.
First, therefore, let's examine, what applause
The Gods will give it: If the equal laws
Of Jove approve it, I myself will be
The man shall kill him, and this company
Exhort to that mind: If the Gods remain
Adverse, and hate it, I advise, refrain."
  This said Amphinomus, and pleased them all;
When all arose, and in Ulysses' hall
Took seat again. Then to the queen was come
The Wooers' plot, to kill her son at home,
Since their abroad design had miss'd success,
The herald Medon (who the whole address
Knew of their counsels) making the report.
The Goddess of her sex, with her fair sort
Of lovely women, at the large hall's door
(Her bright cheeks clouded with a veil she wore)
Stood, and directed to Antinous
Her sharp reproof, which she digested thus:
  " Antinous! Composed of injury!
Plotter of mischief! Though reports that fly
Amongst our Ithacensian people say
That thou, of all that glory in their sway,
Art best in words and counsels, th' art not so.
Fond, busy fellow, why plott'st thou the woe
And slaughter of my son, and dost not fear
The presidents of suppliants, when the ear
Of Jove stoops to them? 'Tis unjust to do
Slaughter for slaughter, or pay woe for woe,
Mischief for kindness. Death for life sought, then,
Is an injustice to be loath'd of men.

Serves not thy knowledge to remember when
Thy father fled to us? Who (moved to wrath
Against the Taphian thieves) pursued with scathe
The guiltless Thesprots; in whose people's fear,
Pursuing him for wreak, he landed here,
They after him, professing both their prize
Of all his chiefly valued faculties,
And more prized life. Of all whose bloodiest ends
Ulysses curb'd them, though they were his friends.
Yet thou, like one that no law will allow
The least true honour, eat'st his house up now
That fed thy father; woo'st for love his wife,
Whom thus thou griev'st and seek'st her sole son's life!
Cease, I command thee, and command the rest
To see all thought of these foul fashions ceased."
Eurymachus replied: "Be confident,
Thou all-of-wit-made, the most famed descent
Of king Icarius. Free thy spirits of fear.
There lives not any one, nor shall live here
Now, nor hereafter, while my life gives heat
And light to me on earth, that dares intreat
With any ill touch thy well-loved son,
But here I vow, and here will see it done,
His life shall stain my lance. If on his knees
The city-racer, Laertiades,
Hath made me sit, put in my hand his food,
And held his red wine to me, shall the blood
Of his Telemachus on my hand lay
The least pollution, that my life can stay?
No! I have ever charged him not to fear
Death's threat from any. And, for that most dear
Love of his father, he shall ever be

Much the most loved of all that live to me.
Who kills a guiltless man from man may fly,
From God his searches all escapes deny."
Thus cheer'd his words, but his affections still
Fear'd not to cherish foul intent to kill
Even him whose life to all lives he preferr'd.
The queen went up, and to her love appear'd
Her lord so freshly, that she wept, till sleep
(By Pallas forced on her) her eyes did steep
In his sweet humour. When the even was come,
The God-like herdsman reach'd the whole way home.
Ulysses and his son for supper drest
A year-old swine, and ere their host and guest
Had got their presence, Pallas had put by
With her fair rod Ulysses' royalty,
And render'd him an aged man again,
With all his vile integuments, lest his swain
Should know him in his trim, and tell his queen,
In these deep secrets being not deeply seen.
He seen, to him the prince these words did use:
" Welcome divine Eumæus! Now what news
Employs the city? Are the Wooers come
Back from their scout dismay'd? Or here at home
Will they again attempt me?" He replied:
" These touch not my care. I was satisfied
To do, with most speed, what I went to do;
My message done, return. And yet, not so
Came my news first; a herald (met with there)
Forestall'd my tale, and told how safe you were.
Besides which merely necessary thing,
What in my way chanced I may over-bring,
Being what I know, and witness'd with mine eyes.

Where the Hermæan sepulchre doth rise
Above the city, I beheld take port
A ship, and in her many a man of sort;
Her freight was shields and lances; and, methought,
They were the Wooers; but, of knowledge, nought
Can therein tell you." The prince smiled, and knew
They were the Wooers, casting secret view
Upon his father. But what they intended
Fled far the herdsman; whose swain's labours ended,
They dress'd the supper, which, past want, was eat.
When all desire sufficed of wine and meat,
Of other human wants they took supplies
At Sleep's soft hand, who sweetly closed their eyes.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Telemachus, return'd to town,
Makes to his curious mother known,
In part, his travels. After whom
Ulysses to the court doth come,
In good Eumæus' guide, and prest
To witness of the Wooers' feast;
Whom, though twice ten years did bestow
In far-off parts, his dog doth know.

Another Argument.

Pῶ. Ulysses shows
Through all disguise.
Whom his dog knows;
Who knowing dies.

BUT when air's rosy birth, the morn, arose,
Telemachus did for the town dispose
His early steps; and took to his command
His fair long lance, well sorting with his hand,
Thus parting with Eumæus: "Now, my friend,
I must to town, lest too far I extend
My mother's moan for me, who, till her eyes
Mine own eyes witness, varies tears and cries

Through all extremes. Do then this charge of mine,
And guide to town this hapless guest of thine,
To beg elsewhere his further festival.
Give they that please, I cannot give to all,
Mine own wants take up for myself my pain.
If it incense him, he the worst shall gain.
The lovely truth I love, and must be plain."
" Alas, friend," said his father, " nor do I
Desire at all your further charity.
'Tis better beg in cities than in fields,
And take the worst a beggar's fortune yields.
Nor am I apt to stay in swine-styes more,
However; ever the great chief before
The poor ranks must to every step obey.
But go; your man in my command shall sway,
Anon yet too, by favour, when your fires
Have comforted the cold heat age expires,
And when the sun's flame hath besides corrected
The early air abroad, not being protected
By these my bare weeds from the morning's frost,
Which (if so much ground is to be engrost
By my poor feet as you report) may give
Too violent charge to th' heat by which I live."
This said, his son went on with spritely pace,
And to the Wooers studied little grace.
Arrived at home, he gave his javelin stay
Against a lofty pillar, and bold way
Made further in. When having so far gone
That he transcended the fair porch of stone,
The first by far that gave his entry eye
Was nurse Euryclea; who th' embrodery
Of stools there set was giving cushions fair;

Who ran upon him, and her rapt repair
Shed tears for joy. About him gather'd round
The other maids; his head and shoulders crown'd
With kisses and embraces. From above
The Queen herself came, like the Queen of Love,
Or bright Diana; cast about her son
Her kind embraces, with effusion
Of loving tears; kiss'd both his lovely eyes,
His cheeks, and forehead; and gave all supplies
With this entreaty: "Welcome, sweetest light!
I never had conceit to set quick sight
On thee thus soon, when thy loved father's fame
As far as Pylos did thy spirit inflame,
In that search ventured all unknown to me.
O say, by what power cam'st thou now to be
Mine eyes' dear object?" He return'd reply:
"Move me not now, when you my 'scape descry
From imminent death, to think me fresh entrapt;
The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I 'scapt.
Double not needless passion on a heart
Whose joy so green is, and so apt t' invert;
But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take
Your women with you, that ye all may make
Vows of full hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Godheads, if their only Sire
Vouchsafe revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
Is to protect as being their Deity.
My way shall be directed to the hall
Of common concourse, that I thence may call
A stranger, who from off the Pylian shore
Came friendly with me; whom I sent before
With all my soldiers, but in chief did charge

Piræus with him, wishing him t' enlarge
His love to him at home, in best affair,
And utmost honours, till mine own repair."
  Her son thus spoken, his words could not bear
The wings too easily through her either ear,
But putting pure weeds on, made vows entire
Of perfect hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Deities, if their only Sire
Vouchsafed revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
Was to protect as being their Deity.
  Her son left house, in his fair hand his lance,
His dogs attending, and, on every glance
His looks cast from them, Pallas put a grace
That made him seem of the celestial race.
Whom, come to concourse, every man admired.
About him throng'd the Wooers, and desired
All good to him in tongues, but in their hearts
Most deep ills threaten'd to his most deserts.
Of whose huge rout once free, he cast glad eye
On some that, long before his infancy,
Were with his father great and gracious,
Grave Halitherses, Mentor, Antiphus;
To whom he went, took seat by them, and they
Inquir'd of all things since his parting day.
To them Piræus came, and brought his guest
Along the city thither, whom not least
The prince respected, nor was long before
He rose and met him. The first word yet bore
Piræus from them both; whose haste besought
The prince to send his women to see brought
The gifts from his house that Atrides gave,
Which his own roofs, he thought, would better save.

The wise prince answer'd: "I can scarce conceive
The way to these works. If the Wooers reave
By privy stratagem my life at home,
I rather wish Piræus may become
The master of them, than the best of these.
But, if I sow in their fields of excess
Slaughter and ruin, then thy trust employ,
And to me joying bring thou those with joy."
This said, he brought home his grief-practis'd guest;
Where both put off, both oil'd, and did invest
Themselves in rich robes, wash'd, and sate, and eat.
His mother, in a fair chair taking seat
Directly opposite, her loom applied;
Who, when her son and guest had satisfied
Their appetites with feast, said: "O my son,
You know that ever since your sire was won
To go in Agamemnon's guide to Troy,
Attempting sleep, I never did enjoy
One night's good rest, but made my quiet bed
A sea blown up with sighs, with tears still shed
Embrew'd and troubled; yet, though all your miss
In your late voyage hath been made for this,
That you might know th' abode your father made,
You shun to tell me what success you had.
Now then, before the insolent access
The Wooers straight will force on us, express
What you have heard." "I will," said he, "and true.
We came to Pylos, where the studious due
That any father could afford his son,
(But new arrived from some course he hand run

106 *Reave*—take away by violence, tear away. (Anglo-Sax.) *Bereave, reft, &c.* are more commonly used.

To an extreme length, in some voyage vow'd,)
Nestor, the pastor of the people, show'd
To me arrived, in turrets thrust up high,
Where not his brave sons were more lov'd than I.
Yet of th' unconquer'd ever-sufferer,
Ulysses, never he could set his ear,
Alive or dead, from any earthy man.
But to the great Lacedæmonian,
Atrides, famous for his lance, he sent,
With horse and chariots, me, to learn th' event
From his relation; where I had the view
Of Argive Helen, whose strong beauties drew,
By wills of Gods, so many Grecian states,
And Trojans, under such laborious Fates.
Where Menelaus ask'd me, what affair
To Lacedæmon render'd my repair.
I told him all the truth, who made reply:
'O deed of most abhorr'd indecency!
A sort of impotents attempt his bed
Whose strength of mind hath cities levelled!
As to a lion's den, when any hind
Hath brought her young calves, to their rest inclined,
When he is ranging hills, and herby dales,
To make of feeders there his festivals,
But, turning to his luster, calves and dam
He shows abhorr'd death, in his anger's flame;
So, should Ulysses find this rabble housed
In his free turrets, courting his espoused,
Foul death would fall them. O, I would to Jove,
Phœbus, and Pallas, that, when he shall prove
The broad report of his exhausted store

159 *Luster*—(Lat. *lustrum*) den.

True with his eyes, his nerves and sinews wore
That vigour then that in the Lesbian towers,
Provoked to wrestle with the iron powers
Philomelides vaunted, he approved;
When down he hurl'd his challenger, and moved
Huge shouts from all the Achives then in view.
If, once come home, he all those forces drew
About him there to work, they all were dead,
And should find bitter his attempted bed.
But what you ask and sue for, I, as far
As I have heard the true-spoke mariner,
Will tell directly, nor delude your ear:
He told me that an island did ensphere,
In much discomfort, great Laertes' son;
And that the nymph Calypso, overrun
With his affection, kept him in her caves,
Where men, nor ship of power to brook the waves,
Were near his convoy to his country's shore,
And where herself importuned evermore
His quiet stay; which not obtain'd, by force
She kept his person from all else recourse.'
  This told Atrides, which was all he knew.
Nor stay'd I more, but from the Gods there blew
A prosperous wind, that set me quickly here."
  This put his mother quite from all her cheer.
When Theoclymenus the augur said:
  " O woman, honour'd with Ulysses' bed,
Your son, no doubt, knows clearly nothing more,
Hear me yet speak, that can the truth uncore,

176 Proteus.

194 *Uncore.*—The meaning is obvious, though I am not certain whether Chapman meant the word for a contraction of *uncover*. If *un-core*, open from the heart, be the word, it is rare.

Nor will be curious. Jove then witness bear,
And this thy hospitable table here,
With this whole household of your blameless lord,
That at this hour his royal feet are shored
On his loved country earth, and that even here
Coming, or creeping, he will see the cheer
These Wooers make, and in his soul's field sow
Seeds that shall thrive to all their overthrow.
This, set a ship-board, I knew sorted thus,
And cried it out to your Telemachus."
Penelope replied: "Would this would prove,
You well should witness a most friendly love,
And gifts such of me, as encount'ring Fame
Should greet you with a blessed mortal's name."
This mutual speech past, all the Wooers were
Hurling the stone, and tossing of the spear,
Before the palace, in the paved court,
Where otherwhiles their petulant resort
Sat plotting injuries. But when the hour
Of supper enter'd, and the feeding power
Brought sheep from field, that fill'd up every way
With those that used to furnish that purvey,
Medon, the herald (who of all the rest
Pleased most the Wooers, and at every feast
Was ever near) said: "You whose kind consort
Make the fair branches of the tree our court,
Grace it within now, and your suppers take.
You that for health, and fair contention's sake,
Will please your minds, know, bodies must have meat;
Play's worse than idleness in times to eat."
This said, all left, came in, cast by, on thrones

203 *Sorted*—fated, decreed.

And chairs, their garments. Their provisions
Were sheep, swine, goats, the chiefly great and fat,
Besides an ox that from the herd they gat.
And now the king and herdsman, from the field,
In good way were to town; 'twixt whom was held
Some walking conference, which thus begun
The good Eumæus: "Guest, your will was won,
Because the prince commanded, to make way
Up to the city, though I wish'd your stay,
And to have made you guardian of my stall;
But I, in care and fear of what might fall
In after-anger of the prince, forbore.
The checks of princes touch their subjects sore.
But make we haste, the day is nearly ended,
And cold airs still are in the even extended."

"I know't," said he, "consider all; your charge
Is given to one that understands at large.
Haste then. Hereafter, you shall lead the way,
Afford your staff too, if it fit your stay,
That I may use it; since you say our pass
Is less friend to a weak foot than it was."

Thus cast he on his neck his nasty scrip,
All patch'd and torn; a cord, that would not slip
For knots and bracks about the mouth of it,
Made serve the turn; and then his swain did fit
His forced state with a staff. Then plied they hard
Their way to town, their cottage left in guard
To swains and dogs. And now Eumæus led
The king along, his garments to a thread
All bare, and burn'd, and he himself hard bore
Upon his staff, at all parts like a poor

249 *Bracks*—broken parts. (Anglo-Sax.)

And sad old beggar. But when now they got
The rough highway, their voyage wanted not
Much of the city, where a fount they reach'd,
From whence the town their choicest water fetch'd,
That ever overflow'd, and curious art
Was shown about it; in which three had part
Whose names Neritus and Polyctor were,
And famous Ithacus. It had a sphere
Of poplar, that ran round about the wall;
And into it a lofty rock let fall
Continual supply of cool clear stream.
On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme
In those parts' loves, a stately altar rose,
Where every traveller did still impose
Devoted sacrifice. At this fount found
These silly travellers a man renown'd
For guard of goats, which now he had in guide,
Whose huge-stored herd two herdsmen kept beside,
For all herds it excell'd, and bred a feed
For Wooers only. He was Dolius' seed,
And call'd Melanthius. Who casting eye
On these two there, he chid them terribly,
And so past mean, that even the wretched fate
Now on Ulysses he did irritate.
His fume to this effect he did pursue:
" Why so, 'tis now at all parts passing true,
That ill leads ill, good evermore doth train
With like his like. Why, thou unenvied swain,
Whither dost thou lead this same victless leaguer,
This bane of banquets, this most nasty beggar,
Whose sight doth make one sad, it so abhors?
Who, with his standing in so many doors,

Hath broke his back; and all his beggary tends
To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends,
As asking swords, or with activity
To get a caldron. Wouldst thou give him me,
To farm my stable, or to sweep my yard,
And bring browse to my kids, and that preferr'd
He should be at my keeping for his pains
To drink as much whey as his thirsty veins
Would still be swilling (whey made all his fees)
His monstrous belly would oppress his knees.
But he hath learn'd to lead base life about,
And will not work, but crouch among the rout
For broken meat to cram his bursten gut.
Yet this I'll say, and he will find it put
In sure effect, that if he enters where
Ulysses' roofs cast shade, the stools will there
About his ears fly, all the house will throw,
And rub his ragged sides with cuffs enow."
  Past these reviles, his manless rudeness spurn'd
Divine Ulysses; who at no part turn'd
His face from him, but had his spirit fed
With these two thoughts, if he should strike him dead
With his bestowed staff, or at his feet
Make his direct head and the pavement meet.
But he bore all, and entertain'd a breast
That in the strife of all extremes did rest.
  Eumæus, frowning on him, chid him yet,
And, lifting up his hands to heaven, he set
This bitter curse at him: "O you that bear
Fair name to be the race of Jupiter,
Nymphs of these fountains! If Ulysses ever
Burn'd thighs to you, that, hid in fat, did never

Fail your acceptance, of or lamb, or kid,
Grant this grace to me: Let the man thus hid
Shine through his dark fate, make some God his guide,
That, to thee, goatherd, this same palate's pride,
Thou driv'st afore thee, he may come and make
The scatterings of the earth, and overtake
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to ever err
About the city, hunted by his fear.
And in the mean space may some slothful swains
Let lousy sickness gnaw thy cattle's veins."
"O Gods!" replied Melanthius, "what a curse
Hath this dog bark'd out, and can yet do worse!
This man shall I have given into my hands,
When in a well-built ship to far-off lands
I shall transport him, that, should I want here,
My sale of him may find me victuals there.
And, for Ulysses, would to heaven his joy
The silver-bearing-bow God would destroy,
This day, within his house, as sure as he
The day of his return shall never see."
This said, he left them going silent on;
But he out-went them, and took straight upon
The palace royal, which he enter'd straight,
Sat with the Wooers, and his trencher's freight
The carvers gave him of the flesh there vented,
But bread the reverend butleress presented.
He took against Eurymachus his place,
Who most of all the Wooers gave him grace.
And now Ulysses and his swain got near,
When round about them visited their ear

[324] Intending his fat herd, kept only for the Wooers' dainty palates.—CHAPMAN.

The hollow harp's delicious-stricken string,
To which did Phemius, near the Wooers, sing.
  Then by the hand Ulysses took his swain,
And said: "Eumæus, one may here see plain,
In many a grace, that Laertiades
Built here these turrets, and, 'mongst others these,
His whole court arm'd with such a goodly wall,
The cornice, and the cope, majestical,
His double gates, and turrets, built too strong
For force or virtue ever to expugn.
I know the feasters in it now abound,
Their cates cast such a savour; and the sound
The harp gives argues an accomplish'd feast.
The Gods made music banquet's dearest guest."
  "These things," said he, "your skill may tell with ease,
Since you are graced with greater knowledges.
But now consult we how these works shall sort,
If you will first approach this praised court,
And see these Wooers, I remaining here;
Or I shall enter, and yourself forbear?
But be not you too tedious in your stay,
Lest thrust ye be and buffeted away.
Brain hath no fence for blows; look to't I pray."
  "You speak to one that comprehends," said he,
"Go you before, and here adventure me.
I have of old been used to cuffs and blows;
My mind is harden'd, having borne the throes
Of many a sour event in waves and wars,
Where knocks and buffets are no foreigners.
And this same harmful belly by no mean
The greatest abstinent can ever wean.

360 *Virtue*—valour.

Men suffer much bane by the belly's rage;
For whose sake ships in all their equipage
Are arm'd, and set out to th' untamed seas,
Their bulks full fraught with ills to enemies."
Such speech they changed; when in the yard there lay
A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way
Assumed for Ilion, Ulysses bred,
Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead,
As being too young, but, growing to his grace,
Young men made choice of him for every chace,
Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or harts.
But, his king gone, and he, now past his parts,
Lay all abjectly on the stable's store,
Before the ox-stall, and mules' stable door,
To keep the clothes cast from the peasants' hands,
While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands,
The dog, with ticks (unlook'd to) overgrown.
But by this dog no sooner seen but known
Was wise Ulysses, who new enter'd there,
Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near,
Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern,
Couch'd close his ears, and lay so; nor discern
Could evermore his dear-loved lord again.
Ulysses saw it, nor had power t' abstain
From shedding tears; which (far-off seeing his swain)
He dried from his sight clean; to whom he thus
His grief dissembled: " 'Tis miraculous,
That such a dog as this should have his lair
On such a dunghill, for his form is fair.
And yet, I know not, if there were in him
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly limb;

403 The dog died as soon as he had seen Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

Or he lived empty of those inward things,
As are those trencher-beagles tending kings,
Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's, sake,
Or fashion, they into their favours take."
" This dog," said he, " was servant to one dead
A huge time since. But if he bore his head,
For form and quality, of such a height,
As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ilion fight,
Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes
Would then admire to see him use his thighs
In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly,
Nor anything let 'scape. If once his eye
Seized any wild beast, he knew straight his scent;
Go where he would, away with him he went.
Nor was there ever any savage stood
Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood
Long time before him, but he pull'd him down;
As well by that true hunting to be shown
In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace
In any open lawn. For in deep chace
He was a passing wise and well-nosed hound.
And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
With any grace here now, nor he more fed
Than any errant cur. His king is dead,
Far from his country; and his servants are
So negligent they lend his hound no care.
Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
You never there see honest service done.
That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sun-burnt with the servile day."
This said, he enter'd the well-builded towers,
Up bearing right upon the glorious Wooers,

444 *Glorious*—vaunting, boasting.

And left poor Argus dead; his lord's first sight
Since that time twenty years bereft his sight.
  Telemachus did far the first behold
Eumæus enter, and made signs he should
Come up to him. He, noting, came, and took
On earth his seat. And then the master cook
Served in more banquet; of which, part he set
Before the Wooers, part the prince did get,
Who sate alone, his table placed aside;
To which the herald did the bread divide.
  After Eumæus, enter'd straight the king,
Like to a poor and heavy aged thing,
Bore hard upon his staff, and was so clad
As would have made his mere beholder sad.
Upon the ashen floor his limbs he spread,
And 'gainst a cypress threshold stay'd his head,
The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct
Tried by the plumb and by the architect.
The prince then bade the herdsman give him bread,
The finest there, and see that prostrated
At-all-parts plight of his given all the cheer
His hands could turn to: "Take," said he, "and bear
These cates to him, and bid him beg of all
These Wooers here, and to their festival
Bear up with all the impudence he can;
Bashful behaviour fits no needy man."
  He heard, and did his will. "Hold guest," said he,
"Telemachus commends these cates to thee,
Bids thee bear up, and all these Wooers implore.
Wit must make impudent whom Fate makes poor."

455 Ulysses' ruthful fashion of entry to his own hall.
CHAPMAN.

" O Jove," said he, " do my poor prayers the grace
To make him blessed'st of the mortal race,
And every thought now in his generous heart
To deeds that further my desires convert."
Thus took he in with both his hands his store,
And in the uncouth scrip, that lay before
His ill-shod feet, reposed it; whence he fed
All time the music to the feasters play'd.
Both jointly ending, then began the Wooers
To put in old act their tumultuous powers;
When Pallas standing close did prompt her friend,
To prove how far the bounties would extend
Of those proud Wooers; so, to let him try
Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity.
However, no thought touch'd Minerva's mind,
That any one should 'scape his wreak design'd.
He handsomely became all, crept about
To every Wooer, held a forced hand out,
And all his work did in so like a way,
As he had practis'd begging many a day.
And though they knew all beggars could do this,
Yet they admired it as no deed of his;
Though far from thought of other, used expence
And pity to him, who he was, and whence,
Inquiring mutually. Melanthius then:
" Hear me, ye Wooers of the far-famed queen,
About this beggar. I have seen before
This face of his; and know for certain more,
That this swain brought him hither. What he is,
Or whence he came, flies me." Reply to this
Antinous made, and mock'd Eumæus thus:
" O thou renowned herdsman, why to us

Brought'st thou this beggar? Serves it not our hands,
That other land-leapers, and cormorands,
Profane poor knaves, lie on us, unconducted,
But you must bring them? So amiss instructed
Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know
Thy lord's goods wrack'd in this their overflow?
Which think'st thou nothing, that thou call'st in these?"
Eumæus answer'd: "Though you may be wise,
You speak not wisely. Who calls in a guest
That is a guest himself? None call to feast
Other than men that are of public use,
Prophets, or poets, whom the Gods produce,
Physicians for men's ills, or architects.
Such men the boundless earth affords respects
Bounded in honour, and may call them well.
But poor men who calls? Who doth so excel
In others' good to do himself an ill?
But all Ulysses' servants have been still
Eyesores in your way more than all that woo,
And chiefly I. But what care I for you,
As long as these roofs hold as thralls to none
The wise Penelope and her Godlike son?"
"Forbear," said he, "and leave this tongue's bold ill.
Antinous uses to be crossing still,
And give sharp words; his blood that humour bears,
To set men still together by the ears.
But," turning then t' Antinous, "O," said he,
"You entertain a father's care of me,
To turn these eating guests out. 'Tis advice
Of needful use for my poor faculties.

508 *Land-leapers and cormorands.*—Halliwell says *land-loupers* is still a North-country provincialism for those who bolt for debt. Ben Jonson uses the word *cormorant* for a servant.

But God doth not allow this; there must be
Some care of poor men in humanity.
What you yourselves take, give; I not envy,
But give command that hospitality
Be given all strangers. Nor shall my powers fear,
If this mood in me reach my mother's ear;
Much less the servants', that are here to see
Ulysses' house kept in his old degree.
But you bear no such mind, your wits more cast
To fill yourself than let another taste."
Antinous answer'd him: "Brave spoken man!
Whose mind's free fire see check'd no virtue can,
If all we Wooers here would give as much
As my mind serves, his largess should be such
As would for three months serve his far-off way
From troubling your house with more cause of stay."
This said, he took a stool up, that did rest,
Beneath the board, his spangled feet at feast,
And offer'd at him; but the rest gave all,
And fill'd his fulsome scrip with festival.
And so Ulysses for the present was,
And for the future, furnish'd, and his pass
Bent to the door to eat. Yet could not leave
Antinous so, but said: "Do you too give,
Loved lord; your presence makes a show to me
As you not worst were of the company,
But best, and so much that you seem the king,
And therefore you should give some better thing
Than bread, like others. I will spread your praise
Through all the wide world, that have in my days

550 *His*—intending Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.
556 *Fulsome*—nasty.

Kept house myself, and trod the wealthy ways
Of other men even to the title Blest;
And often have I given an erring guest
(How mean soever) to the utmost gain
Of what he wanted, kept whole troops of men,
And had all other comings in, with which
Men live so well, and gain the fame of rich.
Yet Jove consumed all; he would have it so;
To which, his mean was this: He made me go
Far off, for Egypt, in the rude consort
Of all-ways-wand'ring pirates, where, in port,
I bade my loved men draw their ships ashore,
And dwell amongst them; sent out some t' explore
Up to the mountains, who, intemperate,
And their inflam'd bloods bent to satiate,
Foraged the rich fields, haled the women thence,
And unwean'd children, with the foul expence
Both of their fames and bloods. The cry then flew
Straight to the city; and the great fields grew
With horse and foot, and flamed with iron arms;
When Jove (that breaks the thunder in alarms)
An ill flight cast amongst my men; not one
Inspired with spirit to stand, and turn upon
The fierce pursuing foe; and therefore stood
Their ill fate thick about them; some in blood,
And some in bondage; toils led by constraint
Fast'ning upon them. Me along they sent
To Cyprus with a stranger prince they met,
Dmetor Iasides, who th' imperial seat
Of that sweet island sway'd in strong command.
And thus feel I here need's contemned hand."
"And what God sent," said he, "this suffering bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor profane
My board so boldly, lest I show thee here
Cyprus and Egypt made more sour than there.
You are a saucy set-faced vagabond.
About with all you go, and they, beyond
Discretion, give thee, since they find not here
The least proportion set down to their cheer.
But every fountain hath his under-floods.
It is no bounty to give others' goods."
" O Gods," replied Ulysses, " I see now,
You bear no soul in this your goodly show.
Beggars at your board, I perceive, should get
Scarce salt from your hands, if themselves brought meat;
Since, sitting where another's board is spread,
That flows with feast, not to the broken bread
Will your allowance reach." " Nay then," said he,
And look'd austerely, " if so saucy be
Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that clear
You shall not 'scape without some broken cheer."
Thus rapt he up a stool, with which he smit
The king's right shoulder, 'twixt his neck and it.
He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart
Not stirr'd Ulysses; who in his great heart
Deep ills projected, which, for time yet, close
He bound in silence, shook his head, and went
Out to the entry, where he then gave vent
To his full scrip, sat on the earth, and eat,
And talk'd still to the Wooers: " Hear me yet,
Ye Wooers of the Queen. It never grieves
A man to take blows, where for sheep, or beeves,
Or other main possessions, a man fights;
But for his harmful belly this man smites,

Whose love to many a man breeds many a woe.
And if the poor have Gods, and Furies too,
Before Antinous wear his nuptial wreath,
He shall be worn upon the dart of death."
" Harsh guest," said he, " sit silent at your meat,
Or seek your desperate plight some safer seat,
Lest by the hands or heels youths drag your years,
And rend your rotten rags about your ears."
This made the rest as highly hate his folly,
As he had violated something holy.
When one, even of the proudest, thus began:
" Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man
On such an errant wretch. O ill disposed!
Perhaps some sacred Godhead goes enclosed
Even in his abject outside; for the Gods
Have often visited these rich abodes
Like such poor stranger pilgrims, since their powers
(Being always shapeful) glide through towns and towers,
Observing, as they pass still, who they be
That piety love, and who impiety."
This all men said, but he held sayings cheap.
And all this time Telemachus did heap
Sorrow on sorrow on his beating heart,
To see his father stricken; yet let part
No tear to earth, but shook his head, and thought
As deep as those ills that were after wrought.
The Queen now, hearing of her poor guest's stroke,
Said to her maid (as to her Wooer she spoke),
" I wish the famous-for-his-bow, the Sun,
Would strike thy heart so." Her wish, thus begun,
Her lady, fair Eurynome, pursued
Her execration, and did thus conclude:

" So may our vows call down from heaven his end,
And let no one life of the rest extend
His life till morning." " O Eurynome,"
Replied the Queen, " may all Gods speak in thee,
For all the Wooers we should rate as foes,
Since all their weals they place in others' woes!
But this Antinous we past all should hate,
As one resembling black and cruel Fate.
A poor strange wretch begg'd here, compell'd by need,
Ask'd all, and every one gave in his deed,
Fill'd his sad scrip, and eased his heavy wants,
Only this man bestow'd unmanly taunts,
And with a cruel blow, his force let fly,
'Twixt neck and shoulders show'd his charity."
These minds, above, she and her maids did show,
While, at his scrip, Ulysses sat below.
In which time she Eumæus call'd, and said:
" Go, good Eumæus, and see soon convey'd
The stranger to me; bid him come and take
My salutations for his welcome's sake,
And my desire serve, if he hath not heard
Or seen distress'd Ulysses, who hath err'd
Like such a man, and therefore chance may fall
He hath by him been met and spoke withal?"
" O Queen," said he, " I wish to heaven your ear
Were quit of this unreverend noise you hear
From these rude Wooers, when I bring the guest;
Such words your ear would let into your breast
As would delight it to your very heart.
Three nights and days I did my roof impart
To his fruition (for he came to me
The first of all men since he fled the sea)

And yet he had not given a perfect end
To his relation of what woes did spend
The spite of Fate on him, but as you see
A singer, breathing out of Deity
Love-kindling lines, when all men seated near
Are rapt with endless thirst to ever hear;
So sweeten'd he my bosom at my meat,
Affirming that Ulysses was in Crete,
Where first the memories of Minos were,
A guest to him there dwelling then, as dear
As his true father; and from thence came he
Tired on with sorrows, toss'd from sea to sea,
To cast himself in dust, and tumble here,
At Wooers' feet, for blows and broken cheer.
But of Ulysses, where the Thesprots dwell,
A wealthy people, Fame, he says, did tell
The still survival; who his native light
Was bound for now, with treasure infinite."
" Call him," said she, " that he himself may say
This over to me. We shall soon have way
Given by the Wooers; they, as well at gate,
As set within doors, use to recreate
Their high-fed spirits. As their humours lead
They follow; and may well; for still they tread
Uncharg'd ways here, their own wealth lying unwasted
In poor-kept houses, only something tasted
Their bread and wine is by their household swains,
But they themselves let loose continual reins
To our expenses, making slaughter still
Of sheep, goats, oxen, feeding past their fill,

697 Simile, in which Ulysses is compared with a poet for the sweetness of his speech.—CHAPMAN.

And vainly lavishing our richest wine;
All these extending past the sacred line,
For here lives no man like Ulysses now
To curb these ruins. But should he once show
His country light his presence, he and his
Would soon revenge these Wooers' injuries."
This said, about the house, in echoes round,
Her son's strange neesings made a horrid sound;
At which the Queen yet laugh'd, and said: "Go call
The stranger to me. Heard'st thou not, to all
My words last utter'd, what a neesing brake
From my Telemachus? From whence I make
This sure conclusion: That the death and fate
Of every Wooer here is near his date.
Call, then, the guest, and if he tell as true
What I shall ask him, coat, cloak, all things new,
These hands shall yield him." This said, down he went,
And told Ulysses, "that the Queen had sent
To call him to her, that she might enquire
About her husband what her sad desire
Urged her to ask; and, if she found him true,
Both coat, and cassock (which he needed) new
Her hands would put on him; and that the bread,
Which now he begg'd amongst the common tread,
Should freely feed his hunger now from her,
Who all he wish'd would to his wants prefer."
His answer was: "I will with fit speed tell
The whole truth to the Queen; for passing well
I know her lord, since he and I have shared
In equal sorrows. But I much am scared
With this rude multitude of Wooers here,

[732] Neezing a good omen.—CHAPMAN.

The rage of whose pride smites heaven's brazen sphere.
Of whose rout when one struck me for no fault,
Telemachus nor none else turn'd th' assault
From my poor shoulders. Therefore, though she haste,
Beseech the Queen her patience will see past
The day's broad light, and then may she enquire.
'Tis but my closer pressing to the fire
In th' evening's cold, because my weeds, you know,
Are passing thin; for I made bold to show
Their bracks to you, and pray'd your kind supply."
He heard, and hasted; and met instantly
The Queen upon the pavement in his way,
Who ask'd: What! Bring'st thou not? What cause of stay
Find his austere supposes? Takes he fear
Of th' unjust Wooers? Or thus hard doth bear
On any other doubt the house objects?
He does me wrong, and gives too nice respects
To his fear'd safety." "He does right," said he,
" And what he fears should move the policy
Of any wise one; taking care to shun
The violent Wooers. He bids bide, till sun
Hath hid his broad light. And, believe it, Queen,
'Twill make your best course, since you two, unseen,
May pass th' encounter; you to speak more free,
And he your ear gain less distractedly."
" The guest is wise," said she, " and well doth give
The right thought use. Of all the men that live,
Life serves none such as these proud Wooers are,
To give a good man cause to use his care."
Thus, all agreed, amongst the Wooers goes

765 *Bracks*—tatters, breaches.
769 *Supposes*—suppositions, thoughts.

Eumæus to the prince, and, whispering close,
Said: "Now, my love, my charge shall take up me,
(Your goods and mine). What here is, you must see
In fit protection. But, in chief, regard
Your own dear safeguard; whose state study hard,
Lest suff'rance seize you. Many a wicked thought
Conceal these Wooers; whom just Jove see brought
To utter ruin, ere it touch at us."
"So chance it, friend," replied Telemachus,
"Your bever taken, go. In first of day
Come, and bring sacrifice the best you may.
To me and to th' Immortals be the care
Of whatsoever here the safeties are."
This said, he sat in his elaborate throne.
Eumæus (fed to satisfaction)
Went to his charge, left both the court and walls
Full of secure and fatal festivals,
In which the Wooers' pleasures still would sway.
And now begun the even's near-ending day.

795 *Bever.*—In the Prompt. Parvul. *bever* is called *drynkynge time* (*biberium*). NARES says "an intermediate refreshment between breakfast and dinner." Here it is an *evening meal.* Todd says "it is still used among workmen for their repast between dinner and the time of ending work." It is not uncommon in our older writers; and in the earlier part of the present century was as familiar in the metropolis as *luncheon.*

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses and rogue Irus fight.
Penelope vouchsafes her sight
To all her Wooers; who present
Gifts to her, ravish'd with content.
A certain parlé then we sing,
Betwixt a Wooer and the King.

Another Argument.

Σίγμα. The beggar's glee.
The King's high fame.
Gifts given to see
A virtuous dame.

THERE came a common beggar to the court,
Who in the city begg'd of all resort,
Excell'd in madness of the gut, drunk, ate
Past intermission, was most hugely great,
Yet had no fibres in him nor no force,
In sight a man, in mind a living corse.
His true name was Arnæus, for his mother
Imposed it from his birth, and yet another
The city youth would give him (from the course
He after took, derived out of the force
That need held on him, which was up and down
To run on all men's errands through the town)
Which sounded Irus. When whose gut was come,

[5] *Fibres*—sinews.

He needs would bar Ulysses his own home,
And fell to chiding him: "Old man," said he,
"Your way out of the entry quickly see
Be with fair language taken, lest your stay
But little longer see you dragg'd away.
See, sir, observe you not how all these make
Direct signs at me, charging me to take
Your heels, and drag you out? But I take shame.
Rise yet, y' are best, lest we two play a game
At cuffs together." He bent brows, and said:
"Wretch! I do thee no ill, nor once upbraid
Thy presence with a word, nor, what mine eye
By all hands sees thee given, one thought envy.
Nor shouldst thou envy others. Thou may'st see
The place will hold us both; and seem'st to me
A beggar like myself; which who can mend?
The Gods give most to whom they least are friend.
The chief goods Gods give, is in good to end.
But to the hands' strife, of which y' are so free,
Provoke me not, for fear you anger me;
And lest the old man, on whose scorn you stood,
Your lips and bosom make shake hands in blood.
I love my quiet well, and more will love
To-morrow than to day. But if you move
My peace beyond my right, the war you make
Will never after give you will to take
Ulysses' house into your begging walk."
"O Gods," said he, "how volubly doth talk
This eating gulf! And how his fume breaks out,
As from an old crack'd oven! Whom I will clout
So bitterly, and so with both hands mall
His chaps together, that his teeth shall fall

As plain seen on the earth as any sow's,
That ruts the corn-fields, or devours the mows.
Come, close we now, that all may see what wrong
An old man tempts that takes at cuffs a young."
  Thus in the entry of those lofty towers
These two, with all spleen, spent their jarring powers.
Antinous took it, laugh'd, and said: " O friends,
We never had such sport! This guest contends
With this vast beggar at the buffets' fight.
Come, join we hands, and screw up all their spite."
  All rose in laughters; and about them bore
All the ragg'd rout of beggars at the door.
Then moved Antinous the victor's hire
To all the Wooers thus: " There are now at fire
Two breasts of goat; both which let law set down
Before the man that wins the day's renown,
With all their fat and gravy. And of both
The glorious victor shall prefer his tooth,
To which he makes his choice of, from us all,
And ever after banquet in our hall,
With what our boards yield; not a beggar more
Allow'd to share, but all keep out at door."
This he proposed; and this they all approved.
To which Ulysses answer'd: " O most loved,
By no means should an old man, and one old
In chief with sorrows, be so over-bold
To combat with his younger; but, alas,
Man's own-ill-working belly needs will pass
This work upon me, and enforce me, too,
To beat this fellow. But then, you must do
My age no wrong, to take my younger's part,
And play me foul play, making your strokes' smart

Help his to conquer; for you easily may
With your strengths crush me. Do then right, and lay
Your honours on it in your oaths, to yield
His part no aid, but equal leave the field."
  All swore his will. But then Telemachus
His father's scoffs with comforts serious
Could not but answer, and made this reply:
  " Guest! If thine own powers cheer thy victory,
Fear no man's else that will not pass it free.
He fights with many that shall touch but thee.
I'll see thy guest-right paid. Thou here art come
In my protection; and to this the sum
Of all these Wooers (which Antinous are
And King Eurymachus) conjoin their care."
  Both vow'd it. When Ulysses, laying by
His upper weed, his inner beggary
Near show'd his shame, which he with rags prevented
Pluck'd from about his thighs, and so presented
Their goodly sight, which were so white and great,
And his large shoulders were to view so set
By his bare rags, his arms, his breast, and all,
So broad, and brawny—their grace natural
Being kept by Pallas, ever standing near—
That all the Wooers his admirers were
Beyond all measure, mutual whispers driven
Through all their cluster, saying: " Sure as heaven
Poor Irus pull'd upon him bitter blows.
Through his thin garment what a thigh he shows!"
  They said; but Irus felt. His coward mind

106 *Coward*—both here and infrà 128 the orthography of the folio (as is usual with Chapman) is *cowherd*. I have observed on Iliad v. 530, that it has been given by some as the etymology of *coward, base.*

Was moved at root. But now he needs must find
Facts to his brags; and forth at all parts fit
The servants brought him, all his art'ries smit
With fears and tremblings. Which Antinous saw,
And said: "Nay, now too late comes fear. No law
Thou shouldst at first have given thy braggart vein,
Nor should it so have swell'd, if terrors strain
Thy spirits to this pass, for a man so old,
And worn with penuries that still lay hold
On his ragg'd person. Howsoever, take
This vow from me for firm: That if he make
Thy forces stoop, and prove his own supreme,
I'll put thee in a ship, and down the stream
Send thee ashore where king Echetus reigns,
(The roughest tyrant that the world contains,)
And he will slit thy nostrils, crop each ear,
Thy shame cut off, and give it dogs to tear."
This shook his nerves the more. But both were now
Brought to the lists; and up did either throw
His heavy fists. Ulysses, in suspense
To strike so home that he should fright from thence
His coward soul, his trunk laid prostrate there,
Or let him take more leisure to his fear,
And stoop him by degrees. The last show'd best,
To strike him slightly, out of fear the rest
Would else discover him. But, peace now broke,
On his right shoulder Irus laid his stroke.
Ulysses struck him just beneath the ear,
His jawbone broke, and made the blood appear;
When straight he strew'd the dust, and made his cry
Stand for himself; with whom his teeth did lie,
Spit with his blood out; and against the ground

His heels lay sprawling. Up the hands went round
Of all the Wooers, all at point to die
With violent laughters. Then the king did ply
The beggar's feet, and dragg'd him forth the hall,
Along the entry, to the gates and wall;
Where leaving him, he put into his hand
A staff, and bade him there use his command
On swine and dogs, and not presume to be
Lord of the guests, or of the beggary,
Since he of all men was the scum and curse;
And so bade please with that, or fare yet worse.
Then cast he on his scrip, all patch'd and rent,
Hung by a rotten cord, and back he went
To greet the entry's threshold with his seat.
The Wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat
With gentle words his conquest, laughing still,
Pray'd Jove and all the Gods to give his will
What most it wish'd him and would joy him most,
Since he so happily had clear'd their coast
Of that unsavoury morsel; whom they vow'd
To see with all their utmost haste bestow'd
Aboard a ship, and for Epirus sent
To king Echetus, on whose throne was spent
The worst man's seat that breath'd. And thus was graced
Divine Ulysses, who with joy embraced
Even that poor conquest. Then was set to him
The goodly goat's breast promis'd (that did swim
In fat and gravy) by Antinous.
And from a basket, by Amphinomus,
Were two breads given him; who, besides, renown'd
His banquet with a golden goblet crown'd,

168 *Were*—the folio, *was*.

And this high salutation: " Frolic, guest,
And be those riches that you first possest
Restored again with full as many joys,
As in your poor state I see now annoys."
" Amphinomus," said he, " you seem to me
Exceeding wise, as being the progeny
Of such a father as authentic Fame
Hath told me was so, one of honour'd name,
And great revenues in Dulichius,
His fair name Nisus. He is blazon'd thus;
And you to be his son, his wisdom heiring,
As well as wealth, his state in nought impairing.
To prove which, always, let me tell you this,
(As warning you to shun the miseries
That follow full states, if they be not held
With wisdom still at full, and so compell'd
To courses that abode not in their brows,
By too much swing, their sudden overthrows,)
Of all things breathing, or that creep on earth,
Nought is more wretched than a human birth.
Bless'd men think never they can cursed be,
While any power lasts to move a knee.
But when the bless'd Gods make them feel that smart,
That fled their faith so, as they had no heart
They bear their sufferings, and, what well they might
Have clearly shunn'd, they then meet in despite.
The mind of man flies still out of his way,
Unless God guide and prompt it every day.
I thought me once a blessed man with men,
And fashion'd me to all so counted then,
Did all injustice like them, what for lust,
Or any pleasure, never so unjust

I could by power or violence obtain,
And gave them both in all their powers the rein,
Bold of my fathers and my brothers still;
While which held good my arts seem'd never ill.
And thus is none held simply good or bad,
But as his will is either miss'd or had.
All goods God's gifts man calls, howe'er he gets them,
And so takes all, what price soe'er God sets them,
Says nought how ill they come, nor will controul
That ravine in him, though it cost his soul.
And these parts here I see these Wooers play,
Take all that falls, and all dishonours lay
On that man's Queen, that, tell your friends, doth bear
No long time's absence, but is passing near.
Let God then guide thee home, lest he may meet
In his return thy undeparted feet;
For when he enters, and sees men so rude,
The quarrel cannot but in blood conclude."
  This said, he sacrificed, then drunk, and then
Referr'd the given bowl to the guide of men;
Who walk'd away, afflicted at his heart,
Shook head, and fear'd that these facts would convert
To ill in th' end; yet had not grace to fly,
Minerva stay'd him, being ordain'd to die
Upon the lance of young Ulyssides.
  So down he sat; and then did Pallas please
T' incline the Queen's affections to appear
To all the Wooers, to extend their cheer
To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death,
And made her put on all the painted sheath,
That might both set her Wooers' fancies high,

And get her greater honour in the eye
Even of her son and sovereign than before.
Who laughing yet, to show her humour bore
No serious appetite to that light show,
She told Eurynome, that not till now
She ever knew her entertain desire
To please her Wooers' eyes, but oft on fire
She set their hate, in keeping from them still;
Yet now she pleased t' appear, though from no will
To do them honour, vowing she would tell
Her son that of them that should fit him well
To make use of; which was, not to converse
Too freely with their pride, nor to disperse
His thoughts amongst them, since they used to give
Good words, but through them ill intents did drive.
Eurynome replied: " With good advise
You vow his counsel, and your open guise.
Go then, advise your son, nor keep more close
Your cheeks, still drown'd in your eyes' overflows,
But bathe your body, and with balms make clear
Your thicken'd count'nance. *Uncomposed cheer,*
And ever mourning, will the marrow wear.
Nor have you cause to mourn; your son hath now
Put on that virtue which, in chief, your vow
Wish'd, as your blessing, at his birth, might deck
His blood and person." " But forbear to speak
Of baths, or balmings, or of beauty, now,"
The Queen replied, " lest, urging comforts, you
Discomfort much; because the Gods have won
The spoil of my looks since my lord was gone.
But these must serve. Call hither then to me
Hippodamia and Autonoe,

That those our train additions may supply
Our own deserts. And yet, besides, not I,
With all my age, have learn'd the boldness yet
T' expose myself to men, unless I get
Some other gracers." This said, forth she went
To call the ladies, and much spirit spent
To make their utmost speed, for now their Queen
Would both herself show, and make them be seen.
But now Minerva other projects laid,
And through Icarius' daughter's veins convey'd
Sweet sleep's desire; in whose soft fumes involved
She was as soon as laid, and quite dissolved
Were all her lineaments. The Goddess then
Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men
Might wonder at her beauties; and the beams
That glister in the Deified Supremes
She clear'd her mourning count'nance up withal.
Even such a radiance as doth round empall
Crown'd Cytherea, when her order'd places
Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her own; more plump, more high,
And fairer than the polish'd ivory,
Rend'ring her parts and presence. This grace done,
Away the Deity flew; and up did run
Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise
That blew the soft chains from her sleeping joys;
When she her fair eyes wiped, and, gasping, said:
"O me unblest! How deep a sweet sleep spread
His shades about me! Would Diana pleased
To shoot me with a death no more diseased,

269 Eurynome. 274 Penelope.
280 *Glister*—an old form of *glitter*.

As soon as might be, that no more my moan
Might waste my blood in weepings never done,
For want of that accomplish'd virtue spher'd
In my loved lord, to all the Greeks preferr'd!"
  Then she descended with her maids, and took
Place in the portal; whence her beamy look
Reach'd ev'ry Wooer's heart; yet cast she on
So thin a veil, that through it quite there shone
A grace so stolen, it pleased above the clear,
And sunk the knees of every Wooer there,
Their minds so melted in love's vehement fires,
That to her bed she heighten'd all desires.
  The prince then coming near, she said: "O son,
Thy thoughts and judgments have not yet put on
That constancy in what becomes their good,
Which all expect in thee. Thy younger blood
Did sparkle choicer spirits; but, arrived
At this full growth, wherein their form hath thrived
Beyond the bounds of childhood, and when now,
Beholders should affirm, 'This man doth grow
Like [to] the rare son of his matchless Sire,
(His goodliness, his beauty, and his fire
Of soul aspired to)' thou mak'st nothing good
Thy fate, nor fortune, nor thy height of blood,
In manage of thy actions. What a deed
Of foul desert hath thy gross suff'rance freed
Beneath thine own roof! A poor stranger here
Used most unmanly! How will this appear
To all the world, when Fame shall trumpet out,
That thus, and thus, are our guests beat about
Our court unrighted? 'Tis a blaze will show
Extremely shameful to your name and you."

" I blame you not, O mother," he replied,
" That, this clear wrong sustain'd by me, you chide;
Yet know I both the good and bad of all,
Being past the years in which young errors fall.
But, all this known, skill is not so exact
To give, when once it knows, things fit their fact.
I well may doubt the prease of strangers here,
Who, bent to ill, and only my nerves near,
May do it in despite. And yet the jar
Betwixt our guest and Irus was no war
Wrought by the Wooers; nor our guest sustain'd
Wrong in that action, but the conquest gain'd.
And would to Jove, Minerva, and the Sun,
That all your Wooers might serve Contention
For such a purchase as the beggar made,
And wore such weak heads! Some should death invade,
Strew'd in the entry, some embrue the hall,
Till every man had vengeance capital,
Sattled like Irus at the gates, his head
Every way nodding, like one forfeited
To reeling Bacchus, knees nor feet his own,
To bear him where he's better loved or known."
  Their speeches given this end, Eurymachus
Began his courtship, and express'd it thus:
" Most wise Icarius' daughter! If all those,
That did for Colchos' vent'rous sail dispose
For that rich purchase, had before but seen
Earth's richer prize in th' Ithacensian Queen,
They had not made that voyage, but to you
Would all their virtues and their beings vow.
Should all the world know what a worth you store,

345 *Sattled*—a North-country provincialism for *settled*.

To-morrow than to-day, and next light, more
Your court should banquet; since to all dames you
Are far preferr'd, both for the grace of show,
In stature, beauty, form in every kind
Of all parts outward, and for faultless mind."
" Alas," said she, " my virtue, body, form,
The Gods have blasted with that only storm
That ravish'd Greece to Ilion, since my lord,
For that war shipp'd, bore all my goods aboard.
If he, return'd, should come and govern here
My life's whole state, the grace of all things there
His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore;
Which dead in me lives, given him long before.
A sad course I live now; Heaven's stern decree
With many an ill hath numb'd and deaded me.
He took life with him, when he took my hand
In parting from me to the Trojan strand,
These words my witness: ' Woman! I conceive
That not all th' Achives bound for Troy shall leave
Their native earth their safe returned bones,
Fame saying, that Troy trains up approved sons
In deeds of arms, brave putters off of shafts,
For winging lances masters of their crafts,
Unmatched riders, swift of foot, and straight
Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.
Hope then can scarce fill all with life's supply,
And of all any failing, why not I?
Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me
Amongst the safe-returned; or his decree
Hath left me to the thraldom order'd there.
However, all cares be thy burthens here,
My sire and mother tend as much as now,

I further off, more near in cares be you.
Your son to man's state grown, wed whom you will;
And, you gone, his care let his household fill.'
Thus made my lord his will, which Heaven sees proved
Almost at all parts; for the Sun removed
Down to his set, ere long, will lead the night
Of those abhorred nuptials, that should fright
Each worthy woman, which her second are
With any man that breathes, her first lord's care
Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead;
Which, I fear, I shall yield to, and so wed
A second husband; and my reason is,
Since Jove hath taken from me all his bliss.
Whom God gives over they themselves forsake,
Their griefs their joys, their God their devil, make.
And 'tis a great grief, nor was seen till now
In any fashion of such men as woo
A good and wealthy woman, and contend
Who shall obtain her, that those men should spend
Her beeves and best sheep, as their chiefest ends,
But rather that herself and all her friends
They should with banquets and rich gifts entreat.
Their life is death that live with other's meat."
Divine Ulysses much rejoic'd to hear
His Queen thus fish for gifts, and keep in cheer
Their hearts with hope that she would wed again,
Her mind yet still her first intent retain.
Antinous saw the Wooers won to give,
And said: " Wise Queen, by all your means receive
Whatever bounty any Wooer shall use.
Gifts freely given 'tis folly to refuse.
For know, that we resolve not to be gone

To keep our own roofs, till of all some one,
Whom best you like, your long-woo'd love shall win."
  This pleased the rest, and every one sent in
His present by the herald. First had place
Antinous' gift: A robe of special grace,
Exceeding full and fair, and twenty hues
Changed lustre to it; to which choice of shows,
Twelve massy plated buttons, all of gold,
Enrich'd the substance, made to fairly hold
The robe together, all laced down before,
Where keeps and catches both sides of it wore.
  Eurymachus a golden tablet gave,
In which did Art her choicest works engrave;
And round about an amber verge did run,
That cast a radiance from it like the Sun.
  Eurydamas two servants had that bore
Two goodly earrings, whose rich hollows wore
Three pearls in either, like so many eyes,
Reflecting glances radiant as the skies.
  The king Pisander, great Polyctor's heir,
A casket gave, exceeding rich and fair.
  The other other wealthy gifts commended
To her fair hand; which took, and straight ascended
This Goddess of her sex her upper state.
Her ladies all her gifts elaborate
Up bearing after. All to dancing then
The Wooers went, and song's delightful strain;
In which they frolick'd, till the evening came,
And then raised sable Hesperus his flame.
When, for their lights within, they set up there
Three lamps, whose wicks were wood exceeding sere,
And passing porous; which they caused to burn,

Their matter ever minister'd by turn
Of several handmaids. Whom Ulysses seeing
Too conversant with Wooers, ill agreeing
With guise of maids, advised in this fair sort:
" Maids of your long-lack'd King, keep you the port
Your Queen's chaste presence bears. Go up to her,
Employ your looms, or rocks, and keep ye there;
I'll serve to feed these lamps, should these lords' dances
Last till Aurora cheer'd us with her glances.
They cannot weary me, for I am one
Born to endure when all men else have done."
They wantonly brake out in laughters all,
Look'd on each other; and to terms did fall
Cheek-proud Melantho, who was Dolius' seed,
Kept by the Queen, that gave her dainty bread
Fit for her daughter; and yet won not so
Her heart to her to share in any wo
She suffer'd for her lord, but she was great
With great Eurymachus, and her love's heat
In his bed quench'd. And this choleric thing,
Bestow'd this railing language on the King:
" Base stranger, you are taken in your brain,
You talk so wildly. Never you again
Can get where you were born, and seek your bed
In some smith's hovel, or the marketsted,
But here you must take confidence to prate
Before all these; for fear can get no state
In your wine-hardy stomach. Or 'tis like
To prove your native garb, your tongue will strike
On this side of your mouth still, being at best.
Is the man idle-brained for want of rest?
Or proud because he beat the roguish beggar?

Take heed, Sir, lest some better man beleager
Your ears with his fists, and set headlong hence
Your bold abode here, with your blood's expence."
He, looking sternly on her, answer'd her:
"Dog! What broad language giv'st thou? I'll prefer
Your usage to the prince, that he may fall
Foul on your fair limbs till he tell them all."
This fray'd the wenches, and all straight got gone
In fear about their business, every one
Confessing he said well. But he stood now
Close by the cressets, and did looks bestow
On all men there; his brain employ'd about
Some sharper business than to dance it out,
Which had not long to go. Nor therefore would
Minerva let the Wooers' spleens grow cold
With too good usage of him, that his heart
Might fret enough, and make his choler smart.
Eurymachus provok'd him first, and made
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
Fetched far from what was spoken long before,
That his poor form perhaps some Deity bore.
"It well may chance," said he, "some God doth bear
This man's resemblance, for, thus standing near
The glistering torches, his slick'd head doth throw
Beams round about it as those cressets do,
For not a hair he hath to give it shade.
Say, will thy heart serve t' undertake a trade
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence
To walk my grounds, and look to every fence,
Or plant high trees, thy hire should raise thy forces
Food store, and clothes. But these same idle courses

505 *Fetched.*—The folio *fetch*.

Thou art so prompt in that thou wilt not work,
But forage up and down, and beg, and lurk
In every house whose roofs hold any will
To feed such fellows. That thy gut may fill,
Gives end to all thy being." He replied:
" I wish, at any work we two were tried,
In height of spring-time, when heaven's lights are long,
I a good crook'd scythe that were sharp and strong,
You such another, where the grass grew deep,
Up by day-break, and both our labours keep
Up till slow darkness eased the labouring light,
Fasting all day, and not a crumb till night;
We then should prove our either workmanship.
Or if, again, beeves, that the goad or whip
Were apt t' obey before a tearing plow,
Big lusty beasts, alike in bulk and brow,
Alike in labour, and alike in strength,
Our task four acres, to be till'd in length
Of one sole day; again then you should try
If the dull glebe before the plow should fly,
Or I a long stitch could bear clean and even.
Or lastly, if the Guide of earth and heaven
Should stir stern war up, either here or there,
And that at this day I had double spear,
And shield, and steel casque fitting for my brows;
At this work likewise, 'midst the foremost blows,
Your eyes should note me, and get little cause
To twit me with my belly's sole applause.
But you affect t' affect with injury,
Your mind ungentle, seem in valour high,
Because 'gainst few, and those not of the best,
Your conversation hath been still profess'd.

538 Jupiter.

But if Ulysses, landed on his earth,
And enter'd on the true right of his birth,
Should come and front ye, straight his ample gates
Your feet would hold too narrow for your fates."
  He frown'd, raged, call'd him wretch, and vow'd
To be his death, since he durst prove so proud
Amongst so many, to tell him so home
What he affected; ask'd, if overcome
With wine he were, or, as his minion said,
Talk'd still so idly, and were palsied
In his mind's instruments, or was proud because
He gat from Irus off with such applause?
With all which, snatching up a stool, he threw;
When old Ulysses to the knees withdrew
Of the Dulichian lord, Amphinomus,
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus
His aged object, and his page's hand
(A boy that waited on his cup's command,
Now holding of an ewer to him) he smit.
Down fell the sounding ewer, and after it
The guiltless page lay sprawling in the dust,
And crying out. When all the Wooers thrust
A tumult up amongst them, wishing all
The rogue had perish'd in some hospital,
Before his life there stirr'd such uproars up;
And with rude speeches spice their pleasures' cup.
And all this for a beggar to fulfil
A filthy proverb: *Good still yields to ill.*
  The prince cried out on them, to let the bad
Obscure the good so; told them they were mad,
Abused their banquet, and affirm'd some God
Tried masteries with them; bade them take their load

Of food and wine, sit up, or fall to bed
At their free pleasures; and since he gave head
To all their freedoms, why should they mistake
Their own rich humours for a beggar's sake?
All bit their lips to be so taken down,
And taught the course that should have been their own,
Admired the prince, and said he bravely spoke.
But Nisus' son then struck the equal stroke,
And said: "O friends, let no man here disdain
To put up equal speeches, nor maintain
With serious words an humour, nor with stroke
A stranger in another's house provoke,
Nor touch the meanest servant, but confine
All these dissentions in a bowl of wine;
Which fill us, cup-bearer, that having done
Our nightly sacrifice, we may atone
Our powers with sleep, resigning first the guest
Up to the prince, that holds all interest
In his disposure here; the house being his
In just descent, and all the faculties."
This all approved; when noble Mulius,
Herald in chief to lord Amphinomus,
The wine distributed with reverend grace
To every Wooer; when the Gods given place
With service fit, they served themselves, and took
Their parting cups, till, when they all had shook
The angry humour off, they bent to rest,
And every Wooer to several roofs address'd.

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses and his son eschew
Offending of the Wooers' view
With any armour. His birth's seat,
Ulysses tells his Queen, is Crete.
Euryclea the truth yet found,
Discover'd by a scar-healed wound,
Which in Parnassus' tops a boar,
Struck by him in his chace, did gore.

Another Argument.

Ταῦ. The King still hid
By what he said;
By what he did
Informs his maid.

YET did divine Ulysses keep his roof,
And with Minerva plotted still the proof
Of all the Wooers' deaths; when thus his son
He taught with these fore-counsels: "We must run
A close course with these arms, and lay them by,
And to the Wooers make so fair a sky
As it would never thunder. Let me then,
That you may well retain, repeat again

What in Eumæus' cottage I advised:
If when they see no leisure exercised
In fetching down your arms, and ask what use
Your mind will give them, say, 'tis their abuse
With smoke and rust that makes you take them down,
This not being like the armory well known
To be the leavings of Laertes' son
Consorting the design for Ilion;
Your eyes may see how much they are infected,
As all fires' vapours ever since reflected
On those sole arms. Besides, a graver thought
Jove graves within you, lest, their spirits wrought
Above their pitch with wine, they might contend
At some high banquet, and to wounds transcend,
Their feast inverting; which, perhaps, may be
Their nuptial feast with wise Penelope.
The ready weapon, when the blood is up,
Doubles the uproar heighten'd by the cup.
Wrath's means for act, curb all the ways ye can,
As loadstones draw the steel, so steel draws man.
Retain these words; nor what is good think, thus
Received at second hand, superfluous."
The son, obeying, did Euryclea call,
And bade her shut in th' utter porches all
The other women, till himself brought down
His father's arms, which all were overgrown
By his neglect with rust, his father gone,
And he too childish to spend thoughts upon
Those manly implements; but he would now
Reform those young neglects, and th' arms bestow
Past reach of smoke. The loving nurse replied:
"I wish, O son, your powers would once provide

For wisdom's habit, see your household were
In thrifty manage, and tend all things there.
But if these arms must down, and every maid
Be shut in utter rooms, who else should aid
Your work with light?" He answer'd: "This my guest.
There shall no one in my house taste my feast,
Or join in my nave, that shall idly live,
However far hence he his home derive."
He said, and his words stood. The doors she shut
Of that so well-fill'd house. And th' other put
Their thoughts in act; best shields, helms, sharpen'd lances,
Brought down; and Pallas before both advances
A golden cresset, that did cast a light
As if the Day sat in the throne of Night.
When, half amazed, the prince said: "O my father,
Mine eyes my soul's powers all in wonder gather,
For though the walls, and goodly wind-beams here,
All all these pillars, that their heads so rear,
And all of fir, they seem yet all of fire.
Some God is surely with us." His wise sire
Bade peace, and keep the counsels of the Gods,
Nor ask a word: "These Powers, that use abodes
Above the stars, have power from thence to shine
Through night and all shades to earth's inmost mine.
Go thou for sleep, and leave me here to wake
The women, and the Queen whose heart doth ache
To make inquiry for myself of me."

[47] Χοίνικος ἅπτηται, they will needs turn this, *quadram* (for *modium*) *gustet*. Though the words bear no such signification, but give a proverb then in use repetition, which was: *he shall not join or make a spoke in the nave of my chariot*, or *chariot-wheel*. Χοίνικον, or χοίνικις, signifying *modiolus rotæ*, and ἅπτω, *necto*.—CHAPMAN.

He went to sleep where lights did endlessly
Burn in his night-rooms; where he feasted rest,
Till day's fair weed did all the world invest.
Thus was divine Ulysses left alone
With Pallas, plotting foul confusion
To all the Wooers. Forth then came the Queen;
Phœbe, with golden Cytherea seen,
Her port presented. Whom they set a chair
Aside the fire, the fashion circular,
The substance silver and rich elephant;
Whose fabric did the cunning finger vaunt
Of great Icmalius, who besides had done
A footstool for her that did suit her throne,
On which they cast an ample skin, to be
The cushion for her other royalty.
And there she sat; about whom came her maids,
Who brought upon a table store of breads,
And bowls that with the Wooers' wine were crown'd.
The embers then they cast upon the ground
From out the lamps, and other fuel added,
That still with cheerful flame the sad house gladded.
Melantho seeing still Ulysses there,
Thus she held out her spleen: "Still, stranger, here?
Thus late in night? To see what ladies do?
Avaunt you, wretch, hence, go without doors, go;
And quickly, too, lest ye be singed away
With burning firebrands." He, thus seeing their fray
Continued by her with such spleen, replied:
"Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide
My presence still? Is it because you see
I shine not in your wanton bravery,
But wear these rags? It fits the needy fate

That makes me beg thus of the common state.
Such poor souls, and such beggars, yet are men;
And even my mean means means had to maintain
A wealthy house, and kept a manly press,
Was counted blessed, and the poor access
Of any beggar did not scorn, but feed
With often hand, and any man of need
Relieved as fitted; kept my servants, too,
Not few, but did with those additions go
That call choice men *The Honest*, who are styled
The rich, the great. But what such great ones build
Jove oft pulls down, as thus he ruin'd me;
His will was such, which is his equity.
And therefore, woman, bear you fitting hand
On your behaviour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,
And cherish'd with your beauties, when they wane,
Comes down, your pride now being then your bane;
And in the mean space shun the present danger,
Lest your bold fashion breed your sovereign's anger,
Or lest Ulysses come, of whom even yet
Hope finds some life in Fate. Or, be his seat
Amongst the merely ruin'd, yet his son,
Whose life's heat Phœbus saves, is such a one
As can discover who doth well deserve
Of any woman here his years now serve."
The Queen gave ear, and thus suppress'd the flame:
" Thou quite without a brow, past female shame,
I hear thy monstrous boldness, which thy head
Shall pay me pains for. Thou hast heard it said,
And from myself too, and at every part
Thy knowledge serves thee, that, to ease my heart
So punish'd in thy witness, my desire

Dwelt on this stranger, that I might inquire
My lost friend's being. But 'tis ever tried,
Both man and God are still forgot with pride.
Eurynome, bring here this guest a seat,
And cushion on it, that we two may treat
Of the affair in question. Set it near,
That I may softly speak, yet he well hear."
She did this little freely; and he sat
Close by the Queen, who ask'd him, Whence, and what
He was himself? And what th' inhabited place
Where lived his parents? Whence he fetch'd his race?
"O woman," he replied, "with whom no man,
That moves in earth's unbounded circle, can
Maintain contention for true honour given,
Whose fame hath reach'd the fairly-flowing heaven,
Who, like a never-ill-deserving king,
That is well spoke of, first, for worshipping,
And striving to resemble God in empire;
Whose equal hand impartially doth temper
Greatness and Goodness; to whom therefore bears
The black earth store of all grain, trees confers
Cracking with burthen, long-liv'd herds creates,
All which the sea with her sorts emulates;
And all this feeds beneath his powerful hand
Men, valiant, many, making strong his land
With happy lives led; nothing else the cause
Of all these blessings, but well-order'd laws;
Like such a king are you, in love, in fame,
And all the bliss that deifies a dame.
And therefore do not mix this with a moan
So wretched as is now in question;
Ask not my race nor country, lest you fill

My heart yet fuller with repeated ill;
For I must follow it with many tears,
Though 'tis not seemly to sit wounding ears
In public roofs with our particular life.
Time's worst expense is still-repeated grief.
I should be irksome to your ladies here,
And you yourself would say you urged your ear
To what offends it, my still-broken eyne
Supposing wounded with your too-much wine."
" Stranger," said she, " you fear your own excess
With giving me too great a nobleness.
The Gods my person, beauty, virtue too,
Long since subverted, when the Ilion woe
The Greek design attempted; in which went
My praise and honour. In his government
Had I deserved your utmost grace, but now
Sinister Deity makes dishonour woo,
In show of grace, my ruin. All the peers
Sylvan Zacynthus, and Dulichius, spheres,
Samos and Ithaca, strange strifes have shown
To win me, spending on me all mine own;
Will wed me, in my spite; and these are those
That take from me all virtue to dispose
Or guest or suppliant, or take any course
Amongst my heralds, that should all disburse,
To order anything. Though I need none
To give me grief at home, abroad errs one
That my veins shrink for, whom these holding gone,
Their nuptials hasten, and find me as slow.
Good spirits prompted me to make a show
Of undertaking a most curious task,
That an unmeasured space of time would ask;

Which they enduring long would often say,
When ends thy work? I soon had my delay,
And pray'd their stay; for though my lord were dead,
His father's life yet matter ministred
That must employ me; which, to tell them true,
Was that great work I named. For now near drew
Laertes' death, and on my hand did lie
His funeral-robe, whose end, being now so nigh,
I must not leave, and lose so much begun,
The rather lest the Greek dames might be won
To tax mine honour, if a man so great
Should greet his grave without his winding sheet.
Pride made them credulous, and I went on;
When whatsoever all the day had done
I made the night help to undo again,
Though oil and watch it cost, and equal pain.
Three years my wit secured me undiscern'd,
Yet, when the fourth came, by my maids discern'd,
False careless wenches, how they were deluded;
When, by my light discern'd, they all intruded,
Used threat'ning words, and made me give it end;
And then could I to no more length extend
My linger'd nuptials; not a counsel more
Was to be stood upon; my parents bore
Continual hand on me to make me wed;
My son grew angry that so ruined
His goods were by them. He is now a man
Wise in a great degree, and one that can
Himself give order to his household fare;
And Jove give equal glory to his care.
But thus you must not pass me; I must know,
It may be for more end, from whence doth grow

Your race and you; for I suppose you none
Sprung of old oak, or justled out of stone."
He answer'd: "O Ulysses' reverend wife!
Yet hold you purpose to inquire my life?
I'll tell you, though it much afflict me more
Than all the sorrows I have felt before.
As worthily it may, since so long time
As I have wander'd from my native clime,
Through human cities, and in sufferance still,
To rip all wounds up, though of all their ill
I touch but part, must actuate all their pain.
But, ask you still, I'll tell, though still sustain.
In middle of the sable sea there lies
An isle call'd Crete, a ravisher of eyes,
Fruitful, and mann'd with many an infinite store;
Where ninety cities crown the famous shore,
Mix'd with all-languag'd men. There Greeks survive,
There the great-minded Eteocretans live,
There the Dorensians never out of war,
The Cydons there, and there the singular
Pelasgian people. There doth Cnossus stand,
That mighty city, where had most command
Great Jove's disciple, Minos, who nine years
Conferr'd with Jove, both great familiars
In mutual counsels. And this Minos' son,
The mighty-minded king Deucalion,
Was sire to me and royal Idomen,
Who with Atrides went to Ilion then,
My elder brother and the better man,
My name Aethon. At that time began
My knowledge of Ulysses, whom my home
Received with guest-rites. He was thither come

By force of weather, from the Malean coast
But new got off, where he the navy lost,
Then under sail for Troy, and wind-bound lay
Long in Amnisus; hardly got away
From horrid storms, that made him anchor there,
In havens that sacred to Lucina were,
Dreadful and dangerous, in whose bosom crept
Lucina's cavern. But in my roof slept
Ulysses, shored in Crete; who first inquired
For royal Idomen, and much desired
To taste his guest-rites, since to him had been
A welcome guest my brother Idomen.
The tenth or 'leventh light on Ulysses shined
In stay at Crete, attending then the wind
For threaten'd Ilion. All which time my house
With love and entertainments curious
Embraced his person, though a number more
My hospitable roofs received before.
His men I likewise call'd, and from the store
Allow'd them meal and heat-exciting wine,
And oxen for their slaughter, to confine
In my free hand the utmost of their need.
Twelve days the Greeks stay'd, ere they got them freed,
A gale so bitter blew out of the north,
That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth
By some stern God. But on the thirteenth day
The tempest ceased, and then went Greeks their way."
Thus many tales Ulysses told his wife,
At most but painting, yet most like the life;
Of which her heart such sense took through her ears,
It made her weep as she would turn to tears.
And as from off the mountains melts the snow,

Which Zephyr's breath conceal'd, but was made flow
By hollow Eurus, which so fast pours down,
That with their torrent floods have overflown;
So down her fair cheeks her kind tears did glide,
Her miss'd lord mourning set so near her side.
  Ulysses much was moved to see her mourn,
Whose eyes yet stood as dry as iron or horn
In his untroubled lids, which in his craft
Of bridling passion he from issue saft.
  When she had given her moan so many tears,
That now 'twas satiate, her yet loving fears
Ask'd thus much further: "You have thus far tried
My love's credulity, but if gratified
With so long stay he was with you, you can
Describe what weed he wore, what kind of man
Both he himself was, and what followers
Observed him there." "Alas," said he, "the years
Have grown so many since—this making now
Their twentieth revolution—that my show
Of these slight notes will set my memory sore,
But, to my now remembrance, this he wore:
A double purple robe, drawn close before
With golden buttons, plaited thick, and bore
A facing where a hundred colours shined.
About the skirts a hound a freckled hind
In full course hunted; on the foreskirts, yet,
He pinch'd and pull'd her down, when with her feet,
And all her force, she struggled hard for flight.
Which had such life in gold, that to the sight
It seem'd the hind itself for every hue,
The hound and all so answering the view,

300 *Saft*—saved.

That all admired all. I observed beside
His inner weed, so rarely beautified
That dumb amaze it bred, and was as thin
As any dry and tender onion skin,
As soft 'twas, too, and glister'd like the sun.
The women were to loving wonder won
By him and by his weeds. But, by the way,
You must excuse me, that I cannot say
He brought this suit from home, or had it there
Sent for some present, or, perhaps, elsewhere
Received it for his guest-gift; for your lord
Had friends not few, the fleet did not afford
Many that had not fewer. I bestow'd
A well-edged sword on him, a robe that flow'd
In folds and fulness, and did reach his feet,
Of richest purple; brought him to his fleet
With all my honour; and besides, to add
To all this sifted circumstance, he had
A herald there, in height a little more
Put from the earth, that thicker shoulders wore,
A swarth complexion and a curled head,
His name Eurybates; and much in stead
He stood your king, employ'd in most command,
Since most of all his mind could understand."
When all these signs she knew for chiefly true,
Desire of moan upon her beauties grew,
And yet, even that desire sufficed, she said:
"Till this, my guest, a wretched state array'd
Your ill-used person, but from this hour forth
You shall be honour'd, and find all the worth
That fits a friend. Those weeds these hands bestow'd
From out my wardrobe; those gold buttons sew'd

Before for closure and for ornament.
But never more must his return present
The person that gave those adornments state;
And therefore, under an abhorred fate,
Was he induced to feed the common fame,
To visit vile Troy, ay too vile to name."

"No more yet mourn," said he, "nor thus see pined
Your lovely person. *Weeping wastes the mind.*
And yet I blame you not; for any dame
That weds one young, and brings to him his name,
Whatever man he is, will mourn his loss.
Much more respectful then must show your woes
That weep thus for Ulysses, who, Fame says,
Was equal with the Gods in all his ways.
But where no cause is there must be no moan,
And therefore hear me, my relation
Shall lay the clear truth naked to your view:
I heard amongst the Thesprots for most true,
That lord Ulysses lived, and stood just now
On his return for home; that wealth did flow
In his possession, which he made not known,
But begg'd amongst the people, since alone
He quite was left, for all his men were lost
In getting off from the Trinacrian coast;
Jove and the Sun was wroth with them for rape
Made of his oxen, and no man let 'scape
The rugged deeps of Neptune; only he,
The ship's keel only keeping, was by sea
Cast on the fair Phæacian continent,
Where men survive that are the Gods' descent,

379 i. e. Jove was wroth, and the Sun was wroth for stealing his (i. e. the Sun's) oxen.

And like a God received him, gave him heaps
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps
Themselves safe home; which he might long ago
His pleasure make, but profit would not so.
He gather'd going, and had mighty store
Of gold in safeguard; so beyond the shore
That common sails kept, his high flood of wit
Bore glorious top, and all the world for it
Hath far exceeded. All this Phædon told,
That doth the sceptre of Thesprotia hold,
Who swore to me, in household sacrifice,
The ship was launch'd, and men to man the prise,
That soon should set him on his country earth,
Show'd me the goods, enough to serve the birth
That in the tenth age of his seed should spring,
Yet in his court contain'd. But then the king,
Your husband, for Dodona was in way,
That from th' Oraculous Oak he might display
Jove's will what course for home would best prevail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail.
But me the king dispatch'd in course before,
A ship then bound for the Dulichian shore.
So thus you see his safety whom you mourn;
Who now is passing near, and his return
No more will punish with delays, but see
His friends and country. All which truth to thee
I'll seal with sacred oath. Be witness, Jove,
Thou first and best of all the throned above!
And thou house of the great Laertes' heir,
To whose high roofs I tender my repair,
That what I tell the Queen event shall crown!

402 *Display*.—See Bk. v. 350.

This year Ulysses shall possess his own,
Nay ere the next month ends shall here arrive,
Nay, ere it enters, here abide alive!"
"O may this prove," said she, "gifts, friendship, then
Should make your name the most renown'd of men.
But 'tis of me received, and must so sort,
That nor my lord shall ever see his court,
Nor you gain your deduction thence, for now
The alter'd house doth no such man allow
As was Ulysses, if he ever were,
To entertain a reverend passenger,
And give him fair dismission. But, maids, see
Ye bathe his feet, and then with tapestry,
Best sheets and blankets, make his bed, and lay
Soft waistcoats by him, that, lodged warm, he may
Even till the golden-seated morning's ray
Enjoy good rest; and then, with her first light,
Bathe, and give alms, that cherish'd appetite
He may apply within our hall, and sit
Safe by Telemachus. Or, if th' unfit
And harmful mind of any be so base
To grieve his age again, let none give grace
Of doing any deed he shall command,
How wroth soever, to his barbarous hand.
For how shall you, guest, know me for a dame
That pass so far, nay, turn and wind the fame
Of other dames for wisdom, and the frame
Of household usage, if your poor thin weeds
I let draw on you want, and worser deeds,
That may, perhaps, cause here your latest day?
The life of man is short and flies away.
And if the ruler's self of households be

Ungentle, studying inhumanity,
The rest prove worse, but he bears all the blame;
All men will, living, vow against his name
Mischiefs and miseries, and, dead, supply
With bitter epitaphs his memory.
But if himself be noble—noble things
Doing and knowing—all his underlings
Will imitate his noblesse, and all guests
Give it, in many, many interests."
"But, worthiest Queen," said he, "where you command
Baths and rich beds for me, I scorn to stand
On such state now, nor ever thought it yet,
Since first I left the snowy hills of Crete.
When once I fell a-shipboard those thoughts fled;
I love to take now, as long since, my bed.
Though I began the use with sleepless nights,
I many a darkness with right homely rites
Have spent ere this hour, and desired the morn
Would come, and make sleep to the world a scorn.
Nor run these dainty baths in my rude head;
Nor any handmaid, to your service bred,
Shall touch my ill-kept feet, unless there live
Some poor old drudge here, that hath learn'd to give
Old men good usage, and no work will fly,
As having suffer'd ill as much as I.
But if there live one such in your command,
I will not shame to give my foot her hand."
She gave this answer: "O my loved guest,
There never enter'd these kind roofs for rest
Stranger or friend that so much wisdom laid
In gage for guest-rites, as your lips have paid.
There lives an old maid in my charge that knows

The good you speak of by her many woes;
That nourish'd and brought up, with curious care,
Th' unhappy man, your old familiar,
Even since his mother let him view the light,
And oft hath felt in her weak arms his weight;
And she, though now much weaker, shall apply
Her maiden service to your modesty.
Euryclea, rise, and wash the feet of one
That is of one age with your sovereign gone,
Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace.
Much grief in men will bring on change apace."

She, from her aged slumber waked, did clear
Her heavy eyes, and instantly, to hear
Her sovereign's name, had work enough to dry
Her cheeks from tears, and to his memory
These moans did offer: " O my son," said she,
" I never can take grief enough for thee,
Whom Goodness hurts, and whom even Jove's high spleen,
Since thou art Jove-like, hates the most of men.
For none hath offer'd him so many thighs,
Nor such whole hecatombs of sacrifice,
Fat and selected, as thy zeal hath done;
For all, but praying that thy noble son,
Thy happy age might see at state of man.
And yet hath Jove with mists Cimmerian
Put out the light of his returning day.
And as yourself, O father, in your way
Took these fair roofs for hospitable rites,
Yet find, for them, our dogged women's spites;
So he, in like course, being driven to proof,
Long time ere this, what such a royal roof
Would yield his miseries, found such usage there.

And you, now flying the foul language here,
And many a filthy fact of our fair dames,
Fly me like them, and put on causeless shames
To let me cleanse your feet. For not the cause
The Queen's command yields is the power that draws
My will to wash your feet, but what I do
Proceeds from her charge and your reverence too;
Since I in soul am stricken with a ruth
Of your distresses, and past show of truth;
Your strangeness claiming little interest
In my affections. And yet many a guest
Of poor condition hath been harbour'd here,
But never any did so right appear
Like king Ulysses as yourself, for state
Both of your stature, voice, and very gait."
" So all have said," said he, " that ever yet
Had the proportions of our figures met
In their observances; so right your eye
Proves in your soul your judging faculty."
Thus took she up a caldron brightly scoured,
To cleanse his feet in; and into it poured
Store of cold wave, which on the fire she set;
And therein bathed, being temperately heat,
Her sovereign's feet. Who turn'd him from the light,
Since suddenly he doubted her conceit,
So rightly touching at his state before,
A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore
An old note, to discern him, might descry
The absolute truth; which, witness'd by her eye,
Was straight approved. He first received this sore

520 Intending with truth itself, not his show only.
CHAPMAN.

As in Parnassus' tops a white-tooth'd boar
He stood in chase withal, who struck him there,
At such time as he lived a sojourner
With his grandsire, Autolycus; who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart,
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
By Jove's descent, ingenious Mercury,
Who did bestow it, since so many a thigh
Of lambs and kids he had on him bestow'd
In sacred flames, who therefore when he vow'd
Was ever with him. And this man imposed
Ulysses' name, the light being first disclosed
To his first sight then, when his grandsire came
To see the then preferrer of his fame,
His loved daughter. The first supper done,
Euryclea put in his lap her son,
And pray'd him to bethink and give his name,
Since that desire did all desires inflame.
" Daughter and son-in-law," said he, " let then
The name that I shall give him stand with men.
Since I arrived here at the hour of pain,
In which mine own kind entrails did sustain
Moan for my daughter's yet unended throes,
And when so many men's and women's woes,
In joint compassion met of human birth,
Brought forth t' attend the many-feeding earth,
Let Odyssëus be his name, as one
Exposed to just constraint of all men's moan.

569 Autolycus gives his grandchild Ulysses his name: from whence the Odysses is derived, Ὀδυσσεύς, derived of ὀδύζομαι, *ex ὀδύνη factum*; signifying *dolorem proprie corporis, nam ira ex dolore oritur*.—CHAPMAN.

When here at home he is arrived at state
Of man's first youth he shall initiate
His practised feet in travel made abroad,
And to Parnassus, where mine own abode
And chief means lie, address his way, where I
Will give him from my open'd treasury
What shall return him well, and fit the fame
Of one that had the honour of his name."
For these fair gifts he went, and found all grace
Of hands and words in him and all his race.
Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,
Applied her to his love, withal, to do
In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes kist,
And brows; and then commanded to assist
Were all her sons by their respected sire
In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire
Their minds with his command; who home straight led
A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and flayed,
Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,
Spitted, and roasted, and his every part
Divided orderly. So all the day
They spent in feast; no one man went his way
Without his fit fill. When the sun was set,
And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire het
Th' enlighten'd earth; and then on hunting went
Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent.
In whose guide did divine Ulysses go,
Climb'd steep Parnassus, on whose forehead grow
All sylvan offsprings round. And soon they reach'd
The concaves, whence air's sounding vapours fetch'd
Their loud descent. As soon as any sun

[594] *Het.*—See Bk. IV. 48.

Had from the ocean, where his waters run
In silent deepness, rais'd his golden head,
The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,
Their hounds before them on the searching trail,
They near, and ever eager to assail;
Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,
Of whose first flight he long'd to prove the chance.
  Then found they lodged a boar of bulk extreme,
In such a queach as never any beam
The sun shot pierced, nor any pass let find
The moist impressions of the fiercest wind,
Nor any storm the sternest winter drives,
Such proof it was; yet all within lay leaves
In mighty thickness; and through all this flew
The hounds' loud mouths. The sounds the tumult threw,
And all together, roused the boar, that rush'd
Amongst their thickest, all his bristles push'd
From forth his rough neck, and with flaming eyes
Stood close, and dared all. On which horrid prise
Ulysses first charged; whom above the knee
The savage struck, and raced it crookedly
Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.
Ulysses' lance yet through him quite was thrown,
At his right shoulder entering, at his left
The bright head passage to his keenness cleft,
And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore.
Down in the dust fell the extended boar,

610 *Queach.*—Chapman uses this word for *thicket*, thus,—

" All sylvan copses, and the fortresses
Of thorniest *queaches.*"—*Hymn to Pan*, 12.

Skinner says " dumetum, vepretum, locus arbusculis stipatus." Drayton generally uses the word *queachy* for *squashy*, *boggy*. I am inclined to think the word, as used by Chapman, is allied to *quick*, *quickset*.

And forth his life flew. To Ulysses round
His uncle drew; who, woeful for his wound,
With all art bound it up, and with a charm
Stay'd straight the blood, went home, and, when the harm
Received full cure, with gifts, and all event
Of joy and love to his loved home they sent
Their honour'd nephew; whose return his sire
And reverend mother took with joys entire,
Enquired all passages, all which he gave
In good relation, nor of all would save
His wound from utterance; by whose scar he came
To be discover'd by this aged dame.

Which when she cleansing felt, and noted well,
Down from her lap into the caldron fell
His weighty foot, that made the brass resound,
Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrewed ground
Spilt all the water. Joy and grief together
Her breast invaded; and of weeping weather
Her eyes stood full; her small voice stuck within
Her part expressive; till at length his chin
She took and spake to him: "O son," said she,
"Thou art Ulysses, nor canst other be;
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my king
I had gone over with the warmed spring."

Then look'd she for the Queen to tell her all;
And yet knew nothing sure, though nought could fall
In compass of all thoughts to make her doubt,
Minerva that distraction struck throughout
Her mind's rapt forces that she might not tell.

644 *Embrewed*—imbrued with moisture. The word is frequent in our older writers for *soiled.*

648 *Her part expressive*—mouth. One of Chapman's quaintnesses.

Ulysses, noting yet her aptness well,
With one hand took her chin, and made all show
Of favour to her, with the other drew
Her offer'd parting closer, ask'd her why
She, whose kind breast had nurs'd so tenderly
His infant life, would now his age destroy,
Though twenty years had held him from the joy
Of his loved country? But, since only she,
God putting her in mind, now knew 'twas he,
He charged her silence, and to let no ear
In all the court more know his being there,
Lest, if God gave into his wreakful hand
Th' insulting Wooers' lives, he did not stand
On any partial respect with her,
Because his nurse, and to the rest prefer
Her safety therefore, but, when they should feel
His punishing finger, give her equal steel.
" What words," said she, " fly your retentive powers?
You know you lock your counsels in your towers
In my firm bosom, and that I am far
From those loose frailties. Like an iron bar,
Or bolt of solid'st stone, I will contain;
And tell you this besides: that if you gain,
By God's good aid, the Wooers' lives in yours,
What dames are here their shameless paramours,
And have done most dishonour to your worth,
My information well shall paint you forth."
" It shall not need," said he, " myself will soon,
While thus I mask here, set on every one
My sure observance of the worst and best.
Be thou then silent, and leave God the rest."
This said, the old dame for more water went,

The rest was all upon the pavement spent
By known Ulysses' foot. More brought, and he
Supplied beside with sweetest ointments, she
His seat drew near the fire, to keep him warm,
And with his pieced rags hiding close his harm.
The Queen came near, and said: "Yet, guest, afford
Your further patience, till but in a word
I'll tell my woes to you; for well I know
That Rest's sweet hour her soft foot orders now,
When all poor men, how much soever grieved,
Would gladly get their woe-watch'd powers relieved.
But God hath given my grief a heart so great
It will not down with rest, and so I set
My judgment up to make it my delight.
All day I mourn, yet nothing let the right
I owe my charge both in my work and maids;
And when the night brings rest to others' aids
I toss my bed; Distress, with twenty points,
Slaught'ring the powers that to my turning joints
Convey the vital heat. And as all night
Pandareus' daughter, poor Edone, sings,
Clad in the verdure of the yearly springs,
When she for Itylus, her loved son,
By Zethus' issue in his madness done
To cruel death, pours out her hourly moan,
And draws the ears to her of every one;
So flows my moan that cuts in two my mind,
And here and there gives my discourse the wind,
Uncertain whether I shall with my son
Abide still here, the safe possession
And guard of all goods, reverence to the bed

710 *Edone*—ἀηδών, the nightingale.

Of my loved lord, and to my far-off spread
Fame with the people, putting still in use,
Or follow any best Greek I can choose
To his fit house, with treasure infinite,
Won to his nuptials. While the infant plight
And want of judgment kept my son in guide,
He was not willing with my being a bride,
Nor with my parting from his court; but now,
Arrived at man's state, he would have me vow
My love to some one of my Wooers here,
And leave his court; offended that their cheer
Should so consume his free possessions.
To settle then a choice in these my moans,
Hear and expound a dream that did engrave
My sleeping fancy: Twenty geese I have,
All which, methought, mine eye saw tasting wheat
In water steep'd, and joy'd to see them eat;
When straight a crook-beak'd eagle from a hill
Stoop'd, and truss'd all their necks, and all did kill;
When, all left scatter'd on the pavement there,
She took her wing up to the God's fair sphere.
I, even amid my dream, did weep and mourn
To see the eagle, with so shrew'd a turn,
Stoop my sad turrets; when, methought, there came
About my mournings many a Grecian dame,
To cheer my sorrows; in whose most extreme
The hawk came back, and on the prominent beam
That cross'd my chamber fell, and used to me
A human voice, that sounded horribly,
And said: 'Be confident, Icarius' seed,
This is no dream, but what shall chance indeed.
The geese the Wooers are, the eagle, I,

Was heretofore a fowl, but now imply
Thy husband's being, and am come to give
The Wooers death, that on my treasure live.'
With this sleep left me, and my waking way
I took, to try if any violent prey
Were made of those my fowls, which well enough
I, as before, found feeding at their trough
Their yoted wheat." " O woman," he replied,
" Thy dream can no interpretation bide
But what the eagle made, who was your lord,
And said himself would sure effect afford
To what he told you; that confusion
To all the Wooers should appear, and none
Escape the fate and death he had decreed."
She answer'd him: " O guest, these dreams exceed
The art of man t' interpret; and appear
Without all choice or form; nor ever were
Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are
To these light dreams, that like thin vapours fare,
Two two-leaved gates, the one of ivory,
The other horn. Those dreams, that Fantasy
Takes from the polish'd ivory port, delude
The dreamer ever, and no truth include;
Those, that the glittering horn-gate lets abroad,
Do evermore some certain truth abode.
But this my dream I hold of no such sort
To fly from thence; yet, whichsoever port
It had access from, it did highly please
My son and me. And this my thoughts profess:
That day that lights me from Ulysses' court

760 *Yoted*—soaked in water. Grose says it is a West-country word.

Shall both my infamy and curse consort.
I, therefore, purpose to propose them now,
In strong contention, Ulysses' bow ;
Which he that easily draws, and from his draft
Shoots through twelve axes (as he did his shaft,
All set up in a row, and from them all
His stand-far-off kept firm) my fortunes shall
Dispose, and take me to his house from hence,
Where I was wed a maid, in confluence
Of feast and riches ; such a court here then
As I shall ever in my dreams retain."
" Do not," said he, " defer the gameful prize,
But set to task their importunities
With something else than nuptials ; for your lord
Will to his court and kingdom be restored
Before they thread those steels, or draw his bow."
" O guest," replied Penelope, " would you
Thus sit and please me with your speech, mine ears
Would never let mine eyelids close their spheres !
But none can live without the death of sleep.
Th' Immortals in our mortal memories keep
Our ends and deaths by sleep, dividing so,
As by the fate and portion of our woe,
Our times spent here, to let us nightly try
That while we live, as much live as we die.
In which use I will to my bed ascend,
Which I bedew with tears, and sigh past end
Through all my hours spent, since I lost my joy
For vile, lewd, never-to-be-named, Troy.
Yet there I'll prove for sleep, which take you here,
Or on the earth, if that your custom were,

Or have a bed, disposed for warmer rest."
Thus left she with her ladies her old guest,
Ascended her fair chamber, and her bed,
Whose sight did ever duly make her shed
Tears for her lord; which still her eyes did steep,
Till Pallas shut them with delightsome sleep.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses, in the Wooers' beds,
Resolving first to kill the maids.
That sentence giving off, his care
For other objects doth prepare.

Another Argument.

Ψ. Jove's thunder chides,
But cheers the king,
The Wooers' prides
Discomfiting.

ULYSSES in the entry laid his head,
And under him an ox-hide newly flay'd,
Above him sheep fells store; and over those
Eurynome cast mantles. His repose
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill
He wish'd the Wooers; who came by him still
With all their wenches, laughing, wantoning,
In mutual lightness; which his heart did sting,
Contending two ways, if, all patience fled,
He should rush up and strike those strumpets dead,

Or let that night be last, and take th' extreme
Of those proud Wooers, that were so supreme
In pleasure of their high-fed fantasies.
His heart did bark within him to surprise
Their sports with spoils; no fell she-mastiff can,
Amongst her whelps, fly eag'rer on a man
She doth not know, yet scents him something near,
And fain would come to please her tooth and tear,
Than his disdain, to see his roof so filed
With those foul fashions, grew within him wild
To be in blood of them. But, finding best
In his free judgment to let passion rest,
He chid his angry spirit, and beat his breast,
And said: "Forbear, my mind, and think on this:
There hath been time when bitter agonies
Have tried thy patience. Call to mind the day
In which the Cyclop, which pass'd manly sway
Of violent strength, devoured thy friends; thou then
Stood'st firmly bold, till from that hellish den
Thy wisdom brought thee off, when nought but death
Thy thoughts resolved on." This discourse did breathe
The fiery boundings of his heart, that still
Lay in that æsture, without end his ill
Yet manly suffering. But from side to side
It made him toss apace. You have not tried
A fellow roasting of a pig before
A hasty fire, his belly yielding store
Of fat and blood, turn faster, labour more
To have it roast, and would not have it burn,
Than this and that way his unrest made turn
His thoughts and body, would not quench the fire,
And yet not have it heighten his desire

Past his discretion, and the fit enough
Of haste and speed, that went to all the proof
His well-laid plots, and his exploits required,
Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspired.
In this contention Pallas stoop'd from heaven,
Stood over him, and had her presence given
A woman's form, who sternly thus began:
" Why, thou most sour and wretched-fated man
Of all that breathe, yet liest thou thus awake?
The house in which thy cares so toss and take
Thy quiet up is thine; thy wife is there;
And such a son, as if thy wishes were
To be sufficed with one they could not mend."
" Goddess," said he, " 'tis true; but I contend
To right their wrongs, and, though I be but one,
To lay unhelp'd and wreakful hand upon
This whole resort of impudents, that here
Their rude assemblies never will forbear.
And yet a greater doubt employs my care,
That if their slaughters in my reaches are,
And I perform them, Jove and you not pleased,
How shall I fly their friends? And would stand seised
Of counsel to resolve this care in me."
" Wretch," she replied, " a friend of worse degree
Might win thy credence, that a mortal were,
And used to second thee, though nothing near
So powerful in performance nor in care;
Yet I, a Goddess, that have still had share
In thy achievements, and thy person's guard,
Must still be doubted by thy brain, so hard
To credit anything above thy power;

64 *Seised*—put in possession of.

And that must come from heaven; if every hour
There be not personal appearance made,
And aid direct given, that may sense invade.
I'll tell thee, therefore, clearly: If there were
Of divers-languaged men an army here
Of fifty companies, all driving hence
Thy sheep and oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge us, and besiege us round,
Thou shouldst their prey reprise, and them confound.
Let sleep then seize thee. *To keep watch all night*
Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight."
Thus pour'd the Goddess sleep into his eyes,
And reascended the Olympian skies.
When care-and-lineament-resolving sleep
Had laid his temples in his golden steep,
His wise-in-chaste-wit-worthy wife did rise,
First sitting up in her soft bed, her eyes
Open'd with tears, in care of her estate,
Which now her friends resolved to terminate
To more delays, and make her marry one.
Her silent tears then ceased, her orison
This queen of women to Diana made:
" Reverend Diana, let thy darts invade
My woeful bosom, and my life deprive,
Now at this instant, or soon after drive
My soul with tempests forth, and give it way
To those far-off dark vaults, where never day
Hath power to shine, and let them cast it down
Where refluent Oceanus doth crown
His curled head, where Pluto's orchard is,
And entrance to our after miseries.
As such stern whirlwinds ravish'd to that stream

Pandareus' daughters, when the Gods to them
Had reft their parents, and them left alone,
Poor orphan children, in their mansion;
Whose desolate life did Love's sweet Queen incline
To nurse with pressed milk and sweetest wine;
Whom Juno deck'd beyond all other dames
With wisdom's light, and beauty's moving flames;
Whom Phœbe goodliness of stature render'd;
And to whose fair hands wise Minerva tender'd
The loom and needle in their utmost skill;
And while Love's Empress scaled th' Olympian hill
To beg of Lightning-loving Jove (since he
The means to all things knows, and doth decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortal race)
For those poor virgins, the accomplish'd grace
Of sweetest nuptials, the fierce Harpies prey'd
On every good and miserable maid,
And to the hateful Furies gave them all
In horrid service; yet, may such fate fall
From steep Olympus on my loathed head,
Or fair-chair'd Phœbe strike me instant dead,
That I may undergo the gloomy shore
To visit great Ulysses' soul, before
I soothe my idle blood and wed a worse.
And yet, beneath how desperate a curse
Do I live now! It is an ill that may
Be well endured, to mourn the whole long day,
So night's sweet sleeps, that make a man forget
Both bad and good, in some degree would let
My thoughts leave grieving; but, both day and night,
Some cruel God gives my sad memory sight.

119 *Infortunes*—misfortunes, (A. N.)

This night, methought, Ulysses graced my bed
In all the goodly state with which he led
The Grecian army; which gave joys extreme
To my distress, esteeming it no dream,
But true indeed; and that conceit I had,
That when I saw it false I might be mad.
Such cruel fates command in my life's guide."

By this the morning's orient dews had dyed
The earth in all her colours; when the King,
In his sweet sleep, supposed the sorrowing
That she used waking in her plaintive bed
To be her mourning, standing by his head,
As having known him there; who straight arose,
And did again within the hall dispose
The carpets and the cushions, where before
They served the seats. The hide without the door
He carried back, and then, with held-up hands,
He pray'd to Him that heaven and earth commands:

" O Father Jove, if through the moist and dry
You, willing, brought me home, when misery
Had punish'd me enough by your free dooms,
Let some of these within those inner rooms,
Startled with horror of some strange ostent,
Come here, and tell me that great Jove hath bent
Threat'nings without at some lewd men within."

To this his prayer Jove shook his sable chin,
And thunder'd from those pure clouds that, above
The breathing air, in bright Olympus move.
Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear it roar.
Report of which a woman miller bore
Straight to his ears; for near to him there ground
Mills for his corn, that twice six women found

Continual motion, grinding barley meal,
And wheat, man's marrow. Sleep the eyes did seal
Of all the other women, having done
Their usual task; which yet this dame alone
Had scarce given end to, being, of all the rest,
Least fit for labour. But when these sounds press'd
Her ears, above the rumbling of her mill,
She let that stand, look'd out, and heaven's steep hill
Saw clear and temperate; which made her (unware
Of giving any comfort to his care
In that strange sign he pray'd for) thus invoke:
"O King of men and Gods, a mighty stroke
Thy thundering hand laid on the cope of stars,
No cloud in all the air; and therefore wars
Thou bidst to some men in thy sure ostent!
Perform to me, poor wretch, the main event,
And make this day the last, and most extreme,
In which the Wooers' pride shall solace them
With whorish banquets in Ulysses' roof,
That, with sad toil to grind them meal enough,
Have quite dissolved my knees. Vouchsafe, then, now
Thy thunders may their latest feast foreshow."
This was the boon Ulysses begg'd of Jove,
Which, with his thunder, through his bosom drove
A joy, that this vaunt breath'd: "Why now these men,
Despite their pride, will Jove make pay me pain."
By this had other maids, than those that lay
Mix'd with the Wooers, made a fire like day
Amidst the hearth of the illustrious hall;
And then the Prince, like a Celestial,

[191] Viz. That some from within might issue, and witness in his hearing some wreakful ostent to his enemies from heaven.
CHAPMAN.

Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet tied
Fair shoes, his sword about his breast applied,
Took to his hand his sharp-piled lance, and met,
Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set
His haste at sudden stand; to whom he said:
"O, my loved nurse, with what grace have you laid
And fed my guest here? Could you so neglect
His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect
I give my mother's wisdom, I must yet
Affirm it fail'd in this; for she hath set
At much more price a man of much less worth,
Without his person's note, and yet casts forth
With ignominious hands, for his form sake,
A man much better." "Do not faulty make,
Good son, the faultless. He was given his seat
Close to her side, and food till he would eat,
Wine till his wish was served; for she required
His wants, and will'd him all things he desired;
Commanded her chief maids to make his bed,
But he, as one whom sorrow only fed
And all infortune, would not take his rest
In bed, and coverings fit for any guest,
But in the entry, on an ox's hide
Never at tanner's, his old limbs implied,
In warm sheep-fells; yet over all we cast
A mantle, fitting for a man more graced."
He took her answer, left the house, and went,
Attended with his dogs, to sift th' event
Of private plots, betwixt him and his sire
In common counsel. Then the crew entire

[215] *Required*—sought, enquired.
[219] *Infortune.*—Suprà, 119.

Of all the household maids Euryclea bad
Bestir them through the house, and see it clad
In all best form; gave all their parts; and one
She set to furnish every seat and throne
With needleworks, and purple clothes of state;
Another set to scour and cleanse the plate;
Another all the tables to make proud
With porous sponges; others she bestow'd
In all speed to the spring, to fetch from thence
Fit store of water; all at all expence
Of pains she will'd to be; for this to all
Should be a day of common festival,
And not a Wooer now should seek his home,
Elsewhere than there, but all were bid to come
Exceeding early, and be raised to heaven
With all the entertainment could be given.
They heard with greedy ears, and everything
Put straight in practice. Twenty to the spring
Made speed for water; many in the house
Took pains; and all were both laborious
And skill'd in labour; many fell to fell
And cleave their wood; and all did more than well.
Then troop'd the lusty Wooers in; and then
Came all from spring; at their heels loaded men
With slaughter'd brawns, of all the herd the prize,
That had been long fed up in several styes;
Eumæus and his men convey'd them there.
He, seeing now the king, began to cheer,
And thus saluted him: "How now, my guest?
Have yet your virtues found more interest

235 *Proud*—the sense is obvious, though the use would seem somewhat singular.

In these great Wooers' good respects? Or still
Pursue they you with all their wonted ill?"
"I would to heaven, Eumæus," he replied,
"The Deities once would take in hand their pride,
That such unseemly fashions put in frame
In others' roofs, as show no spark of shame."
Thus these; and to these came Melanthius,
Great guardian of the most egregious
Rich Wooers' herds, consisting all of goats;
Which he, with two more, drave, and made their cotes
The sounding porticos of that fair court.
Melanthius, seeing the king, this former sort
Of upland language gave: "What? Still stay here,
And dull these Wooers with thy wretched cheer?
Not gone for ever yet? Why now I see
This strife of cuffs betwixt the beggary,
That yesterday assay'd to get thee gone,
And thy more roguery, needs will fall upon
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence
Till I set on thee; thy ragg'd impudence
Is so fast footed. Are there not beside
Other great banquetants, but you must ride
At anchor still with us?" He nothing said,
But thought of ill enough, and shook his head.
Then came Philœtius, a chief of men,
That to the Wooers' all-devouring den
A barren steer drave, and fat goats; for they
In custom were with traffickers by sea,
That who they would sent, and had utterance there.
And for these likewise the fair porches were
Hurdles and sheep-pens, as in any fair.
Philœtius took note in his repair

Of seen Ulysses, being a man as well
Given to his mind's use as to buy and sell,
Or do the drudgery that the blood desired,
And, standing near Eumæus, this enquired:
" What guest is this that makes our house of late
His entertainer? Whence claims he the state
His birth in this life holds? What nation?
What race? What country stands his speech upon?
O'er hardly portion'd by the terrible Fates.
The structure of his lineaments relates
A king's resemblance in his pomp of reign
Even thus in these rags. But poor erring men,
That have no firm home, but range here and there
As need compels, God keeps in this earth's sphere,
As under water, and this tune he sings,
When he is spinning even the cares of kings."
Thus coming to him, with a kind of fear
He took his hand, and, touch'd exceeding near
With mere imagination of his worth,
This salutation he sent loudly forth:
" Health! Father stranger! In another world
Be rich and happy, though thou here art hurl'd
At feet of never such insulting Need.
O Jove, there lives no one God of thy seed
More ill to man than thou. Thou tak'st no ruth—
When thou thyself hast got him in most truth—
To wrap him in the straits of most distress,
And in the curse of others' wickedness.
My brows have swet to see it, and mine eyes
Broke all in tears, when this being still the guise
Of worthiest men, I have but only thought,
That down to these ills was Ulysses wrought,

And that, thus clad, even he is error-driven,
If yet he lives and sees the light of heaven.
But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,
O me! O good Ulysses! That my weal
Did ever wish, and when, but half a man
Amongst the people Cephallenian,
His bounty to his oxen's charge preferr'd
One in that youth; which now is grown a herd
Unspeakable for number, and feed there
With their broad heads, as thick as of his ear
A field of corn is to a man. Yet these
Some men advise me that this noted prease
Of Wooers may devour, and wish me drive
Up to their feasts with them, that neither give
His son respect, though in his own free roof,
Nor have the wit to fear th' infallible proof
Of Heavenly vengeance, but make offer now
The long-lack'd King's possessions to bestow
In their self-shares. Methinks the mind in me
Doth turn as fast, as in a flood or sea
A raging whirlpit doth, to gather in
To fishy death those swimmers in their sin;
Or feeds a motion as circular
To drive my herds away. But while the son
Bears up with life, 'twere heinous wrong to run
To other people with them, and to trust
Men of another earth. And yet more just
It were to venture their laws, the main right
Made still their masters, than at home lose quite
Their right and them, and sit and grieve to see

323 *Error-driven*—driven wandering.
334 *Advise*—notify, warn. Still used in commercial language.

The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttony.
And I had long since fled, and tried th' event
With other proud kings, since more insolent
These are than can be borne, but that even still
I had a hope that this, though born to ill,
Would one day come from some coast, and their last
In his roofs strew with ruins red and vast."
" Herdsman," said he, " because thou art in show
Nor lewd nor indiscreet, and that I know
There rules in thee an understanding soul,
I'll take an oath, that in thee shall control
All doubt of what I swear: Be witness, Jove,
That sway'st the first seat of the throned above,
This hospitable table, and this house,
That still hold title for the strenuous
Son of Laertes, that, if so you please,
Your eyes shall witness Laertiades
Arrived at home, and all these men that reign
In such excesses here shall here lie slain!"
He answer'd: "Stranger! Would just Jove would sign
What you have sworn! In your eyes beams should shine
What powers I manage, and how these my hands
Would rise and follow where he first commands."
So said Eumæus, praying all the Sky
That wise Ulysses might arrive and try.
Thus while they vow'd, the Wooers sat as hard
On his son's death, but had their counsels scar'd,
For on their left hand did an eagle soar,
And in her seres a fearful pigeon bore.
Which seen, Amphinomus presaged: " O friends,
Our counsels never will receive their ends
In this man's slaughter. Let us therefore ply

Our bloody feast, and make his oxen die."
  Thus came they in, cast off on seats their cloaks,
And fell to giving sacrificing strokes
Of sheep and goats, the chiefly fat and great,
Slew fed-up swine, and from the herd a neat.
  The inwards roasted they disposed betwixt
Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.
  The bowls Eumæus brought, Philœtius bread,
Melanthius fill'd the wine. Thus drank and fed
The feastful Wooers. Then the prince, in grace
Of his close project, did his father place
Amidst the paved entry, in a seat
Seemless and abject, a small board and meat
Of th' only inwards; in a cup of gold
Yet sent him wine, and bade him now drink bold,
All his approaches he himself would free
'Gainst all the Wooers, since he would not see
His court made popular, but that his sire
Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire
Blown in the Wooers' spleens he bade suppress,
And that in hands nor words they should digress
From that set peace his speech did then proclaim.
They bit their lips and wonder'd at his aim
In that brave language; when Antinous said:
" Though this speech, Grecians, be a mere upbraid,
Yet this time give it pass. The will of Jove
Forbids the violence of our hands to move,
But of our tongues we keep the motion free,
And, therefore, if his further jollity
Tempt our encounter with his braves, let's check
His growing insolence, though pride to speak

402 *Made popular*—given up to the public.

Fly passing high with him." The wise prince made
No more spring of his speech, but let it fade.
And now the heralds bore about the town
The sacred hecatomb; to whose renown
The fair-hair'd Greeks assembled, and beneath
Apollo's shady wood the holy death
They put to fire; which, made enough, they drew,
Divided all, that did in th' end accrue
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were
Disposers of the feast did equal cheer
Bestow on wretched Laertiades,
With all the Wooers' souls; it so did please
Telemachus to charge them. And for these
Minerva would not see the malices
The Wooers bore too much contain'd, that so
Ulysses' moved heart yet might higher flow
In wreakful anguish. There was wooing there,
Amongst the rest, a gallant that did bear
The name of one well-learn'd in jests profane,
His name Ctesippus, born a Samian;
Who, proud because his father was so rich,
Had so much confidence as did bewitch
His heart with hope to wed Ulysses' wife;
And this man said: "Hear me, my lords, in strife
For this great widow. This her guest did share
Even feast with us, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it; for 'tis not good
Nor equal to deprive guests of their food,
And specially whatever guest makes way
To that house where Telemachus doth sway;
And therefore I will add to his receipt
A gift of very hospitable weight,

Which he may give again to any maid
That bathes his grave feet, and her pains see paid,
Or any servant else that the divine
Ulysses' lofty battlements confine."
  Thus snatch'd he with a valiant hand, from out
The poor folks' common basket, a neat's foot,
And threw it at Ulysses; who his head
Shrunk quietly aside, and let it shed
His malice on the wall; the suffering man
A laughter raising most Sardinian,
With scorn and wrath mix'd, at the Samian.
Whom thus the prince reproved: "Your valour wan
Much grace, Ctesippus, and hath eased your mind
With mighty profit, yet you see it find
No mark it aimed at; the poor stranger's part
Himself made good enough, to 'scape your dart.
But should I serve thee worthily, my lance
Should strike thy heart through, and, in place t'advance
Thyself in nuptials with his wealth, thy sire
Should make thy tomb here; that the foolish fire
Of all such valours may not dare to show
These foul indecencies to me. I now
Have years to understand my strength, and know
The good and bad of things, and am no more
At your large suff'rance, to behold my store
Consumed with patience, see my cattle slain,
My wine exhausted, and my bread in vain
Spent on your license; for to one then young
So many enemies were match too strong.

457 *Sardinian.*—A *Sardinian*, or *sardonic*, laugh; from *σαρδόνιον* a plant of Sardinia, which was said to distort the face of the eater. The reading, however, is generally *σαρδάνιον*, from *σαίρω*, to grin like a dog, show the teeth.

But let me never more be witness to
Your hostile minds, nor those base deeds ye do;
For, should ye kill me in my offer'd wreak,
I wish it rather, and my death would speak
Much more good of me, than to live and see
Indignity upon indignity,
My guests provoked with bitter words and blows,
My women servants dragg'd about my house
To lust and rapture." This made silence seize
The house throughout; till Damastorides
At length the calm brake, and said: " Friend, forbear
To give a just speech a disdainful ear;
The guest no more touch, nor no servant here.
Myself will to the Prince and Queen commend
A motion grateful, if they please to lend
Grateful receipt. As long as any hope
Left wise Ulysses any passage ope
To his return in our conceits, so long
The Queen's delays to our demands stood strong
In cause and reason, and our quarrels thus
With guests, the Queen, or her Telemachus,
Set never foot amongst our liberal feast;
For should the King return, though thought deceas'd,
It had been gain to us, in finding him,
To lose his wife. But now, since nothing dim
The days break out that show he never more
Shall reach the dear touch of his country shore,
Sit by your mother, in persuasion
That now it stands her honour much upon
To choose the best of us, and, who gives most,
To go with him home. For so, all things lost
In sticking on our haunt so, you shall clear

Recover in our no more concourse here,
Possess your birth-right wholly, eat and drink,
And never more on our disgraces think."
" By Jove, no, Agelaus! For I swear
By all my father's sorrows, who doth err
Far off from Ithaca, or rests in death,
I am so far from spending but my breath
To make my mother any more defer
Her wished nuptials, that I'll counsel her
To make her free choice; and besides will give
Large gifts to move her. But I fear to drive
Or charge her hence; for God will not give way
To any such course, if I should assay."
At this, Minerva made for foolish joy
The Wooers mad, and roused their late annoy
To such a laughter as would never down.
They laugh'd with others' cheeks, ate meat o'erflown
With their own bloods, their eyes stood full of tears
For violent joys; their souls yet thought of fears,
Which Theoclymenus express'd, and said:
" O wretches! Why sustain ye, well apaid,
Your imminent ill? A night, with which Death sees,
Your heads and faces hides beneath your knees;
Shrieks burn about you; your eyes thrust out tears;
These fixed walls, and that main beam that bears
The whole house up, in bloody torrents fall;
The entry full of ghosts stands; full the hall
Of passengers to hell; and under all
The dismal shades; the sun sinks from the poles;
And troubled air pours bane about your souls."
They sweetly laugh'd at this. Eurymachus
To mocks disposed, and said: " This new-come-t'-us

Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light
In th' open market-place; he thinks 'tis night
Within the house." "Eurymachus," said he,
" I will not ask for any guide of thee,
I both my feet enjoy, have ears and eyes,
And no mad soul within me; and with these
Will I go forth the doors, because I know
That imminent mischief must abide with you,
Which not a man of all the Wooers here
Shall fly or 'scape. Ye all too highly bear
Your uncurb'd heads. Impieties ye commit,
And every man affect with forms unfit."
This said, he left the house, and took his way
Home to Piræus; who, as free as day,
Was of his welcome. When the Wooers' eyes
Changed looks with one another, and, their guise
Of laughters still held on, still eased their breasts
Of will to set the Prince against his guests,
Affirming that of all the men alive
He worst luck had, and proved it worst to give
Guests entertainment; for he had one there
A wandering hunter out of provender,
An errant beggar every way, yet thought
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought
But wine and victuals, nor knew how to do,
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to,
But lived an idle burthen to the earth.
Another then stepp'd up, and would lay forth
His lips in prophecy, thus: " But, would he hear
His friends' persuasions, he should find it were
More profit for him to put both aboard
For the Sicilian people, that afford

These feet of men good price; and this would bring
Good means for better guests." These words made wing
To his ears idly, who had still his eye
Upon his father, looking fervently
When he would lay his long-withholding hand
On those proud Wooers. And, within command
Of all this speech that pass'd, Icarius' heir,
The wise Penelope, her royal chair
Had placed of purpose. Their high dinner then
With all-pleased palates these ridiculous men
Fell sweetly to, as joying they had slain
Such store of banquet. But there did not reign
A bitterer banquet-planet in all heaven
Than that which Pallas had to that day driven,
And, with her able friend now, meant t' appose,
Since they till then were in deserts so gross.

573 *These feet of men, &c.*—*ἀνδραποδισταί.*—CHAPMAN.

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Penelope proposeth now
To him that draws Ulysses' bow
Her instant nuptials. Ithacus
Eumæus and Philœtius
Gives charge for guarding of the gates;
And he his shaft shoots through the plates.

Another Argument.

Φῖ. The nuptial vow
And game rehears'd,
Drawn is the bow,
The steels are pierc'd.

PALLAS, the Goddess with the sparkling eyes,
Excites Penelope t' object the prize,
The bow and bright steels, to the Wooers' strength;
And here began the strife and blood at length.
She first ascended by a lofty stair
Her utmost chamber; of whose door her fair
And half transparent hand received the key,
Bright, brazen, bitted passing curiously,
And at it hung a knob of ivory.

And this did lead her where was strongly kept
The treasure royal; in whose store lay heap't
Gold, brass, and steel, engraven with infinite art;
The crooked bow, and arrowy quiver, part
Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were
Arrows a number, sharp and sighing gear.
The bow was given by kind Eurytides—
Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities—
To young Ulysses, when within the roof
Of wise Orsilochus their pass had proof
Of mutual meeting in Messena; where
Ulysses claim'd a debt, to whose pay were
The whole Messenian people bound, since they
From Ithaca had forced a wealthy prey
Of sheep and shepherds. In their ships they thrust
Three hundred sheep together; for whose just
And instant rendry old Laertes sent
Ulysses his ambassador, that went
A long way in the ambassy, yet then
Bore but the foremost prime of youngest men;
His father sending first to that affair
His gravest counsellors, and then his heir.
Iphitus made his way there, having lost
Twelve female horse, and mules, commended most
For use of burthen; which were after cause
Of death and fate to him; for, past all laws
Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,
Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion
Close by his house, though at that time his guest,
Respecting neither the apposed feast,
And hospitable table, that in love

[36] Hercules.

He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,
But, seizing first his mares, he after slew
His host himself. From those mares' search now grew
Ulysses known t' Iphitus; who that bow
At their encounter did in love bestow,
Which great Eurytus' hand had borne before,
(Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,
In his steep turrets, left it to his son.
Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,
And mighty lance. And thus began they there
Their fatal loves; for after never were
Their mutual tables to each other known,
Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had shown
Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,
Eurytus' son, who with that bow began
And ended love t' Ulysses; who so dear
A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear
In his black fleet that guest-rite to the war,
But, in fit memory of one so far
In his affection, brought it home, and kept
His treasure with it; where till now it slept.
And now the Queen of women had intent
To give it use, and therefore made ascent
Up all the stairs' height to the chamber door,
Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore
To such a close when both together went
It would resist the air in their consent.
The ring she took then, and did draw aside
A bar that ran within, and then implied
The key into the lock, which gave a sound,
The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground
A bull doth low, and make the valleys ring;

So loud the lock humm'd when it loosed the spring,
And ope the doors flew. In she went, along
The lofty chamber, that was boarded strong
With heart of oak, which many years ago
The architect did smooth and polish so
That now as then he made it freshly shine,
And tried the evenness of it with a line.
There stood in this room presses that enclosed
Robes odoriferous, by which reposed
The bow was upon pins; nor from it far
Hung the round quiver glittering like a star;
Both which her white extended hand took down.
Then sat she low, and made her lap a crown
Of both those relics, which she wept to see,
And cried quite out with loving memory
Of her dear lord; to whose worth paying then
Kind debts enow, she left, and, to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow,
And shaft-receiving quiver, that did flow
With arrows beating sighs up where they fell.
Then, with another chest, replete as well
With games won by the King, of steel and brass,
Her maids attended. Past whom making pass
To where her Wooers were, she made her stay
Amids the fair hall door, and kept the ray
Of her bright count'nance hid with veils so thin,
That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in;
Her maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake:
"Hear me, ye Wooers, that a pleasure take
To do me sorrow, and my house invade
To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
To serve your rapines; my lord long away,

And you allow'd no colour for your stay
But his still absence; striving who shall frame
Me for his wife; and, since 'tis made a game,
I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
For that great master-piece to which ye vow.
He that can draw it with least show to strive,
And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow drive,
Him will I follow, and this house forego
That nourish'd me a maid, now furnish'd so
With all things fit, and which I so esteem
That I shall still live in it in my dream."
This said, she made Eumæus give it them.
He took and laid it by, and wept for woe;
And like him wept Philœtius, when the bow
Of which his king was bearer he beheld.
Their tears Antinous' manhood much refell'd,
And said: "Ye rustic fools! that still each day
Your minds give over to this vain dismay,
Why weep ye, wretches, and the widow's eyes
Tempt with renew'd thought, that would otherwise
Depose her sorrows, since her lord is dead,
And tears are idle? Sit, and eat your bread,
Nor whisper more a word; or get ye gone,
And weep without doors. Let this bow alone
To our out-match'd contention. For I fear
The bow will scarce yield draught to any here;
Here no such man lives as Laertes' son
Amongst us all. I knew him; thought puts on
His look's sight now, methinks, though then a child."
Thus show'd his words doubt, yet his hopes instill'd
His strength the stretcher of Ulysses' string,
And his steels' piercer. But his shaft must sing

Through his pierced palate first; whom so he wrong'd
In his free roof, and made the rest ill-tongued
Against his virtues. Then the sacred heat
That spirited his son did further set
Their confidence on fire, and said: " O friends,
Jove hath bereft my wits. The Queen intends,
Though I must grant her wise, ere long to leave
Ulysses' court, and to her bed receive
Some other lord; yet, notwithstanding, I
Am forced to laugh, and set my pleasures high
Like one mad sick. But, Wooers, since ye have
An object for your trials now so brave,
As all the broad Achaian earth exceeds,
As sacred Pylos, as the Argive breeds,
As black Epirus, as Mycena's birth,
And as the more famed Ithacensian earth,
All which, yourselves well know, and oft have said—
For what need hath my mother of my aid
In her advancement?—tender no excuse
For least delay, nor too much time profuse
In stay to draw this bow, but draw it straight,
Shoot, and the steels pierce; make all see how slight
You make these poor bars to so rich a prize.
No eag'rer yet? Come on. My faculties
Shall try the bow's strength, and the pierced steel.
I will not for my reverend mother feel
The sorrows that I know will seize my heart,
To see her follow any, and depart
From her so long-held home; but first extend
The bow and arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am only to succeed my sire

156 *Profuse*—pour forth, waste. The verb is uncommon.

In guard of his games, and let none aspire
To their besides possession." This said,
His purple robe he cast off; by he laid
His well-edged sword; and, first, a several pit
He digg'd for every axe, and strengthen'd it
With earth close ramm'd about it; on a rew
Set them, of one height, by a line he drew
Along the whole twelve; and so orderly
Did every deed belonging (yet his eye
Never before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze rose all his lookers on.
Then stood he near the door, and proved to draw
The stubborn bow. Thrice tried, and thrice gave law
To his uncrown'd attempts; the fourth assay
With all force offering, which a sign gave stay
Given by his father; though he show'd a mind
As if he stood right heartily inclined
To perfect the exploit, when all was done
In only drift to set the Wooers on.
His weakness yet confess'd, he said: " O shame!
I either shall be ever of no name,
But prove a wretch; or else I am too young,
And must not now presume on powers so strong
As sinews yet more growing may engraft,
To turn a man quite over with a shaft.
Besides, to men whose nerves are best prepared,
All great adventures at first proof are hard.
But come, you stronger men, attempt this bow,
And let us end our labour." Thus, below
A well-join'd board he laid it, and close by
The brightly-headed shaft; then throned his thigh
Amidst his late-left seat. Antinous then

Bade all arise; but first, who did sustain
The cup's state ever, and did sacrifice
Before they ate still, and that man bade rise,
Since on the other's right hand he was placed,
Because he held the right hand's rising, graced
With best success still. This discretion won
Supreme applause; and first rose Œnops' son,
Liodes, that was priest to all the rest,
Sat lowest with the cup still, and their jest
Could never like, but ever was the man
That check'd their follies; and he now began
To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard,
And held aloft, and, till he quite had marr'd
His delicate tender fingers, could not stir
The churlish string; who therefore did refer
The game to others, saying, that same bow,
In his presage, would prove the overthrow
Of many a chief man there; nor thought the fate
Was any whit austere, since death's short date
Were much the better taken, than long life
Without the object of their amorous strife,
For whom they had burn'd out so many days
To find still other, nothing but delays
Obtaining in them; and affirm'd that now
Some hoped to have her, but when that tough bow
They all had tried, and seen the utmost done,
They must rest pleased to cease; and now some one
Of all their other fair-veil'd Grecian dames
With gifts, and dower, and Hymeneal flames,
Let her love light to him that most will give,

[211] *Taste.*—The old French verb *taster* (derived from the Teut. *tasten*) was to *handle, feel, touch*, to *try by the touch*.

And whom the nuptial destiny did drive."
  Thus laid he on the well-join'd polish'd board
The bow and bright-piled shaft, and then restored
His seat his right. To him Antinous
Gave bitter language, and reproved him thus:
  " What words, Liodes, pass thy speech's guard,
That 'tis a work to bear, and set so hard
They set up my disdain! This bow must end
The best of us? Since thy arms cannot lend
The string least motion? Thy mother's throes
Brought never forth thy arms to draught of bows,
Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw
The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law.
Melanthius! Light a fire, and set thereat
A chair and cushions, and that mass of fat
That lies within bring out, that we may set
Our pages to this bow, to see it het
And suppled with the suet, and then we
May give it draught, and pay this great decree
Utmost performance." He a mighty fire
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire
Command laid on him, chair and cushions set,
Laid on the bow, which straight the pages het,
Chafed, suppled with the suet to their most;
And still was all their unctuous labour lost,
All Wooers' strengths too indigent and poor
To draw that bow; Antinous' arms it tore,
And great Eurymachus', the both clear best,

[233] *Restored his seat his right.*—A quaint expression for returned to his seat. *His* right, i. e. *its*. The reader will bear in mind that the neuter possessive pronoun was not then in use.

[252] *Het.*—See Bk. IV. 48.

Yet both it tired, and made them glad to rest.
Forth then went both the swains, and after them
Divine Ulysses; when, being past th' extreme
Of all the gates, with winning words he tried
Their loves, and this ask'd: "Shall my counsels hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know
If suddenly Ulysses had his vow
Made good for home, and had some God to guide
His steps and strokes to wreak these Wooers' pride,
Would your aids join on his part, or with theirs?
How stand your hearts affected?" They made pray'rs
That some God would please to return their lord,
He then should see how far they would afford
Their lives for his. He, seeing their truth, replied:
"I am your lord, through many a sufferance tried,
Arrived now here, whom twenty years have held
From forth my country. Yet are not concealed
From my sure knowledge your desires to see
My safe return. Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but you
Mine ear hath witness'd willing to bestow
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.
I therefore vow, which shall be perfected,
That if God please beneath my hand to leave
These Wooers lifeless, ye shall both receive
Wives from that hand, and means, and near to me
Have houses built to you, and both shall be
As friends and brothers to my only son.
And, that ye well may know me, and be won
To that assurance, the infallible sign
The white-tooth'd boar gave, this mark'd knee of mine,
When in Parnassus he was held in chase

By me, and by my famous grandsire's race,
I'll let you see." Thus sever'd he his weed
From that his wound; and every word had deed
In their sure knowledges. Which made them cast
Their arms about him, his broad breast embraced,
His neck and shoulders kiss'd. And him as well
Did those true powers of human love compell
To kiss their heads and hands, and to their moan
Had sent the free light of the cheerful sun,
Had not Ulysses broke the ruth, and said:
" Cease tears and sorrows, lest we prove display'd
By some that issue from the house, and they
Relate to those within. Take each his way,
Not all together in, but one by one,
First I, then you; and then see this be done:
The envious Wooers will by no means give
The offer of the bow and arrow leave
To come at me; spite then their pride, do thou,
My good Eumæus, bring both shaft and bow
To my hand's proof; and charge the maids before,
That instantly they shut in every door,
That they themselves (if any tumult rise
Beneath my roofs by any that envies
My will to undertake the game) may gain
No passage forth, but close at work contain
With all free quiet, or at least constrain'd.
And therefore, my Philœtius, see maintain'd,
When close the gates are shut, their closure fast,
To which end be it thy sole work to cast
Their chains before them." This said, in he led,
Took first his seat; and then they seconded

[300] *Display'd.*—See Bk. v. 350.

His entry with their own. Then took in hand
Eurymachus the bow, made close his stand
Aside the fire, at whose heat here and there
He warm'd and suppled it, yet could not stere
To any draught the string, with all his art;
And therefore swell'd in him his glorious heart,
Affirming, "that himself and all his friends
Had cause to grieve, not only that their ends
They miss'd in marriage, since enough besides
Kind Grecian dames there lived to be their brides
In Ithaca, and other bordering towns,
But that to all times future their renowns
Would stand disparaged, if Ulysses' bow
They could not draw, and yet his wife would woo."
Antinous answer'd: "That there could ensue
No shame at all to them; for well he knew
That this day was kept holy to the Sun
By all the city, and there should be done
No such profane act, therefore bade lay by
The bow for that day; but the mastery
Of axes that were set up still might stand,
Since that no labour was, nor any hand
Would offer to invade Ulysses' house,
To take, or touch with surreptitious
Or violent hand, what there was left for use.
He, therefore, bade the cup-bearer infuse
Wine to the bowls, that so with sacrifice
They might let rest the shooting exercise,
And in the morning make Melanthius bring
The chief goats of his herd, that to the King
Of bows and archers they might burn the thighs

324 *Stere*—stir.

For good success, and then attempt the prize."
The rest sat pleased with this. The heralds straight
Pour'd water on their hands; each page did wait
With his crown'd cup of wine, served every man
Till all were satisfied. And then began
Ulysses' plot of his close purpose thus:
"Hear me, ye much renown'd Eurymachus,
And king Antinous, in chief, who well,
And with decorum sacred, doth compell
This day's observance, and to let lay down
The bow all this light, giving Gods their own.
The morning's labour God the more will bless,
And strength bestow where he himself shall please.
Against which time let me presume to pray
Your favours with the rest, that this assay
May my old arms prove, trying if there lie
In my poor powers the same activity
That long since crown'd them; or if needy fare
And desolate wand'ring have the web worn bare
Of my life's thread at all parts, that no more
Can furnish these affairs as heretofore."
This het their spleens past measure, blown with fear
Lest his loathed temples would the garland wear
Of that bow's draught; Antinous using speech
To this sour purpose: "Thou most arrant wretch
Of all guests breathing, in no least degree
Graced with a human soul, it serves not thee
To feast in peace with us, take equal share
Of what we reach to, sit, and all things hear
That we speak freely,—which no begging guest
Did ever yet,—but thou must make request

362 *All this light*—i. e. all to-day.

To mix with us in merit of the Queen.
But wine inflames thee, that hath ever been
The bane of men whoever yet would take
Th' excess it offers and the mean forsake.
Wine spoil'd the Centaur great Eurytion,
In guest-rites with the mighty-minded son
Of bold Ixion, in his way to war
Against the Lapithes; who, driven as far
As madness with the bold effects of wine,
Did outrage to his kind host, and decline
Other heroës from him feasted there
With so much anger that they left their cheer,
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court, slit his nose,
Cropp'd both his ears, and, in the ill-dispose
His mind then suffer'd, drew the fatal day
On his head with his host; for thence the fray
Betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithes
Had mortal act. But he for his excess
In spoil of wine fared worst himself; as thou
For thy large cups, if thy arms draw the bow,
My mind foretells shalt fear; for not a man
Of all our consort, that in wisdom can
Boast any fit share, will take prayers then,
But to Echetus, the most stern of men,
A black sail freight with thee, whose worst of ill,
Be sure, is past all ransom. Sit, then, still,
Drink temperately, and never more contend
With men your youngers." This the Queen did end
With her defence of him, and told his foe
It was not fair nor equal t' overcrow
The poorest guest her son pleased t' entertain

404 *Consort*—company.

In his free turrets with so proud a strain
Of threats and bravings; asking if he thought,
That if the stranger to his arms had brought
The stubborn bow down, he should marry her,
And bear her home? And said, himself should err
In no such hope; nor of them all the best
That grieved at any good she did her guest
Should banquet there; since it in no sort show'd
Noblesse in them, nor paid her what she ow'd
Her own free rule there. This Eurymachus
Confirm'd and said: "Nor feeds it hope in us,
Icarius' daughter, to solemnize rites
Of nuptials with thee; nor in noblest sights
It can show comely; but to our respects
The rumour both of sexes and of sects
Amongst the people would breed shame and fear,
Lest any worst Greek said: 'See, men that were
Of mean deservings will presume t' aspire
To his wife's bed, whom all men did admire
For fame and merit, could not draw his bow,
And yet his wife had foolish pride to woo,
When straight an errant beggar comes and draws
The bow with ease, performing all the laws
The game besides contain'd;' and this would thus
Prove both indignity and shame to us."
The Queen replied: "The fame of men, I see,
Bears much price in your great supposed degree;
Yet who can prove amongst the people great,
That of one so esteem'd of them the seat
Doth so defame and ruin? And beside,
With what right is this guest thus vilified
In your high censures, when the man in blood

Is well composed and great, his parents good?
And therefore give the bow to him, to try
His birth and breeding by his chivalry.
If his arms draw it, and that Phœbus stands
So great a glory to his strength, my hands
Shall add this guerdon: Every sort of weed,
A two-edged sword, and lance to keep him freed
From dogs and men hereafter, and dismiss
His worth to what place tends that heart of his."
  Her son gave answer: "That it was a wrong
To his free sway in all things that belong
To guard of that house, to demand the bow
Of any Wooer, and the use bestow
Upon the stranger; for the bow was his
To give or to withhold; no masteries
Of her proposing giving any power
T' impair his right in things for any Wooer,
Or any that rough Ithaca affords,
Any that Elis; of which no man's words
Nor powers should curb him, stood he so inclined,
To see the bow in absolute gift resign'd
To that his guest to bear and use at will,
And therefore bade his mother keep her still
Amongst her women at her rock and loom;
Bows were for men; and this bow did become
Past all men's his disposure, since his sire
Left it to him, and all the house entire."
  She stood dismay'd at this, and in her mind
His wise words laid up, standing so inclined
As he had will'd, with all her women going
Up to her chamber, there her tears bestowing,

446 Εὐπηγὴς, *bene compactus et coagmentatus.*—CHAPMAN.

As every night she did, on her loved lord,
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restored.
  The bow Eumæus took, and bore away;
Which up in tumult, and almost in fray,
Put all the Wooers, one enquiring thus:
  "Whither, rogue, abject, wilt thou bear from us
That bow proposed? Lay down, or I protest
Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
To guard thy swine; amongst whom, left of all,
Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
We now observe to Phœbus, may our zeals
Grace with his aid, and all the Deities else."
  This threat made good Eumæus yield the bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow
From such a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats, and said: "Set gone
That bow yet further; 'tis no servant's part
To serve too many masters; raise your heart
And bear it off, lest, though your younger, yet
With stones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I close, I shall prove too strong.
I wish as much too hard for all this throng
The Gods would make me, I should quickly send
Some after with just sorrow to their end,
They waste my victuals so, and ply my cup,
And do me such shrewd turns still." This put up
The Wooers all in laughters, and put down
Their angers to him, that so late were grown
So grave and bloody; which resolved that fear
Of good Eumæus, who did take and bear
The King the bow; call'd nurse, and bade her make
The doors all sure, that if men's tumults take

The ears of some within, they may not fly,
But keep at work still close and silently.
  These words put wings to her, and close she put
The chamber door. The court gates then were shut
By kind Philœtius, who straight did go
From out the hall, and in the portico
Found laid a gable of a ship, composed
Of spongy bulrushes; with which he closed,
In winding round about them, the court gates,
Then took his place again, to view the fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw
Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw,
The famous bow, which every way he moved,
Up and down turning it; in which he proved
The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
The horns were eat with worms in so long rest.
But what his thoughts intended turning so,
And keeping such a search about the bow,
The Wooers little knowing fell to jest,
And said: "Past doubt he is a man profess'd
In bowyers' craft, and sees quite through the wood;
Or something, certain, to be understood
There is in this his turning of it still.
A cunning rogue he is at any ill."
  Then spake another proud one: "Would to heaven,
I might, at will, get gold till he hath given
That bow his draught!" With these sharp jests did these
Delightsome Woo'rs their fatal humours please.
But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,

In tuning of his instrument, extend
A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
To every well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,
Struck all together; with such ease drew round
The King the bow. Then twang'd he up the string,
That as a swallow in the air doth sing
With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;
So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
Amazed the Wooers, that their colours went
And came most grievously. And then Jove rent
The air with thunder; which at heart did cheer
The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
That Jove again would his attempt enable.
Then took he into hand, from off the table,
The first drawn arrow; and a number more
Spent shortly on the Wooers; but this one
He measured by his arm, as if not known
The length were to him, knock'd it then, and drew;
And through the axes, at the first hole, flew
The steel-charged arrow; which when he had done
He thus bespake the Prince: "You have not won
Disgrace yet by your guest; for I have strook
The mark I shot at, and no such toil took
In wearying the bow with fat and fire
As did the Wooers. Yet reserved entire,
Thank Heaven, my strength is, and myself am tried,
No man to be so basely vilified
As these men pleased to think me. But, free way
Take that, and all their pleasures; and while day
Holds her torch to you, and the hour of feast

Hath now full date, give banquet, and the rest,
Poem and harp, that grace a well-fill'd board."
This said, he beckon'd to his son; whose sword
He straight girt to him, took to hand his lance,
And complete arm'd did to his sire advance.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

The Wooers in Minerva's sight
Slain by Ulysses; all the light
And lustful housewives by his son
And servants are to slaughter done.

Another Argument.

Xĩ. The end of pride,
And lawless lust,
Is wretched tried
With slaughters just.

THE upper rags that wise Ulysses wore
Cast off, he rusheth to the great hall door
With bow and quiver full of shafts, which down
He pour'd before his feet, and thus made known
His true state to the Wooers: "This strife thus
Hath harmless been decided; now for us
There rests another mark, more hard to hit,
And such as never man before hath smit;
Whose full point likewise my hands shall assay,
And try if Phœbus will give me his day."
He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
Right at Antinous, that struck him just

As he was lifting up the bowl, to show
That 'twixt the cup and lip much ill may grow.
Death touch'd not at his thoughts at feast; for who
Would think that he alone could perish so
Amongst so many, and he best of all?
The arrow in his throat took full his fall,
And thrust his head far through the other side.
Down fell his cup, down he, down all his pride;
Straight from his nostrils gush'd the human gore;
And, as he fell, his feet far overbore
The feastful table; all the roast and bread
About the house strew'd. When his high-born head
The rest beheld so low, up rush'd they all,
And ransack'd every corner of the hall
For shields and darts; but all fled far their reach.
Then fell they foul on him with terrible speech,
And told him it should prove the dearest shaft
That ever pass'd him; and that now was saft
No shift for him, but sure and sudden death;
For he had slain a man, whose like did breathe
In no part of the kingdom; and that now
He should no more for games strive with his bow,
But vultures eat him there. These threats they spent,
Yet every man believed that stern event
Chanced 'gainst the author's will. O fools, to think
That all their rest had any cup to drink
But what their great Antinous began!

He, frowning, said: "Dogs, see in me the man
Ye all held dead at Troy. My house it is
That thus ye spoil, and thus your luxuries
File with my womens' rapes; in which ye woo
The wife of one that lives, and no thought show

Of man's fit fear, or God's, your present fame,
Or any fair sense of your future name;
And, therefore, present and eternal death
Shall end your base life." This made fresh fears breathe
Their former boldness. Every man had eye
On all the means, and studied ways to fly
So deep deaths imminent. But seeing none,
Eurymachus began with suppliant moan
To move his pity, saying: " If you be
This isle's Ulysses, we must all agree,
In grant of your reproof's integrity,
The Greeks have done you many a wrong at home,
At field as many. But of all the sum
Lies here contract in death; for only he
Imposed the whole ill-offices that we
Are now made guilty of, and not so much
Sought his endeavours, or in thought did touch
At any nuptials, but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces; for to be our king
Was his chief object; his sole plot it was
To kill your son, which Jove's hand would not pass,
But set it to his own most merited end.
In which end your just anger, nor extend
Your stern wreak further; spend your royal powers
In mild ruth of your people; we are yours;
And whatsoever waste of wine or food
Our liberties have made, we'll make all good
In restitutions. Call a court, and pass
A fine of twenty oxen, gold, and brass,
On every head, and raise your most rates still,
Till you are pleased with your confessed fill.
Which if we fail to tender, all your wrath

It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe."
" Eurymachus," said he, " if you would give
All that your fathers' hoard, to make ye live,
And all that ever you yourselves possess,
Or shall by any industry increase,
I would not cease from slaughter, till your bloods
Had bought out your intemperance in my goods.
It rests now for you that you either fight
That will 'scape death, or make your way by flight.
In whose best choice, my thoughts conceive, not one
Shall shun the death your first hath undergone."
This quite dissolved their knees. Eurymachus,
Enforcing all their fears, yet counsell'd thus:
" O friends! This man, now he hath got the bow
And quiver by him, ever will bestow
His most inaccessible hands at us,
And never leave, if we avoid him thus,
Till he hath strewn the pavement with us all;
And, therefore, join we swords, and on him fall
With tables forced up, and borne in opposed
Against his sharp shafts; when, being round enclosed
By all our onsets, we shall either take
His horrid person, or for safety make
His rage retire from out the hall and gates;
And then, if he escape, we'll make our states
Known to the city by our general cry.
And thus this man shall let his last shaft fly
That ever this hand vaunted." Thus he drew
His sharp-edged sword; and with a table flew
In on Ulysses, with a terrible throat
His fierce charge urging. But Ulysses smote
The board, and cleft it through from end to end

Borne at his breast, and made his shaft extend
His sharp head to his liver, his broad breast
Pierced at his nipple; when his hand releast
Forthwith his sword, that fell and kiss'd the ground,
With cups and victuals lying scatter'd round
About the pavement; amongst which his brow
Knock'd the imbrued earth, while in pains did flow
His vital spirits, till his heels shook out
His feastful life, and hurled a throne about
That way-laid death's convulsions in his feet;
When from his tender eyes the light did fleet.
  Then charged Amphinomus with his drawn blade
The glorious king, in purpose to have made
His feet forsake the house; but his assay
The prince prevented, and his lance gave way
Quite through his shoulder, at his back; his breast
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruin prest
Groans from the pavement, which his forehead strook.
  Telemachus his long lance then forsook—
Left in Amphinomus—and to his sire
Made fiery pass, not staying to acquire
His lance again, in doubt that, while he drew
The fixed pile, some other might renew
Fierce charge upon him, and his unharm'd head
Cleave with his back-drawn sword; for which he fled
Close to his father, bade him arm, and he
Would bring him shield and javelins instantly,
His own head arming, more arms laying by
To serve the swine-herd and the oxen-herd.
Valour well arm'd is ever most preferr'd.
  "Run then," said he, "and come before the last
Of these auxiliary shafts are past,

For fear, lest, left alone, they force my stand
From forth the ports." He flew, and brought to hand
Eight darts, four shields, four helms. His own parts then
First put in arms, he furnish'd both his men,
That to their king stood close; but he, as long
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong
For all the Wooers, and some one man still
He made make even with earth, till all a hill
Had raised in th' even-floor'd hall. His last shaft spent,
He set his bow against a beam, and went
To arm at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the Wooers, who, unarm'd, could be
No great assailants. In the well-built wall
A window was thrust out, at end of all
The house's entry; on whose utter side
There lay a way to town, and in it wide
And two-leaved folds were forged, that gave fit mean
For flyers out; and, therefore, at it then
Ulysses placed Eumæus in close guard;
One only pass ope to it, which (prepared
In this sort by Ulysses 'gainst all pass)
By Agelaus' tardy memory was
In question call'd, who bade some one ascend
At such a window, and bring straight to friend
The city with his clamour, that this man
Might quickly shoot his last. "This no one can
Make safe access to," said Melanthius,
"For 'tis too near the hall's fair doors, whence thus
The man afflicts ye; for from thence there lies
But one strait passage to it, that denies
Access to all, if any one man stand,
Being one of courage, and will countermand

Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you arms, from where the King doth lay
His whole munition; and believe there is
No other place to all the armories
Both of himself and son." This said, a pair
Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair
Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as many casques
With horsehair plumes; and set to bitter tasks
Both son and sire. Then shrunk Ulysses' knees,
And his loved heart, when thus in arms he sees
So many Wooers, and their shaken darts;
For then the work show'd as it ask'd more parts
To safe performance, and he told his son
That or Melanthius or his maids had done
A deed that foul war to their hands conferr'd.
" O father," he replied, " 'tis I have err'd
In this caused labour; I, and none but I,
That left the door ope of your armoury.
But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye
On that important place. Eumæus! Haste
And shut the door, observing who hath pass'd
To this false action; any maid, or one
That I suspect more, which is Dolius' son."
While these spake thus, Melanthius went again
For more fair arms; whom the renowned swain
Eumæus saw, and told Ulysses straight
It was the hateful man that his conceit
Before suspected, who had done that ill;
And, being again there, ask'd if he should kill,
If his power served, or he should bring the swain
To him, t' inflict on him a several pain
For every forfeit he had made his house.

He answer'd: "I and my Telemachus
Will here contain these proud ones in despite,
How much soever these stolen arms excite
Their guilty courages, while you two take
Possession of the chamber. The doors make
Sure at your back, and then, surprising him,
His feet and hands bind, wrapping every limb
In pliant chains; and with a halter cast
Above the wind-beam—at himself made fast—
Aloft the column draw him; where alive
He long may hang, and pains enough deprive
His vexed life before his death succeed."
This charge, soon heard, as soon they put to deed,
Stole on his stealth, and at the further end
Of all the chamber saw him busily bend
His hands to more arms, when they, still at door,
Watch'd his return. At last he came, and bore
In one hand a fair helm, in th' other held
A broad and ancient rusty-rested shield,
That old Laertes in his youth had worn,
Of which the cheek-bands had with age been torn.
They rush'd upon him, caught him by the hair,
And dragg'd him in again; whom, crying out,
They cast upon the pavement, wrapp'd about
With sure and pinching cords both foot and hand,
And then, in full act of their King's command,
A pliant chain bestow'd on him, and haled
His body up the column, till he scaled
The highest wind-beam; where made firmly fast,
Eumæus on his just infliction pass'd
This pleasurable cavil: "Now you may
All night keep watch here, and the earliest day

Discern, being hung so high, to rouse from rest
Your dainty cattle to the Wooers' feast.
There, as befits a man of means so fair,
Soft may you sleep, nought under you but air;
And so long hang you." Thus they left him there,
Made fast the door, and with Ulysses were
All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,
Their minds fire breathed in flames against their foes,
Four in th' entry fighting all alone;
When from the hall charged many a mighty one.
But to them then Jove's seed, Minerva, came,
Reśembling Mentor both in voice and frame
Of manly person. Passing well apaid
Ulysses was, and said: " Now, Mentor, aid
'Gainst these odd mischiefs; call to memory now
My often good to thee, and that we two
Of one year's life are." Thus he said, but thought
It was Minerva, that had ever brought
To her side safety. On the other part,
The Wooers threaten'd; but the chief in heart
Was Agelaus, who to Mentor spake:
" Mentor! Let no words of Ulysses make
Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side
'Gainst all us Wooers; for we firm abide
In this persuasion, that when sire and son
Our swords have slain, thy life is sure to run
One fortune with them. What strange acts hast thou
Conceit to form here? Thy head must bestow
The wreak of theirs on us. And when thy powers
Are taken down by these fierce steels of ours,
All thy possessions, in doors and without,
Must raise on heap with his; and all thy rout

Of sons and daughters in thy turrets bleed
Wreak offerings to us; and our town stand freed
Of all charge with thy wife." Minerva's heart
Was fired with these braves, the approved desert
Of her Ulysses chiding, saying: "No more
Thy force nor fortitude as heretofore
Will gain thee glory; when nine years at Troy
White-wristed Helen's rescue did employ
Thy arms and wisdom, still and ever used
The bloods of thousands through the field diffused
By thy vast valour; Priam's broad-way'd town
By thy grave parts was sack'd and overthrown;
And now, amongst thy people and thy goods,
Against the Wooers' base and petulant bloods
Stint'st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here
Than manly fighting? Come, friend, stand we near,
And note my labour, that thou may'st discern
Amongst thy foes how Mentor's nerves will earn
All thy old bounties." This she spake, but stay'd
Her hand from giving each-way-often-sway'd
Uncertain conquest to his certain use,
But still would try what self-powers would produce
Both in the father and the glorious son.
Then on the wind-beam that along did run
The smoky roof, transform'd, Minerva sat,
Like to a swallow; sometimes cuffing at
The swords and lances, rushing from her seat,
And up and down the troubled house did beat
Her wing at every motion. And as she
Had roused Ulysses; so the enemy
Damastor's son excited, Polybus,
Amphinomus, and Demoptolemus,

Eurynomus, and Polyctorides;
For these were men that of the wooing prease
Were most egregious, and the clearly best
In strength of hand of all the desperate rest
That yet survived, and now fought for their souls;
Which straight swift arrows sent among the fowls.
But first, Damastor's son had more spare breath
To spend on their excitements ere his death,
And said: That now Ulysses would forbear
His dismal hand, since Mentor's spirit was there,
And blew vain vaunts about Ulysses' ears;
In whose trust he would cease his massacres,
Rest him, and put his friend's huge boasts in proof;
And so was he beneath the entry's roof
Left with Telemachus, and th' other two.
"At whom," said he, "discharge no darts, but throw
All at Ulysses, rousing his faint rest;
Whom if we slaughter, by our interest
In Jove's assistance, all the rest may yield
Our powers no care, when he strews once the field."
As he then will'd, they all at randon threw
Where they supposed he rested; and then flew
Minerva after every dart, and made
Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade,
Some beat the doors, and all acts render'd vain
Their grave steel offer'd. Which escaped, again
Came on Ulysses, saying: "O that we
The Wooers' troop with our joint archery
Might so assail, that where their spirits dream
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them!"

306 *Fowls.*—The folio has *Fouls*, doubtless for *fowls*, alluding to Minerva's likeness of a swallow. It is needless to say that it is not in the original.

Thus the much-sufferer said; and all let fly,
When every man struck dead his enemy.
Ulysses slaughter'd Demoptolemus.
Euryades by young Telemachus
His death encounter'd. Good Eumæus slew
Elatus. And Philœtius overthrew
Pisander. All which tore the paved floor
Up with their teeth. The rest retired before
Their second charge to inner rooms; and then
Ulysses follow'd; from the slaughter'd men
Their darts first drawing. While which work was done,
The Wooers threw with huge contention
To kill them all; when with her swallow wing
Minerva cuff'd, and made their javelins ring
Against the doors and thresholds, as before.
Some yet did graze upon their marks. One tore
The prince's wrist, which was Amphimedon,
Th' extreme part of the skin but touch'd upon.
Ctesippus over good Eumæus' shield
His shoulder's top did taint; which yet did yield
The lance free pass, and gave his hurt the ground.
Again then charged the Wooers, and girt round
Ulysses with their lances; who turn'd head,
And with his javelin struck Eurydamas dead.
Telemachus dislived Amphimedon;
Eumæus, Polybus; Philœtius won
Ctesippus' bosom with his dart, and said,
In quittance of the jester's part he play'd,
The neat's foot hurling at Ulysses: "Now,
Great son of Polytherses, you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts, and love to wound
The heart of any with a jest, so crown'd

355 *Dislived*—i. e. deprived of life.

Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding
To fools in folly, but your glory building
On putting down in fooling, spitting forth
Puff'd words at all sorts, cease to scoff at worth,
And leave revenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits bear the sharper edge by odds;
And, in the mean time, take the dart I drave,
For that right hospitable foot you gave
Divine Ulysses, begging but his own."
Thus spake the black-ox-herdsman; and straight down
Ulysses struck another with his dart—
Damastor's son. Telemachus did part,
Just in the midst, the belly of the fair
Evenor's son; his fierce pile taking air
Out at his back. Flat fell he on his face,
His whole brows knocking, and did mark the place.
And now man-slaughtering Pallas took in hand
Her snake-fring'd shield, and on that beam took stand
In her true form, where swallow-like she sat.
And then, in this way of the house and that,
The Wooers, wounded at the heart with fear,
Fled the encounter; as in pastures where
Fat herds of oxen feed, about the field
(As if wild madness their instincts impell'd)
The high-fed bullocks fly, whom in the spring,
When days are long, gad-bees or breezes sting.
Ulysses and his son the flyers chased,
As when, with crooked beaks and seres, a cast
Of hill-bred eagles, cast off at some game,
That yet their strengths keep, but, put up, in flame
The eagle stoops; from which, along the field
The poor fowls make wing, this and that way yield

Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds assay
For 'scape or shelter, their forlorn dismay
All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to carry
Their bodies forth, and, truss'd up, to the quarry
Their falconers ride in, and rejoice to see
Their hawks perform a flight so fervently;
So, in their flight, Ulysses with his heir
Did stoop and cuff the Wooers, that the air
Broke in vast sighs, whose heads they shot and cleft,
The pavement boiling with the souls they reft.
Liodes, running to Ulysses, took
His knees, and thus did on his name invoke:
" Ulysses! Let me pray thee to my place
Afford the reverence, and to me the grace,
That never did or said, to any dame
Thy court contain'd, or deed, or word to blame;
But others so affected I have made
Lay down their insolence; and, if the trade
They kept with wickedness have made them still
Despise my speech, and use their wonted ill,
They have their penance by the stroke of death,
Which their desert divinely warranteth.
But I am priest amongst them, and shall I
That nought have done worth death amongst them die?
From thee this proverb then will men derive:
Good turns do never their mere deeds survive."
He, bending his displeased forehead, said:
" If you be priest among them, as you plead,
Yet you would marry, and with my wife too,
And have descent by her. For all that woo
Wish to obtain, which they should never do
Dames' husbands living. You must therefore pray

Of force, and oft in Court here, that the day
Of my return for home might never shine ;
The death to me wish'd, therefore, shall be thine."
  This said, he took a sword up that was cast
From Agelaus, having struck his last,
And on the priest's mid neck he laid a stroke
That struck his head off, tumbling as he spoke.
  Then did the poet Phemius (whose surname
Was call'd Terpiades ; who thither came
Forced by the Wooers) fly death ; but being near
The court's great gate, he stood, and parted there
In two his counsels ; either to remove
And take the altar of Herceian Jove
(Made sacred to him, with a world of art
Engraven about it, where were wont t' impart
Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh
Of broad-brow'd oxen to the Deity)
Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,
And pray his ruth. The last was the decree
His choice resolved on. 'Twixt the royal throne
And that fair table that the bowl stood on
With which they sacrificed, his harp he laid
Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd, and said :
  " Ulysses ! Let my prayers obtain of thee
My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me !
It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain
A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.
I of myself am taught, for God alone
All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown,
And I, as to a God, will sing to thee ;
Then do not thou deal like the priest with me.
Thine own loved son Telemachus will say,

That not to beg here, nor with willing way
Was my access to thy high court address'd,
To give the Wooers my song after feast,
But, being many, and so much more strong,
They forced me hither, and compell'd my song."
  This did the prince's sacred virtue hear,
And to the King, his father, said: "Forbear
To mix the guiltless with the guilty's blood.
And with him likewise let our mercies save
Medon the herald, that did still behave
Himself with care of my good from a child,
If by Eumæus yet he be not kill'd,
Or by Philœtius, nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the house it swet."
  This Medon heard, as lying hid beneath
A throne set near, half dead with fear of death;
A new-flay'd ox-hide, as but there thrown by,
His serious shroud made, he lying there to fly.
But hearing this he quickly left the throne,
His ox-hide cast as quickly, and as soon
The prince's knees seized, saying: "O my love,
I am not slain, but here alive and move.
Abstain yourself, and do not see your sire
Quench with my cold blood the unmeasured fire
That flames in his strength, making spoil of me,
His wrath's right, for the Wooers' injury."
  Ulysses smiled, and said: "Be confident
This man hath saved and made thee different,
To let thee know, and say, and others see,
Good life is much more safe than villany.
Go then, sit free without from death within.
This much-renowned singer from the sin

Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,
While I my house purge as it fits me here."
This said, they went and took their seat without
At Jove's high altar, looking round about,
Expecting still their slaughter. When the King
Search'd round the hall, to try life's hidden wing
Made from more death. But all laid prostrate there
In blood and gore he saw. Whole shoals they were,
And lay as thick as in a hollow creek
Without the white sea, when the fishers break
Their many-mesh'd draught-net up, there lie
Fish frisking on the sands, and fain the dry
Would for the wet change, but th' all-seeing beam
The sun exhales hath suck'd their lives from them;
So one by other sprawl'd the Wooers there.
Ulysses and his son then bid appear
The nurse Euryclea, to let her hear
His mind in something fit for her affair.
He oped the door, and call'd, and said: "Repair,
Grave matron long since born, that art our spy
To all this house's servile housewifery;
My father calls thee, to impart some thought
That asks thy action." His word found in nought
Her slack observance, who straight oped the door
And enter'd to him; when himself before
Had left the hall. But there the King she view'd
Amongst the slain, with blood and gore imbrued.
And as a lion skulking all in night,
Far-off in pastures, and come home, all dight
In jaws and breast-locks with an ox's blood
New feasted on him, his looks full of mood;
So look'd Ulysses, all his hands and feet

Freckled with purple. When which sight did greet
The poor old woman (such works being for eyes
Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries,
Whose vent, though throughly open'd, he yet closed,
Call'd her more near, and thus her plaints composed:
" Forbear, nor shriek thus, but vent joys as loud.
It is no piety to bemoan the proud,
Though ends befall them moving ne'er so much,
These are the portions of the Gods to such.
Men's own impieties in their instant act
Sustain their plagues, which are with stay but wrack'd.
But these men Gods nor men had in esteem,
Nor good nor bad had any sense in them.
Their lives directly ill were, therefore, cause
That Death in these stern forms so deeply draws.
Recount, then, to me those licentious dames
That lost my honour and their sex's shames."
" I'll tell you truly," she replied: " There are
Twice five-and-twenty women here that share
All work amongst them; whom I taught to spin,
And bear the just bands that they suffer'd in.
Of all which only there were twelve that gave
Themselves to impudence and light behave,
Nor me respecting, nor herself—the Queen.
And for your son he hath but lately been
Of years to rule; nor would his mother bear
His empire where her women's labours were.
But let me go and give her notice now
Of your arrival. Sure some God doth show
His hand upon her in this rest she takes,
That all these uproars bears and never wakes."
" Nor wake her yet," said he, " but cause to come

Those twelve light women to this utter room."
  She made all utmost haste to come and go,
And bring the women he had summon'd so.
  Then both his swains and son he bade go call
The women to their aid, and clear the hall
Of those dead bodies, cleanse each board and throne
With wetted sponges. Which with fitness done,
He bade take all the strumpets 'twixt the wall
Of his first court and that room next the hall,
In which the vessel of the house were scour'd,
And in their bosoms sheath their every sword,
Till all their souls were fled, and they had then
Felt 'twas but pain to sport with lawless men.
  This said, the women came all drown'd in moan,
And weeping bitterly. But first was done
The bearing thence the dead; all which beneath
The portico they stow'd, where death on death
They heap'd together. Then took all the pains
Ulysses will'd. His son yet and the swains
With paring-shovels wrought. The women bore
Their parings forth, and all the clotter'd gore.
The house then cleansed, they brought the women out,
And put them in a room so wall'd about
That no means served their sad estates to fly.
Then said Telemachus: " These shall not die
A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poison that gave lust her food,
The body cleansing, but a death that chokes
The breath, and altogether that provokes
And seems as bellows to abhorred lust,
That both on my head pour'd depraves unjust,
And on my mother's, scandalling the court

With men debauch'd in so abhorr'd a sort."
This said, a halser of a ship they cast
About a cross-beam of the roof, which fast
They made about their necks, in twelve parts cut,
And hal'd them up so high they could not put
Their feet to any stay. As which was done,
Look how a mavis, or a pigeon,
In any grove caught with a springe or net,
With struggling pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat
Her tender body, and that then strait bed
Is sour to that swing in which she was bred;
So strived these taken birds, till every one
Her pliant halter had enforced upon
Her stubborn neck, and then aloft was haul'd
To wretched death. A little space they sprawl'd,
Their feet fast moving, but were quickly still.
Then fetch'd they down Melanthius, to fulfill
The equal execution; which was done
In portal of the hall, and thus begun:
They first slit both his nostrils, cropp'd each ear,
His members tugg'd off, which the dogs did tear
And chop up bleeding sweet; and, while red-hot
The vice-abhorring blood was, off they smote
His hands and feet; and there that work had end.
Then wash'd they hands and feet that blood had stain'd,
And took the house again. And then the King
Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring
All-ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,
That with perfumes cast he might make entire
The house's first integrity in all.
And then his timely will was, she should call
Her Queen and ladies; still yet charging her

That all the handmaids she should first confer.
She said he spake as fitted; but, before,
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And she would others bring him, that not so
His fair broad shoulders might rest clad, and show
His person to his servants was too blame.
"First bring me fire," said he. She went, and came
With fire and sulphur straight; with which the hall
And of the huge house all rooms capital
He throughly sweeten'd. Then went nurse to call
The handmaid servants down; and up she went
To tell the news, and will'd them to present
Their service to their sovereign. Down they came
Sustaining torches all, and pour'd a flame
Of love about their lord, with welcomes home,
With huggings of his hands, with laboursome
Both heads and foreheads kisses, and embraces,
And plied him so with all their loving graces
That tears and sighs took up his whole desire;
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

624 *Too blame*—See Bk. III. 365.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses to his wife is known.
A brief sum of his travels shown.
Himself, his son, and servants go
T' approve the Wooers' overthrow.

Another Argument.

Ψῖ. For all annoys
Sustain'd before,
The true wife's joys
Now made the more.

THE servants thus inform'd, the matron goes
Up where the Queen was cast in such repose,
Affected with a fervent joy to tell
What all this time she did with pain conceal.
Her knees revoked their first strength, and her feet
Were borne above the ground with wings to greet
The long-grieved Queen with news her King was come;
And, near her, said: "Wake, leave this withdrawn room,
That now your eyes may see at length, though late,
The man return'd, which, all the heavy date
Your woes have rack'd out, you have long'd to see.

5 *Revoked*—called back.

Ulysses is come home, and hath set free
His court of all your Wooers, slaughtering all
For wasting so his goods with festival,
His house so vexing, and for violence done
So all ways varied to his only son."
She answer'd her: " The Gods have made thee mad,
Of whose power now thy powers such proof have had.
The Gods can blind with follies wisest eyes,
And make men foolish so to make them wise.
For they have hurt even thy grave brain, that bore
An understanding spirit heretofore.
Why hast thou waked me to more tears, when Moan
Hath turn'd my mind with tears into her own?
Thy madness much more blameful, that with lies
Thy haste is laden, and both robs mine eyes
Of most delightsome sleep, and sleep of them,
That now had bound me in his sweet extreme,
T' embrace my lids and close my visual spheres.
I have not slept so much this twenty years,
Since first my dearest sleeping-mate was gone
For that too-ill-to-speak-of Ilion.
Hence, take your mad steps back. If any maid
Of all my train besides a part had play'd
So bold to wake, and tell mine ears such lies,
I had return'd her to her housewiferies
With good proof of my wrath to such rude dames.
But go, your years have saved their younger blames."
She answer'd her: " I nothing wrong your ear,
But tell the truth. Your long-miss'd lord is here,
And, with the Wooers' slaughter, his own hand,
In chief exploit, hath to his own command
Reduced his house; and that poor guest was he,

That all those Wooers wrought such injury.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his father, but his wisdom so
Observed his counsels, to give surer end
To that great work to which they did contend."
This call'd her spirits to their conceiving places;
She sprung for joy from blames into embraces
Of her grave nurse, wiped every tear away
From her fair cheeks, and then began to say
What nurse said over thus: " O nurse, can this
Be true thou say'st? How could that hand of his
Alone destroy so many? They would still
Troop all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers so united?" " How," said she,
" I have not seen nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. We sat within in fear,
The doors shut on us, and from thence might hear
The sighs and groans of every man he slew,
But heard nor saw more, till at length there flew
Your son's voice to mine ear, that call'd to me,
And bade me then come forth, and then I see
Ulysses standing in the midst of all
Your slaughter'd Wooers, heap'd up, like a wall,
One on another round about his side.
It would have done you good to have descried
Your conquering lord all smear'd with blood and gore
So like a lion. Straight, then, off they bore
The slaughter'd carcasses, that now before
The fore-court gates lie, one on another piled.
And now your victor all the hall, defiled
With stench of hot death, is perfuming round,
And with a mighty fire the hearth hath crown'd.

" Thus, all the death removed, and every room
Made sweet and sightly, that yourself should come
His pleasure sent me. Come, then, take you now
Your mutual fills of comfort. Grief on you
Hath long and many sufferings laid; which length,
Which many suff'rings, now your virtuous strength
Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd
Is safe arrived at home; his wife, his son,
Found safe and good; all ill that hath been done
On all the doers' heads, though long prolong'd,
His right hath wreak'd, and in the place they wrong'd."
She answer'd: " Do not you now laugh and boast
As you had done some great act, seeing most
Into his being; for you know he won—
Even through his poor and vile condition—
A kind of prompted thought that there was placed
Some virtue in him fit to be embraced
By all the house, but most of all by me,
And by my son that was the progeny
Of both our loves. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofs ye plead to me,—
Some God hath slain the Wooers in disdain
Of the abhorred pride he saw so reign
In those base works they did. No man alive,
Or good or bad, whoever did arrive
At their abodes once, ever could obtain
Regard of them; and therefore their so vain
And vile deserts have found as vile an end.
But, for Ulysses, never will extend
His wish'd return to Greece, nor he yet lives."
"How strange a Queen are you," said she, "that gives

No truth your credit, that your husband, set
Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet
No faith of you, but that he still is far
From any home of his! Your wit 's at war
With all credulity ever! And yet now
I'll name a sign shall force belief from you:
I bathed him lately, and beheld the scar
That still remains a mark too ocular
To leave your heart yet blinded; and I then
Had run and told you, but his hand was fain
To close my lips from th' acclamation
My heart was breathing, and his wisdom won
My still retention, till he gave me leave
And charge to tell you this. Now then receive
My life for gage of his return; which take
In any cruel fashion, if I make
All this not clear to you." "Loved nurse," said she,
"Though many things thou know'st, yet these things be
Veil'd in the counsels th' uncreated Gods
Have long time mask'd in; whose dark periods
'Tis hard for thee to see into. But come,
Let's see my son, the slain, and him by whom
They had their slaughter." This said, down they went;
When, on the Queen's part, divers thoughts were spent,
If, all this given no faith, she still should stand
Aloof, and question more; or his hugg'd hand
And loved head she should at first assay
With free-given kisses. When her doubtful way
Had pass'd the stony pavement, she took seat
Against her husband, in the opposite heat
The fire then cast upon the other wall.

129 *Him*—The folio has *he*.

Himself set by the column of the hall,
His looks cast downwards, and expected still
When her incredulous and curious will
To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
To kiss a husband that was not the same,
Would down, and win enough faith from his sight.
She silent sat, and her perplexed plight
Amaze encounter'd. Sometimes she stood clear
He was her husband; sometimes the ill wear
His person had put on transform'd him so
That yet his stamp would hardly current go.
Her son, her strangeness seeing, blamed her thus:
" Mother, ungentle mother! Tyrannous!
In this too curious modesty you show.
Why sit you from my father, nor bestow
A word on me t' enquire and clear such doubt
As may perplex you? Found man ever out
One other such a wife that could forbear
Her loved lord's welcome home, when twenty year
In infinite suff'rance he had spent apart.
No flint so hard is as a woman's heart."
" Son," said she, " amaze contains my mind,
Nor can I speak and use the common kind
Of those enquiries, nor sustain to see
With opposite looks his countenance. If this be
My true Ulysses now return'd, there are
Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far
To give me argument he is my lord;
And my assurance of him may afford
My proofs of joy for him from all these eyes
With more decorum than object their guise
To public notice." The much-sufferer brake

In laughter out, and to his son said: "Take
Your mother from the prease, that she may make
Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give
More cause to the acknowledgments that drive
Their show thus off. But now, because I go
So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know
So loath'd a creature for her loved lord.
Let us consult, then, how we may accord
The town to our late action. Some one slain
Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him fain
To fly his friends and country; but our swords
Have slain a city's most supportful lords,
The chief peers of the kingdom, therefore see
You use wise means t' uphold your victory."
"See you to that, good father," said the son,
"Whose counsels have the sovereign glory won
From all men living. None will strive with you,
But with unquestion'd garlands grace your brow,
To whom our whole alacrities we vow
In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leave
Your onsets needy of supplies to give
All the effects that in our powers can fall."
"Then this," said he, "to me seems capital
Of all choice courses: Bathe we first, and then
Attire we freshly; all our maids and men
Enjoining likewise to their best attire.
The sacred singer then let touch his lyre,
And go before us all in graceful dance,
That all without, to whose ears shall advance
Our cheerful accents, or of travellers by,
Or firm inhabitants, solemnity
Of frolic nuptials may imagine here.

And this perform we, lest the massacre
Of all our Wooers be divulged about
The ample city, ere ourselves get out
And greet my father in his grove of trees,
Where, after, we will prove what policies
Olympius shall suggest to overcome
Our latest toils, and crown our welcome home."
  This all obey'd; bathed, put on fresh attire
Both men and women did. Then took his lyre
The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
With songs and faultless dances; all the court
Rung with the footings that the numerous sport
From jocund men drew and fair-girdled dames;
Which heard abroad, thus flew the common fames:
  "This sure the day is when the much-woo'd Queen
Is richly wed. O wretch! That hath not been
So constant as to keep her ample house
Till th' utmost hour had brought her foremost spouse."
  Thus some conceived, but little knew the thing.
And now Eurynome had bath'd the King,
Smooth'd him with oils, and he himself attired
In vestures royal. Her part then inspired
The Goddess Pallas, deck'd his head and face
With infinite beauties, gave a goodly grace
Of stature to him, a much plumper plight
Through all his body breath'd, curls soft and bright
Adorn'd his head withal, and made it show
As if the flowery hyacinth did grow
In all his pride there, in the general trim
Of every lock and every curious limb.
Look how a skilful artizan, well seen
In all arts metalline, as having been

Taught by Minerva and the God of fire,
Doth gold with silver mix so that entire
They keep their self-distinction, and yet so
That to the silver from the gold doth flow
A much more artificial lustre than his own,
And thereby to the gold itself is grown
A greater glory than if wrought alone,
Both being stuck off by either's mixtion;
So did Minerva her's and his combine,
He more in her, she more in him, did shine.
Like an Immortal from the bath he rose,
And to his wife did all his grace dispose,
Encount'ring this her strangeness: "Cruel dame
Of all that breathe, the Gods past steel and flame
Have made thee ruthless. Life retains not one
Of all dames else that bears so overgrown
A mind with abstinence, as twenty years
To miss her husband drown'd in woes and tears,
And at his coming keep aloof, and fare
As of his so long absence and his care
No sense had seized her. Go, nurse, make a bed,
That I alone may sleep; her heart is dead
To all reflection!" To him thus replied
The wise Penelope: "Man half deified,
'Tis not my fashion to be taken straight
With bravest men, nor poorest use to sleight.
Your mean appearance made not me retire,
Nor this your rich show makes me now admire,
Nor moves at all; for what is all to me
If not my husband? All his certainty
I knew at parting; but, so long apart,
The outward likeness holds no full desert

For me to trust to. Go, nurse, see address'd
A soft bed for him, and the single rest
Himself affects so. Let it be the bed
That stands within our bridal chamber-sted,
Which he himself made. Bring it forth from thence,
And see it furnish'd with magnificence."
This said she to assay him, and did stir
Even his establish'd patience; and to her
Whom thus he answer'd: "Woman! your words prove
My patience strangely. Who is it can move
My bed out of his place? It shall oppress
Earth's greatest understander; and, unless
Even God himself come, that can easily grace
Men in their most skills, it shall hold his place;
For man he lives not that (as not most skill'd,
So not most young) shall easily make it yield,
If, building on the strength in which he flows,
He adds both levers too and iron crows:
For in the fixture of the bed is shown
A master-piece, a wonder; and 'twas done
By me, and none but me, and thus was wrought:
There was an olive-tree that had his grought
Amidst a hedge, and was of shadow proud,
Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure show'd,
His leaves and arms so thick that to the eye
It show'd a column for solidity.
To this had I a comprehension
To build my bridal bower; which all of stone,
Thick as the tree of leaves, I raised, and cast
A roof about it nothing meanly graced,

288 *Grought*—growth. So spelt for the rhyme's sake.
289 *Proud*—luxuriant.

Put glued doors to it, that op'd art enough.
Then from the olive every broad-leaved bough
I lopp'd away; then fell'd the tree; and then
Went over it both with my axe and plane,
Both govern'd by my line. And then I hew'd
My curious bedstead out; in which I shew'd
Work of no common hand. All this begun,
I could not leave till to perfection
My pains had brought it; took my wimble, bored
The holes, as fitted, and did last afford
The varied ornament, which show'd no want
Of silver, gold, and polish'd elephant.
An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw
Above the cords. And thus to curious view
I hope I have objected honest sign
To prove I author nought that is not mine.
But if my bed stand unremoved or no,
O woman, passeth human wit to know."
This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so true
The signs she urged; and first did tears ensue
Her rapt assurance; then she ran and spread
Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his head,
And thus the curious stay she made excused:
"Ulysses! Be not angry that I used
Such strange delays to this, since heretofore
Your suffering wisdom hath the garland wore
From all that breathe; and 'tis the Gods that, thus
With mutual miss so long afflicting us,
Have caused my coyness; to our youths envied
That wish'd society that should have tied
Our youths and years together; and since now
Judgment and Duty should our age allow

As full joys therein as in youth and blood,
See all young anger and reproof withstood
For not at first sight giving up my arms,
My heart still trembling lest the false alarms
That words oft strike up should ridiculize me.
Had Argive Helen known credulity
Would bring such plagues with it, and her again,
As authoress of them all, with that foul stain
To her and to her country, she had stay'd
Her love and mixture from a stranger's bed;
But God impell'd her to a shameless deed
Because she had not in herself decreed,
Before th' attempt, that such acts still were shent
As simply in themselves as in th' event.
By which not only she herself sustains,
But we, for her fault, have paid mutual pains.
Yet now, since these signs of our certain bed
You have discover'd, and distinguished
From all earth's others, no one man but you
Yet ever getting of it th' only show,
Nor one of all dames but myself and she
My father gave, old Actor's progeny,
Who ever guarded to ourselves the door
Of that thick-shaded chamber, I no more
Will cross your clear persuasion, though till now
I stood too doubtful and austere to you."
  These words of hers, so justifying her stay,
Did more desire of joyful moan convey
To his glad mind than if at instant sight

341 *Shent.*—(Anglo-Sax.) To *shend* is to *reprove, scold.* Here, however, it would seem to be *disgraceful*, as in Spenser:—

"How may it be," said then the knight half wroth,
"That knight should knighthood ever so have *shent*?"

She had allow'd him all his wishes' right.
He wept for joy, t' enjoy a wife so fit
For his grave mind, that knew his depth of wit,
And held chaste virtue at a price so high.
And as sad men at sea when shore is nigh,
Which long their hearts have wish'd, their ship quite lost
By Neptune's rigour, and they vex'd and toss'd
'Twixt winds and black waves, swimming for their lives,
A few escaped, and that few that survives
All drench'd in foam and brine, crawl up to land,
With joy as much as they did worlds command;
So dear to this wife was her husband's sight,
Who still embraced his neck, and had, till light
Display'd her silver ensign, if the Dame
That bears the blue sky intermix'd with flame
In her fair eyes had not infix'd her thought
On other joys, for loves so hardly brought
To long'd-for meeting; who th' extended night
Withheld in long date, nor would let the light
Her wing-hoov'd horse join—Lampus, Phaeton—
Those ever colts that bring the morning on
To worldly men, but, in her golden chair,
Down to the ocean by her silver hair
Bound her aspirings. Then Ulysses said:
" O wife! Nor yet are my contentions stay'd.
A most unmeasur'd labour long and hard
Asks more performance; to it being prepared
By grave Tiresias, when down to hell
I made dark passage, that his skill might tell
My men's return and mine. But come, and now
Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow."

371 Minerva.

" The place of rest is ready," she replied,
" Your will at full serve, since the Deified
Have brought you where your right is to command.
But since you know, God making understand
Your searching mind, inform me what must be
Your last set labour ; since 'twill fall to me,
I hope, to hear it after, tell me now.
The greatest pleasure is before to know."
" Unhappy !" said Ulysses ; " To what end
Importune you this labour ? It will lend
Nor you nor me delight, but you shall know
I was commanded yet more to bestow
My years in travel, many cities more
By sea to visit ; and when first for shore
I left my shipping, I was will'd to take
A naval oar in hand, and with it make
My passage forth till such strange men I met
As knew no sea, nor ever salt did eat
With any victuals, who the purple beaks
Of ships did never see, nor that which breaks
The waves in curls, which is a fan-like oar,
And serves as wings with which a ship doth soar.
To let me know, then, when I was arrived
On that strange earth where such a people lived,
He gave me this for an unfailing sign :
When any one that took that oar of mine,
Borne on my shoulder, for a corn-cleanse fan,
I met ashore, and show'd to be a man
Of that land's labour, there had I command
To fix mine oar, and offer on that strand
T' imperial Neptune, whom I must implore,
A lamb, a bull, and sow-ascending boar ;

And then turn home, where all the other Gods
That in the broad heaven made secure abodes
I must solicit—all my curious heed
Given to the several rites they have decreed—
With holy hecatombs; and then, at home,
A gentle death should seize me that would come
From out the sea, and take me to his rest
In full ripe age, about me living blest
My loving people; to which, he presaged,
The sequel of my fortunes were engaged."
"If then," said she, "the Gods will please t' impose
A happier being to your fortune's close
Than went before, your hope gives comfort strength
That life shall lend you better days at length."
While this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed
Eurynome and nurse had made, and spread
With richest furniture, while torches spent
Their parcel-gilt thereon. To bed then went
The aged nurse; and, where their sovereigns were,
Eurynome, the chambermaid, did bear
A torch, and went before them to their rest;
To which she left them and for her's address'd.
The King and Queen then now, as newly wed,
Resumed the old laws of th' embracing bed.
Telemachus and both his herdsmen then
Dissolved the dances both to maids and men;
Who in their shady roofs took timely sleep.
The bride and bridegroom having ceas'd to keep
Observed love-joys, from their fit delight

438 *Parcel-gilt*—the chequered light thrown by the torches. The term *parcel-gilt* for *party-gilt* is frequent in old inventories of plate, and is amply illustrated by the commentators on Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV. II. 1.

They turn'd to talk. The Queen then did recite
What she had suffer'd by the hateful rout
Of harmful Wooers, who had eat her out
So many oxen and so many sheep,
How many tun of wine their drinking deep
Had quite exhausted. Great Ulysses then
Whatever slaughters he had made of men,
Whatever sorrows he himself sustain'd,
Repeated amply; and her ears remain'd
With all delight attentive to their end,
Nor would one wink sleep till he told her all,
Beginning where he gave the Cicons fall;
From thence his pass to the Lotophagi;
The Cyclop's acts, the putting out his eye,
And wreak of all the soldiers he had eat,
No least ruth shown to all they could entreat;
His way to Æolus; his prompt receipt
And kind dismission; his enforced retreat
By sudden tempest to the fishy main,
And quite distraction from his course again;
His landing at the Læstrigonian port,
Where ships and men in miserable sort
Met all their spoils, his ship and he alone
Got off from the abhorr'd confusion;
His pass to Circe, her deceits and arts;
His thence descension to th' Infernal parts;
His life's course of the Theban prophet learn'd,
Where all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd
And loved mother; his astonish'd ear
With what the Sirens' voices made him hear;
His 'scape from th' erring rocks, which Scylla was,
And rough Charybdis, with the dangerous pass

Of all that touch'd there; his Sicilian
Offence given to the Sun; his every man
Destroy'd by thunder vollied out of heaven,
That split his ship; his own endeavours driven
To shift for succours on th' Ogygian shore,
Where Nymph Calypso such affection bore
To him in his arrival, that with feast
She kept him in her caves, and would have blest
His welcome life with an immortal state
Would he have stay'd and lived her nuptial mate,
All which she never could persuade him to;
His pass to the Phæacians spent in woe;
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were
A God descended from the starry sphere;
Their kind dismission of him home with gold,
Brass, garments, all things his occasions would.
This last word used, sleep seized his weary eye
That salves all care to all mortality.
In mean space Pallas entertain'd intent
That when Ulysses thought enough time spent
In love-joys with his wife, to raise the day,
And make his grave occasions call away.
The morning rose and he, when thus he said:
" O Queen, now satiate with afflictions laid
On both our bosoms,—you oppressed here
With cares for my return, I everywhere
By Jove and all the other Deities toss'd
Even till all hope of my return was lost,—
And both arrived at this sweet haven, our bed,
Be your care used to see administ'red
My house-possessions left. Those sheep, that were
Consumed in surfeits by your Wooers here,

I'll forage to supply with some; and more
The suffering Grecians shall be made restore,
Even till our stalls receive their wonted fill.
" And now, to comfort my good father's ill
Long suffer'd for me, to the many-tree'd
And ample vineyard grounds it is decreed
In my next care that I must haste and see
His long'd-for presence. In the mean time, be
Your wisdom used, that since, the sun ascended,
The fame will soon be through the town extended
Of those I here have slain, yourself, got close
Up to your chamber, see you there repose,
Cheer'd with your women, and nor look afford
Without your court, nor any man a word."
This said, he arm'd; to arms both son and swain
His power commanding, who did entertain
His charge with spirit, op'd the gates and out,
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
Aurora's ruddy fire; through all whose light
Minerva led them through the town from sight.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

By Mercury the Wooers' souls
Are usher'd to th' infernal pools.
Ulysses with Laertes met,
The people are in uproar set
Against them, for the Wooers' ends;
Whom Pallas stays and renders friends.

Another Argument.

Ω. The uproar's fire,
The people's fall:
The grandsire, sire,
And son, to all.

CYLLENIAN Hermes, with his golden rod,
The Wooers' souls, that yet retain'd abode
Amidst their bodies, call'd in dreadful rout
Forth to th' Infernals; who came murmuring out.
And, as amidst the desolate retreat
Of some vast cavern, made the sacred seat
Of austere spirits, bats with breasts and wings
Clasp fast the walls, and each to other clings,
But, swept off from their coverts, up they rise
And fly with murmurs in amazeful guise

About the cavern; so these, grumbling, rose
And flock'd together. Down before them goes
None-hurting Mercury to Hell's broad ways,
And straight to those straits where the ocean stays
His lofty current in calm deeps they flew.
Then to the snowy rock they next withdrew,
And to the close of Phœbus' orient gates.
The nation then of dreams, and then the states
Of those souls' idols that the weary dead
Gave up in earth, which in a flow'ry mead
Had habitable situation.
And there they saw the soul of Thetis' son,
Of good Patroclus, brave Antilochus,
And Ajax, the supremely strenuous
Of all the Greek host next Peleion;
All which assembled about Maias' son.
And to them, after, came the mournful ghost
Of Agamemnon, with all those he lost
In false Ægisthus' court. Achilles then
Beholding there that mighty king of men,
Deplored his plight, and said: "O Atreus' son!
Of all heroës, all opinion
Gave thee for Jove's most loved, since most command
Of all the Greeks he gave thy eminent hand
At siege of Ilion, where we suffer'd so.
And is the issue this, that first in woe
Stern Fate did therefore set thy sequel down?
None borne past others' Fates can pass his own.
I wish to heaven that in the height of all
Our pomp at Ilion Fate had sign'd thy fall,
That all the Greeks might have advanced to thee
A famous sepulchre, and Fame might see

Thy son given honour in thy honour'd end!
But now a wretched death did Fate extend
To thy confusion and thy issue's shame."
"O Thetis' son," said he, "the vital flame
Extinct at Ilion, far from th' Argive fields,
The style of Blessed to thy virtue yields.
About thy fall the best of Greece and Troy
Were sacrificed to slaughter. Thy just joy
Conceived in battle with some worth forgot
In such a death as great Apollo shot
At thy encounters. Thy brave person lay
Hid in a dusty whirlwind, that made way
With human breaths spent in thy ruin's state.
Thou, great, wert greatly valued in thy fate.
All day we fought about thee; nor at all
Had ceased our conflict, had not Jove let fall
A storm that forced off our unwilling feet.
But, having brought thee from the fight to fleet,
Thy glorious person, bathed and balm'd, we laid
Aloft a bed; and round about thee paid
The Greeks warm tears to thy deplored decease,
Quite daunted, cutting all their curls' increase.
Thy death drave a divine voice through the seas
That started up thy mother from the waves;
And all the marine Godheads left their caves,
Consorting to our fleet her rapt repair.
The Greeks stood frighted to see sea and air
And earth combine so in thy loss's sense,
Had taken ship and fled for ever thence,
If old much-knowing-Nestor had not stay'd
Their rushing off; his counsels having sway'd
In all times former with such cause their courses;

Who bade contain themselves, and trust their forces,
For all they saw was Thetis come from sea,
With others of the wat'ry progeny,
To see and mourn for her deceased son.
Which stay'd the fears that all to flight had won;
And round about thee stood th' old sea-God's Seeds
Wretchedly mourning, their immortal weeds
Spreading upon thee. All the sacred Nine
Of deathless Muses paid thee dues divine,
By varied turns their heavenly voices venting,
All in deep passion for thy death consenting.
And then of all our army not an eye
You could have seen undrown'd in misery,
The moving Muse so ruled in every mind.
Full seventeen days and nights our tears confined
To celebration of thy mourned end;
Both men and Gods did in thy moan contend.
The eighteenth day we spent about thy heap
Of dying fire. Black oxen, fattest sheep
We slew past number. Then the precious spoil,
Thy corse, we took up, which with floods of oil
And pleasant honey we embalm'd; and then
Wrapp'd thee in those robes that the Gods did rain.
In which we gave thee to the hallow'd flame;
To which a number of heroical name,
All arm'd, came rushing in in desperate plight,
As prest to sacrifice their vital right
To thy dead ruins while so bright they burn'd.
Both foot and horse brake in, and fought and mourn'd
In infinite tumult. But when all the night
The rich flame lasted, and that wasted quite
Thy body was with the enamour'd fire,

We came in early morn, and an entire
Collection made of every ivory bone,
Which wash'd in wine, and given fit unction,
A two-ear'd bowl of gold thy mother gave,
By Bacchus given her and did form receive
From Vulcan's famous hand, which, O renown'd
Great Thetis' son, with thy fair bones we crown'd
Mix'd with the bones of Menœtiades
And brave Antilochus; who, in decease
Of thy Patroclus, was thy favour's dear.
About thee then a matchless sepulchre
The sacred host of the Achaians raised
Upon the Hellespont, where most it seized,
For height and conspicuity, the eyes
Of living men and their posterities.
Thy mother then obtain'd the Gods' consent
To institute an honour'd game, that spent
The best approvement of our Grecian fames.
In whose praise I must say that many games
About heroës' sepulchres mine eyes
Have seen performed, but these bore off the prize
With miracles to me from all before.
In which thy silver-footed mother bore
The institution's name, but thy deserts,
Being great with heaven, caused all the eminent parts.
And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate
Achilles' Fame even Death shall propagate.
While any one shall lend the light an eye
Divine Æacides shall never die.
But wherein can these comforts be conceived
As rights to me? When, having quite achieved

[114] Patroclus.

An end with safety, and with conquest, too,
Of so unmatch'd a war, what none could do
Of all our enemies there, at home a friend
And wife have given me inglorious end?"
  While these thus spake, the Argus-killing spy
Brought near Ulysses' noble victory
To their renew'd discourse, in all the ends
The Wooers suffer'd, and show'd those his friends;
Whom now amaze invaded with the view
And made give back; yet Agamemnon knew
Melanthius' heir, much-famed Amphimedon,
Who had in Ithaca guest-favours shown
To great Atrides; who first spake, and said:
  "Amphimedon! What suff'rance hath been laid
On your alive parts that hath made you make
This land of darkness the retreat you take,
So all together, all being like in years,
Nor would a man have choosed, of all the peers
A city honours, men to make a part
More strong for any object? Hath your smart
Been felt from Neptune, being at sea—his wrath
The winds and waves exciting to your scathe?
Or have offensive men imposed this fate—
Your oxen driving, or your flock's estate?
Or for your city fighting and your wives,
Have deaths untimely seized your best-timed lives?
Inform me truly. I was once your guest,
When I and Menelaus had profess'd
First arms for Ilion, and were come ashore
On Ithaca, with purpose to implore
Ulysses' aid, that city-racing man,
In wreak of the adulterous Phrygian.

Retain not you the time? A whole month's date
We spent at sea, in hope to instigate
In our arrival old Laertes' son,
Whom, hardly yet, to our design we won."
The soul made answer: "Worthiest king of men,
I well remember every passage then
You now reduce to thought, and will relate
The truth in whole form of our timeless fate:
"We woo'd the wife of that long-absent king,
Who (though her second marriage were a thing
Of most hate to her) she would yet deny
At no part our affections, nor comply
With any in performance, but decreed,
In her delays, the cruel Fates we feed.
Her craft was this: She undertook to weave
A funeral garment destin'd to receive
The corse of old Laertes; being a task
Of infinite labour, and which time would ask.
In midst of whose attempt she caus'd our stay
With this attraction: 'Youths, that come in way
Of honour'd nuptials to me, though my lord
Abide amongst the dead, yet cease to board
My choice for present nuptials, and sustain,
Lest what is past me of this web be vain,
Till all receive perfection. 'Tis a weed
Disposed to wrap in at his funeral need
The old Laertes; who, possessing much,
Would, in his want of rites as fitting, touch
My honour highly with each vulgar dame.'
Thus spake she, and persuaded; and her frame
All day she labour'd, her day's work not small,
But every night-time she unwrought it all.

[191] *Board.*—See Bk. xv. 500.

Three years continuing this imperfect task ;
But when the fourth year came her sleights could mask
In no more covert, since her trusted maid
Her whole deceit to our true note betray'd.
With which surprized, she could no more protract
Her work's perfection, but gave end exact
To what remain'd, wash'd up, and set thereon
A gloss so bright that like the sun and moon
The whole work show'd together. And when now
Of mere necessity her honour'd vow
She must make good to us, ill fortune brought
Ulysses home, who yet gave none one thought
Of his arrival, but far off at field
Lived with his herdsman, nor his trust would yield
Note of his person, but lived there as guest,
Ragg'd as a beggar in that life profess'd.
At length Telemachus left Pylos' sand,
And with a ship fetch'd soon his native land,
When yet not home he went, but laid his way
Up to his herdsman where his father lay ;
And where both laid our deaths. To town then bore
The swine-herd and his King, the swain before.
Telemachus in other ways bestow'd
His course home first, t' associate us that woo'd.
The swain the King led after, who came on
Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd upon
A borrow'd staff. At length he reach'd his home,
Where (on the sudden and so wretched come)
Nor we nor much our elders once did dream
Of his return there, but did wrongs extreme
Of words and blows to him ; all which he bore
With that old patience he had learn'd before.

But when the mind of Jove had rais'd his own,
His son and he fetch'd all their armour down,
Fast lock'd the doors, and, to prepare their use,
He will'd his wife, for first mean, to produce
His bow to us to draw; of which no one
Could stir the string, himself yet set upon
The deadly strength it held, drew all with ease,
Shot through the steels, and then began to seize
Our armless bosoms; striking first the breast
Of king Antinous, and then the rest
In heaps turn'd over; hopeful of his end
Because some God, he knew, stood firm his friend.
Nor proved it worse with him, but all in flood
The pavement straight blush'd with our vital blood.
And thus our souls came here; our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofs, no word convey'd
To any friend to take us home and give
Our wounds fit balming, nor let such as live
Entomb our deaths, and for our fortunes shed
Those tears and dead-rites that renown the dead."
  Atrides' ghost gave answer: "O bless'd son
Of old Laertes, thou at length hast won
With mighty virtue thy unmatched wife.
How good a knowledge, how untouch'd a life,
Hath wise Penelope! How well she laid
Her husband's rights up, whom she loved a maid!
For which her virtues shall extend applause
Beyond the circles frail mortality draws;
The deathless in this vale of death comprising
Her praise in numbers into infinites rising.
The daughter Tyndarus begat begot
No such chaste thoughts, but cut the virgin knot

That knit her spouse and her with murderous swords.
For which posterities shall put hateful words
To notes of her that all her sex defamed,
And for her ill shall even the good be blamed."
  To this effect these these digressions made
In hell, earth's dark and ever-hiding shade.
  Ulysses and his son, now past the town,
Soon reach'd the field elaborately grown
By old Laertes' labour, when, with cares
For his lost son, he left all court affairs,
And took to this rude upland; which with toil
He made a sweet and habitable soil;
Where stood a house to him; about which ran,
In turnings thick and labyrinthian,
Poor hovels, where his necessary men
That did those works (of pleasure to him then)
Might sit, and eat, and sleep. In his own house
An old Sicilian dame lived, studious
To serve his sour age with her cheerful pains.
  Then said Ulysses to his son and swains:
"Go you to town, and for your dinner kill
The best swine ye can choose; myself will still
Stay with my father, and assay his eye
If my acknowledged truth it can descry,
Or that my long time's travel doth so change
My sight to him that I appear as strange."
Thus gave he arms to them, and home they hied.
Ulysses to the fruitful field applied
His present place; nor found he Dolius there,
His sons, or any servant, anywhere
In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence
Were dragging bushes to repair a fence,

Old Dolius leading all. Ulysses found
His father far above in that fair ground,
Employ'd in pruning of a plant; his weeds
All torn and tatter'd, fit for homely deeds,
But not for him. Upon his legs he wore
Patch'd boots to guard him from the bramble's gore;
His hands had thorn-proof hedging mittens on;
His head a goat-skin casque; through all which shone
His heart given over to abjectest moan.

Him when Ulysses saw consumed with age,
And all the ensigns on him that the rage
Of grief presented, he brake out in tears;
And, taking stand then where a tree of pears
Shot high his forehead over him, his mind
Had much contention, if to yield to kind,
Make straight way to his father, kiss, embrace,
Tell his return, and put on all the face
And fashion of his instant-told return;
Or stay th' impulsion, and the long day burn
Of his quite loss given in his father's fear
A little longer, trying first his cheer
With some free dalliance, th' earnest being so near.

This course his choice preferr'd, and forth he went.
His father then his aged shoulders bent
Beneath what years had stoop'd, about a tree
Busily digging: "O, old man," said he,
"You want no skill to dress and deck your ground,
For all your plants doth order'd distance bound.
No apple, pear, or olive, fig, or vine,
Nor any plat or quarter you confine
To grass or flowers stands empty of your care,
Which shows exact in each peculiar;

And yet (which let not move you) you bestow
No care upon yourself, though to this show
Of outward irksomeness to what you are
You labour with an inward froward care,
Which is your age, that should wear all without
More neat and cherishing. I make no doubt
That any sloth you use procures your lord
To let an old man go so much abhorr'd
In all his weeds; nor shines there in your look
A fashion and a goodliness so took
With abject qualities to merit this
Nasty entreaty. Your resemblance is
A very king's, and shines through this retreat.
You look like one that having wash'd and eat
Should sleep securely, lying sweet and neat.
It is the ground of age, when cares abuse it,
To know life's end, and, as 'tis sweet, so use it.
" But utter truth, and tell what lord is he
That rates your labour and your liberty?
Whose orchard is it that you husband thus?
Or quit me this doubt, for if Ithacus
This kingdom claims for his, the man I found
At first arrival here is hardly sound
Of brain or civil, not enduring stay
To tell nor hear me my inquiry out
Of that my friend, if still he bore about
His life and being, or were dived to death,
And in the house of him that harboureth
The souls of men. For once he lived my guest;
My land and house retaining interest
In his abode there; where there sojourn'd none
As guest from any foreign region

Of more price with me. He derived his race
From Ithaca, and said his father was
Laertes, surnamed Arcesiades.
I had him home, and all the offices
Perform'd to him that fitted any friend,
Whose proof I did to wealthy gifts extend:
Seven talents gold; a bowl all silver, set
With pots of flowers; twelve robes that had no pleat;
Twelve cloaks, or mantles, of delicious dye;
Twelve inner weeds; twelve suits of tapestry.
I gave him likewise women skill'd in use
Of loom and needle, freeing him to choose
Four the most fair." His father, weeping, said:
" Stranger! The earth to which you are convey'd
Is Ithaca; by such rude men possess'd,
Unjust and insolent, as first address'd
To your encounter; but the gifts you gave
Were given, alas! to the ungrateful grave.
If with his people, where you now arrive,
Your fate had been to find your friend alive,
You should have found like guest-rites from his hand,
Like gifts, and kind pass to your wishèd land.
But how long since received you for your guest
Your friend, my son, who was th' unhappiest
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?
O born when Fates and ill-aspects let fall
A cruel influence for him! Far away
From friends and country destined to allay
The sea-bred appetites, or, left ashore,
To be by fowls and upland monsters tore,
His life's kind authors nor his wealthy wife
Bemoaning, as behoved, his parted life,

Nor closing, as in honour's course it lies
To all men dead, in bed his dying eyes.
But give me knowledge of your name and race.
What city bred you? Where the anchoring-place
Your ship now rides at lies that shored you here?
And where your men? Or, if a passenger
In other keels you came, who (giving land
To your adventures here, some other strand
To fetch in further course) have left to us
Your welcome presence?" His reply was thus:
" I am of Alybande, where I hold
My name's chief house, to much renown extoll'd.
My father Aphidantes, famed to spring
From Polypemon, the Molossian king.
My name Eperitus. My taking land
On this fair isle was ruled by the command
Of God or fortune, quite against consent
Of my free purpose, that in course was bent
For th' isle Sicania. My ship is held
Far from the city, near an ample field.
And for Ulysses, since his pass from me
'Tis now five years. Unbless'd by destiny,
That all this time hath had the fate to err!
Though, at his parting, good birds did augur
His putting off, and on his right hand flew,
Which to his passage my affection drew,
His spirit joyful; and my hope was now
To guest with him and see his hand bestow
Rites of our friendship." This a cloud of grief
Cast over all the forces of his life.
With both his hands the burning dust he swept
Up from the earth, which on his head he heapt,

And fetch'd a sigh as in it life were broke.
Which grieved his son, and gave so smart a stroke
Upon his nostrils with the inward stripe,
That up the vein rose there; and weeping ripe
He was to see his sire feel such woe
For his dissembled joy; which now let go,
He sprung from earth, embraced and kiss'd his sire,
And said: "O father! He of whom y' enquire
Am I myself, that, from you twenty years,
Is now returned. But do not break in tears,
For now we must not forms of kind maintain,
But haste and guard the substance. I have slain
All my wife's Wooers, so revenging now
Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you
The comfort of my coming then to heart
At this glad instant, but, in proved desert
Of your grave judgment, give moan glad suspense,
And on the sudden put this consequence
In act as absolute, as all time went
To ripening of your resolute assent."
All this haste made not his staid faith so free
To trust his words; who said: "If you are he,
Approve it by some sign." "This scar then see,"
Replied Ulysses, "given me by the boar
Slain in Parnassus, I being sent before,
By your's and by my honour'd mother's will,
To see your sire Autolycus fulfil
The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name.
I'll tell you, too, the trees, in goodly frame
Of this fair orchard, that I ask'd of you
Being yet a child, and follow'd for your show
And name of every tree. You gave me then

Of fig-trees forty, apple-bearers ten,
Pear-trees thirteen, and fifty ranks of vine;
Each one of which a season did confine
For his best eating. Not a grape did grow
That grew not there, and had his heavy brow
When Jove's fair daughters, the all-ripening Hours,
Gave timely date to it." This charged the powers
Both of his knees and heart with such impression
Of sudden comfort, that it gave possession
Of all to Trance, the signs were all so true,
And did the love that gave them so renew.
He cast his arms about his son and sunk,
The circle slipping to his feet; so shrunk
Were all his age's forces with the fire
Of his young love rekindled. The old sire
The son took up quite lifeless. But his breath
Again respiring, and his soul from death
His body's power recovering, out he cried,
And said: " O Jupiter! I now have tried
That still there live in heaven remembering Gods
Of men that serve them; though the periods
They set on their appearances are long
In best men's sufferings, yet as sure as strong
They are in comforts, be their strange delays
Extended never so from days to days.
Yet see the short joys or the soon-mix'd fears
Of helps withheld by them so many years!
For if the Wooers now have paid the pain
Due to their impious pleasures, now again
Extreme fear takes me, lest we straight shall see
Th' Ithacensians here in mutiny,
Their messengers dispatch'd to win to friend

The Cephallenian cities." " Do not spend
Your thoughts on these cares," said his suffering son,
" But be of comfort, and see that course run
That best may shun the worst. Our house is near,
Telemachus and both his herdsmen there
To dress our supper with their utmost haste ;
And thither haste we." This said, forth they pass'd,
Came home, and found Telemachus at feast
With both his swains ; while who had done, all dress'd
With baths and balms and royally array'd
The old king was by his Sicilian maid.
By whose side Pallas stood, his crook'd-age straight'ning,
His flesh more plumping, and his looks enlight'ning.
Who issuing then to view, his son admired
The Gods' aspects into his form inspired,
And said: " O father, certainly some God
By your addression in this state hath stood,
More great, more reverend, rend'ring you by far,
At all your parts than of yourself you are !"
" I would to Jove," said he, " the Sun, and She
That bears Jove's shield, the state had stood with me
That help'd me take in the well-builded towers
Of strong Nericus (the Cephalian powers
To that fair city leading) two days past,
While with the Wooers thy conflict did last,
And I had then been in the Wooers' wreak !
I should have help'd thee so to render weak
Their stubborn knees, that in thy joy's desert
Thy breast had been too little for thy heart."
This said, and supper order'd by their men,
They sat to it ; old Dolius entering then,
And with him, tried with labour, his sons came,

Call'd by their mother, the Sicilian dame
That brought them up and dress'd their father's fare,
As whose age grew, with it increas'd her care
To see him served as fitted. When thus set
These men beheld Ulysses there at meat,
They knew him, and astonish'd in the place
Stood at his presence; who, with words of grace,
Call'd to old Dolius, saying: "Come, and eat,
And banish all astonishment. Your meat
Hath long been ready, and ourselves made stay,
Expecting ever when your wished way
Would reach amongst us." This brought fiercely on
Old Dolius from his stand; who ran upon,
With both his arms abroad, the King, and kiss'd
Of both his rapt up hands the either wrist,
Thus welcoming his presence: "O my love,
Your presence here, for which all wishes strove,
No one expected. Even the Gods have gone
In guide before you to your mansion.
Welcome, and all joys to your heart contend.
Knows yet Penelope? Or shall we send
Some one to tell her this?" "She knows," said he,
"What need these troubles, father, touch at thee?"
Then came the sons of Dolius, and again
Went over with their father's entertain,
Welcomed, shook hands, and then to feast sat down.
About which while they sat, about the town
Fame flew, and shriek'd about the cruel death
And fate the Wooers had sustain'd beneath
Ulysses' roofs. All heard; together all
From hence and thence met in Ulysses' hall,
Short-breath'd and noiseful, bore out all the dead

To instant burial, while their deaths were spread
To other neighbour cities where they lived,
From whence in swiftest fisher-boats arrived
Men to transfer them home. In mean space here
The heavy nobles all in counsel were;
Where, met in much heap, up to all arose
Extremely grieved Eupitheus so to lose
His son Antinous, who, first of all,
By great Ulysses' hand had slaught'rous fall.
Whose father, weeping for him, said: "O friends,
This man hath author'd works of dismal ends,
Long since conveying in his guide to Troy
Good men, and many that did ships employ,
All which are lost, and all their soldiers dead;
And now the best men Cephallenia bred
His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before
His 'scape to Pylos, or the Elean shore
Where rule the Epeans) 'gainst his horrid hand;
For we shall grieve, and infamy will brand
Our fames for ever, if we see our sons
And brothers end in these confusions,
Revenge left uninflicted. Nor will I
Enjoy one day's life more, but grieve and die
With instant onset. Nor should you survive
To keep a base and beastly name alive.
Haste, then, lest flight prevent us." This with tears
His griefs advised, and made all sufferers
In his affliction. But by this was come
Up to the council from Ulysses' home—
When sleep had left them, which the slaughters there
And their self-dangers from their eyes in fear

538 *Heavy*—i. e. sorrowing.

Had two nights intercepted—those two men
That just Ulysses saved out of the slain,
Which Medon and the sacred singer were.
These stood amidst the council; and the fear
The slaughter had impress'd in either's look
Stuck still so ghastly, that amaze it strook
Through every there beholder. To whose ears
One thus enforced, in his fright, cause of theirs:
" Attend me, Ithacensians! This stern fact
Done by Ulysses was not put in act
Without the Gods' assistance. These self eyes
Saw one of the immortal Deities
Close by Ulysses, Mentor's form put on
At every part. And this sure Deity shone
Now near Ulysses, setting on his bold
And slaught'rous spirit, now the points controll'd
Of all the Wooers' weapons, round about
The arm'd house whisking, in continual rout
Their party putting, till in heaps they fell."
This news new fears did through their spirits impell,
When Halitherses (honour'd Mastor's son,
Who of them all saw only what was done
Present and future) the much-knowing man
And aged heroë this plain course ran
Amongst their counsels: " Give me likewise ear,
And let me tell ye, friends, that these ills bear
On your malignant spleens their sad effects,
Who not what I persuaded gave respects,
Nor what the people's pastor, Mentor, said,—
That you should see your issues' follies stay'd
In those foul courses, by their petulant life
The goods devouring, scandalling the wife

Of no mean person, who, they still would say,
Could never more see his returning day.
Which yet appearing now, now give it trust,
And yield to my free counsels: Do not thrust
Your own safe persons on the acts your sons
So dearly bought, lest their confusions
On your loved heads your like addictions draw."
This stood so far from force of any law
To curb their loose attempts, that much the more
They rush'd to wreak, and made rude tumult roar.
The greater part of all the court arose;
Good counsel could not ill designs dispose.
Eupitheus was persuader of the course,
Which, complete arm'd, they put in present force;
The rest sat still in council. These men met
Before the broad town, in a place they set
All girt in arms; Eupitheus choosing chief
To all their follies, who put grief to grief,
And in his slaughter'd son's revenge did burn.
But Fate gave never feet to his return,
Ordaining there his death. Then Pallas spake
To Jove, her father, with intent to make
His will high arbiter of th' act design'd,
And ask'd of him what his unsearched mind
Held undiscover'd? If with arms, and ill,
And grave encounter he would first fulfil
His sacred purpose, or both parts combine
In peaceful friendship? He ask'd: "Why incline
These doubts thy counsels? Hast not thou decreed
That Ithacus should come and give his deed
The glory of revenge on these and theirs?
Perform thy will; the frame of these affairs

Have this fit issue: When Ulysses' hand
Hath reach'd full wreak, his then renown'd command
Shall reign for ever, faithful truces strook
'Twixt him and all; for every man shall brook
His sons' and brothers' slaughters; by our mean
To send Oblivion in, expunging clean
The character of enmity in them all,
As in best leagues before. *Peace, festival,*
And riches in abundance, be the state
That crowns the close of wise Ulysses' Fate."
This spurr'd the free, who from heaven's continent
To th' Ithacensian isle made straight descent.
Where, dinner past, Ulysses said: "Some one
Look out to see their nearness." Dolius' son
Made present speed abroad, and saw them nigh,
Ran back, and told, bade arm; and instantly
Were all in arms. Ulysses' part was four,
And six more sons of Dolius; all his power
Two only more, which were his aged sire
And like-year'd Dolius, whose lives' slaked fire
All white had left their heads, yet, driven by need,
Made soldiers both of necessary deed.
And now, all girt in arms, the ports set wide,
They sallied forth, Ulysses being their guide;
And to them in the instant Pallas came,
In form and voice like Mentor, who a flame
Inspired of comfort in Ulysses' heart
With her seen presence. To his son, apart,
He thus then spake: "Now, son, your eyes shall see,
Exposed in slaughterous fight, the enemy,
Against whom who shall best serve will be seen.
Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath been

For force and fortitude the foremost tried
Of all earth's offsprings." His true son replied:
" Yourself shall see, loved father, if you please,
That my deservings shall in nought digress
From best fame of our race's foremost merit."
The old king sprung for joy to hear his spirit,
And said: " O loved Immortals, what a day
Do your clear bounties to my life display!
I joy, past measure, to behold my son
And nephew close in such contention
Of virtues martial." Pallas, standing near,
Said: " O my friend! Of all supremely dear,
Seed of Arcesius, pray to Jove and Her
That rules in arms, his daughter, and a dart,
Spritefully brandish'd, hurl at th' adverse part."
This said, he pray'd; and she a mighty force
Inspired within him, who gave instant course
To his brave-brandish'd lance, which struck the brass
That cheek'd Eupitheus' casque, and thrust his pass
Quite through his head; who fell, and sounded falling,
His arms the sound again from earth recalling.
Ulysses and his son rush'd on before,
And with their both-way-headed darts did gore
Their enemies' breasts so thick, that all had gone
The way of slaughter, had not Pallas thrown
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay
And spare expense of blood. Her voice did fray
The blood so from their faces that it left
A greenish paleness; all their hands it reft
Of all their weapons, falling thence to earth;
And to the common mother of their birth,

690 *Nephew*—grandson; like the Latin *nepos*.

The city, all fled, in desire to save
The lives yet left them. Then Ulysses gave
A horrid shout, and like Jove's eagle flew
In fiery pursuit, till Saturnius threw
His smoking lightning 'twixt them, that had fall
Before Minerva, who then out did call
Thus to Ulysses: "Born of Jove! Abstain
From further bloodshed. Jove's hand in the slain
Hath equall'd in their pains their prides to thee.
Abstain, then, lest you move the Deity."
Again then, 'twixt both parts the Seed of Jove,
Athenian Pallas, of all future love
A league composed, and for her form took choice
Of Mentor's likeness both in limb and voice.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH AND LAST BOOK
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

So wrought divine Ulysses through his woes,
So crown'd the light with him his mother's throes,
As through his great Renowner I have wrought,
And my safe sail to sacred anchor brought.
Nor did the Argive ship more burthen feel,
That bore the care of all men in her keel,
Than my adventurous bark; the Colchian fleece
Not half so precious as this Soul of Greece,
In whose songs I have made our shores rejoice,
And Greek itself vail to our English voice.
Yet this inestimable Pearl will all
Our dunghill chanticleers but obvious call;
Each modern scraper this Gem scratching by,
His oat preferring far. Let such let lie.
So scorn the stars the clouds, as true-soul'd men
Despise deceivers. For, as clouds would fain
Obscure the stars, yet (regions left below
With all their envies) bar them but of show,
For they shine ever, and will shine, when they
Dissolve in sinks, make mire, and temper clay;
So puff'd impostors (our muse-vapours) strive,
With their self-blown additions, to deprive

10 *Vail*—lower, submit, used as a token of inferiority. See HALLIWELL.

Men solid of their full, though infinite short
They come in their compare, and false report
Of levelling or touching at their light,
That still retain their radiance, and clear right,
And shall shine ever, when, alas! one blast
Of least disgrace tears down th' impostor's mast,
His tops and tacklings, his whole freight, and he
Confiscate to the fishy monarchy,
His trash, by foolish Fame brought now, from hence
Given to serve mackarel forth, and frankincense.
Such then, and any too soft-eyed to see,
Through works so solid, any worth, so free
Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit
To praise at such price, let him think his wit
Too weak to rate it, rather than oppose
With his poor pow'rs Ages and Hosts of Foes.

TO THE RUINS OF TROY AND GREECE.

Troy rac't, Greece wrack't, who mourns? Ye both may boast,
Else th' Iliads and Odysseys had been lost!

AD DEUM.

THE Only True God (betwixt Whom and me
I only bound my comfort, and agree
With all my actions) only truly knows,
And can judge truly, me, with all that goes
To all my faculties. In Whose free Grace
And Inspiration I only place
All means to know (with my means, study, prayer,
In and from His Word taken) stair by stair,
In all continual contentation, rising
To knowledge of His Truth, and practising
His Will in it, with my sole Saviour's Aid,
Guide, and Enlight'ning; nothing done, nor said,
Nor thought, that good is, but acknowledged by
His Inclination, Skill, and Faculty.
By which, to find the way out to His Love
Past all the worlds, the sphere is where doth move
My studies, pray'rs, and pow'rs; no pleasure taken
But sign'd by His, for which, my blood forsaken,
My soul I cleave to, and what (in His Blood
That hath redeem'd, cleansed, taught her) fits her good.

DEO OPT. MAX. GLORIA.

FINIS.

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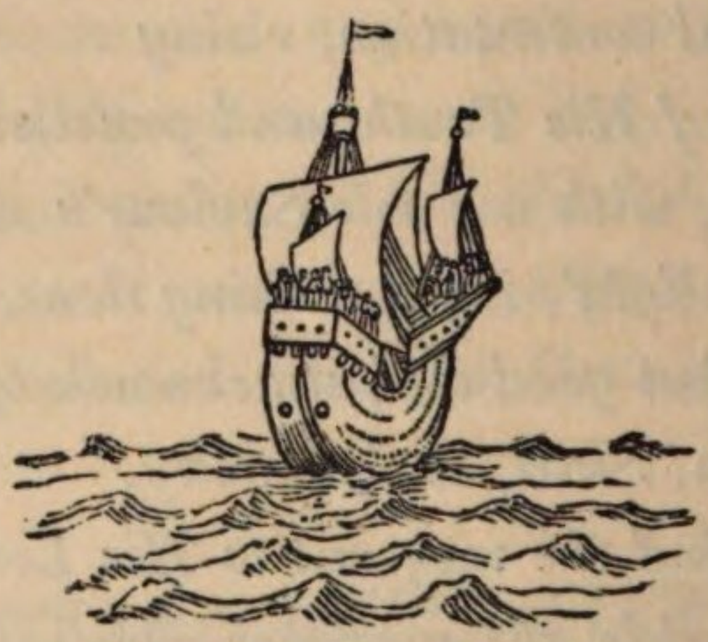

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